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(BIMONTHLY)

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METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1915

THE APPROACH TO LIFE THROUGH HISTORY

THE past is the true university. Scholarship has as its basis the knowledge of history. The man of learning is the man who knows the past. The man of erudition is the man who is familiar with the past. The man who "sees life steadily and sees it whole" is the man who sees the present as interpreted by the past. This great university of the past has as many departments as there have been avenues of human thought and activity. It can paraphrase the words of the poet Terence and put upon its seal, "All that has concerned humanity is of interest to me." It is the sworn foe of provincialism. It is the creator of a cosmopolitan spirit. Its doctors are men whose interests are as large as the ranges of human life. In the old myth Athena leaped full grown from the brain of Zeus. She had no past. She had only a great, luminous, puissant present. All this may have been practicable for Athena, but it is not feasible for the man of to-day. The apostle of a bustling, provincial, ignorant efficiency, who calls himself a success because he knows how to keep belts on wheels and to keep in motion the throbbing machinery of modern industrial life, is very often a man of pitifully small mental horizon, of a narrow range of interests, of a singular poverty of ideas. He has learned how to acquire money. He does not know how to enjoy or use it in any large or generous or adequate way. He is a sort of expert bookkeeper who keeps life's credits larger than its debits. He is on the point of perishing of an anæmic condition of personality just when his stocks and bonds are most completely under his control. To his shrewd knowledge of affairs, if he is ever to

learn the difference between manipulating securities and actually living, this man must add the range of interests coming from a thousand varied contacts with the great matters of human experience. He needs to enter the university of the past. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the Wall Street poet and critic, is a noble illustration of the fashion in which this may be accomplished. History makes a man's ancestors his contemporaries. He is as old as the experience by which he is willing to profit while he remains as young as the new enterprises on which he is willing to embark. What the quickly moving express does, in a measure, with regard to space history actually accomplishes as regards time. The dweller in one age becomes a citizen of the ages. All their deep, vital meaning is offered for the enrichment of his own life.

Of course the past may be a liability as well as an asset. When John Locke went to Oxford University he found the scholastic method in full power. If he had surrendered to its assumptions he would have become a clever exponent of an outworn system. His life would have been spent in the feats of a mental acrobat instead of in the achievements of constructive thought. The courage to break with the dead past was the basis of all his positive work. This thing has happened again and again in the history of thought. Every mental approach and process of investigation tends to harden into a scholasticism of its own type. That which was once full of freshness and creative energy becomes by a curious transformation a mass of intellectual chains. The ability to distinguish between the dead past and the living past is of cardinal importance to the man who would keep his thought fertile and potent. Then there are some things coming out of the past which have a malignant vitality. No man with any gift of spiritual imagination can view the great Pope Hildebrand's dream of a church supreme over the states of the world without feeling the splendor of the conception, but that very conception has wrought untold havoc in the ecclesiastical life of Christendom. The genuine interests of morals and religion have been sacrificed to that dream. Power has been felt to be more important than moral and spiritual worthiness of power. The only hope for a nobly Christian future for Rome lies in the repudiation of that

dream. Its malignant vitality is the greatest menace to the church in which it is cherished.

While frankly recognizing that the past may be a foe as well as a friend, it is important to see that even when a foe the past may be made extremely useful. The study of the mistakes of the past is one of the most profitable aspects of historical investigation. By a process of criticism a man may be led to turn from those things in the mental and moral life which experience has condemned. By the mental conflicts through which he passes in struggling his way to an understanding of their real significance he comes to his own place of conscious mental strength and power. The battles of the mind bring about the emancipation of the mind, and, in a very genuine sense, in this matter a man is in debt to his foes. It is not as a hostile army to be conquered but as a force of allies to be welcomed, however, that the past has its profoundest significance. So to live that no ancient good shall be lost out of the world is one of the supremest duties of each generation. Every noble intuition, every high aspiration, every true purpose in human life has its vital connections with great things in the past, and from this fact issues the moral continuity of history. Jonathan Edwards planned a great work, which he died leaving incomplete, called, "A History of the Work of Redemption, containing the outlines of a Body of Divinity including a view of Church History entirely new." The essential thought back of the work with this imposing title was that the history of the world may be summed up in three stages: the preparation for redemption, the achievement of redemption, and the effects of redemption. Whatever one may think of details of the interpretation of Edwards, it remains unquestionably true that the Christian comes to historic self-consciousness only as he sees himself and the world as involved in a great process in which the facts of the Christian religion are defining and commanding. It is not simply that he would say with Emerson,

I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

All this he will gladly say. But added to his general heritage is the sense that the secret of history is in the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ and all that has flowed from these facts. The past gives us a cause to maintain as well as resources to support that cause. It gives us a country of the soul as well as soldiers to guard it. So a man must come to history with a double attitude. He must welcome its good gifts and refuse its gifts of evil, and in this necessity of choice lies the possibility of growth. A man must find his own way through the mazes of history. So mind and soul awake and develop.

With so much of general observation we may survey more closely some of the particular ways in which life may be approached through the study of the past.

I. The Approach to the Intellectual Life Through History. The past is a bank where an unlimited number of ideas have been deposited to our credit. The currency of the intellectual world is all ready for our use, and however heavily we draw, and whatever the changes in credit, there is no danger of a disastrous run on this great bank of thought. The immediate danger of the present is that a clever man will have thoughts rather than thought, will content himself with ideas and never reach a point of view. One of the great needs of the hour is to bring the busy readers of bright essays to the place where they see that men cannot live by epigrams alone. Intellectual pyrotechnics are wonderfully fascinating, but they never take the place of the fixed stars in the night sky. The man who enriches his mental life by a genuine knowledge of the thought of the past will come to have a passionate desire to see life in large relations, to have a real understanding of the totality of things. If he cares for great poetry Dante will show him how the thoughts of ten centuries were organized into a great poetic interpretation of life. In the interpretation he may find enough which he cannot believe, but the method and the mental ideal will forever haunt and allure him. Thomas Aquinas was more than a thinker of immense astuteness who used the scholastic formulas as a swordsman uses his weapons. He was a thinker who in his own day gathered together all that he knew of the life and thought of man and built it into a marvelous structure

—a palace of thought. Here again it is easy enough to find limitations, but impossible not to find inspiration. You are not satisfied with the palace Thomas Aquinas has built, but he makes you feel that you must build a palace of your own. If all this seems like depending too much on the Middle Ages for inspiration we may go farther back and find the same kind of stimulus in Plato or Aristotle, or we may come forward and catch the contagion of Hegel's desire for a complete and total view of life. The man who moves freely and easily among many systems of thought is constantly benefited by what he learns to avoid as well as by what he learns to welcome. The sterility of that thinking which is mere mental manipulation teaches him the difference between vital and mechanical thought. Some New England theologians suggest that it is possible to offer a perfectly correct and properly arranged corpse of thought instead of a living, potent, creative point of view. The thinker who would use his thought in the life of to-day moves through the past seeking what is vital and kindling. On the basis of what he learns to avoid and what he learns to welcome he builds the structure of his own thought. It is a modern structure he builds, but it is made of materials from many an ancient quarry as well as of materials freshly hewn from the rocky hills.

II. *The Approach to the Moral Life Through History.* "I do not possess a conscience; my conscience possesses me," is likely to be the observation of a man who is genuinely alive morally. And it may seem that this mastering ethical imperative of the inner life needs no reinforcement from history. It may seem that it speaks in its own name and its own right, or, if we seek a higher source for it, it may seem that this "stern daughter of the voice of God" has a divine authenticity which is more potent and significant than all the movements of ethical theory among men. In a sense this is true. The Categorical Imperative is a maker of history rather than a creature of history. But, while admitting this, it must be added at once that the history of the human response to the moral voice is of the greatest significance for the life of to-day. The anarchy of a mental life like that of the Sophists, who had no definite and universal standards to offer, the moral helplessness of the epicurean philosophy, and the noble

dignity of stoicism at its best have much to teach the men of to-day. The process by which Christianity set morals to music, and changed virtue from a stern behest into a beautiful poem, has a significance too little realized even in the Christian Church. The new birth of the sense of moral values after Immanuel Kant's great work, the sense that morality is structural and elemental in human life, we must never be allowed to forget. And that Hebrew prophet in the nineteenth century, Thomas Carlyle, has taught us how the modern world may be brought into the presence of the bush which is burning but not consumed, how it may feel the earth tremble as the servant of God descends from the mountain with the two tables of the moral law. No man can fail to be a new creature in moral passion and purpose to whom these great matters of the moral life of the past have become real and compelling. And when he includes in his equipment a sympathetic study of the interpretations of the great moral philosophers, of the practical growth of Christian ethics, of the play of ethical influences in Greek and Roman life, and of that moral fire which burns with such heat in the Hebrew prophets, he will be ready to plunge into the ethical battles of to-day with the full impact of the past behind him.

Here again there is warning as well as inspiration in the past. The study of the ethics of the Society of Jesus will remind a man that it is possible to slay ethics in the name of religion and that moral impoverishment always leads to spiritual decay. The political maxims of Machiavelli's Prince are a constant warning of what politics unrestrained by moral principles may become.

III. The Approach to the Spiritual Life Through History. Robert Browning was a portrait painter who made pictures of men's souls. Through the most varied historic scenes he passed, all sorts of people in all sorts of ages he studied, and as a result of it all he covered the canvases which hang in his portrait gallery of souls. The study of history for the sake of discovering the quality and the meaning and the expression of the spiritual life of men is one of the most fascinating employments in all the world. The thing which Browning did with such supreme skill every student of history has an opportunity of doing for himself.

Through the broad avenues of past experience he may approach his own experience of the things of the spirit.

The first thing which the alert student discovers is that the spiritual life is not one experience. It is many experiences. Some of them are wholesome and upbuilding, some of them are disintegrating and destructive. And in the wholesome aspects of spiritual experience there are ranges of usefulness and adequacy. There is the spiritual life represented by Wordsworth's mood in regard to nature. The soul is kindled by the presence of the wonderful world of physical charm and beauty. The heart is drawn out to worship by the subtly interfused divinity which pulsates in Nature's life. But this may not be so noble a thing as it was with Wordsworth. Many an ethnic religion began with a worship kindled by nature, and by worshiping all of nature and losing moral perspective came at last to an emphasis on the mysterious reproductive processes which eventuated in a shameless apotheosis of vice. The spiritual life kindled by nature may rise to noble moral meaning or it may sink to the most beastly sensuality. There is the spiritual life represented by a worship of many varied and fascinating deities. The Greek religion at its best had a spiritual versatility of the most extraordinary character. Life was rich and diverse in its worship because the deities covered the range of possible human interests. There was scarcely a mood or evasive feeling which had not its deity. This type of spirituality gained in resiliency and freshness and wide sympathy by losing in unity and stability and ethical power. And the deities, as the embodiment of evil as well as of good, became a temptation as well as an inspiration to the worshipers. Bacchus was a moral liability to his votaries. There is the spiritual life represented by an ethical monotheism. The religion of Israel has its uniqueness at this point. The one Lord of Righteousness as an object of worship made spiritual life ethical and gave to worship one commanding center of imperial power. How fair a flower the life of the spirit could be under these conditions the greatest Psalms of the Old Testament, the noblest utterances of Isaiah, Micah, and Amos testify. Morality has been set on fire and blazes with noble devotion in the hearts from which these utterances came. There is

the spiritual life represented by a worshipful acceptance of the Incarnation of the Son of God in Jesus Christ. The Greek patristic theology was built about the Incarnation, but it is also true that the worship out of which the Greek theology came was built about the Incarnation. And in many ages individuals and groups of men have built their piety about the thought that the Son of God has come into human life. A new sense of our nearness to God, a new sense of God's nearness to us, a new sense of the dignity of man has enriched such worship. There is the spiritual life represented by those to whom religion is a matter of participation in the spirit of Jesus and in his relation to God. This type of life looks to Jesus not as a source of religion, but as the discoverer of the highest form of religious experience. He had a relation to God which we are to share. He enjoyed an experience in which we may participate. He was a God-filled man, but not the God-man. Along such lines as this much beautiful and noble Unitarian piety has been built. It tends to make Jesus a spiritual comrade rather than a spiritual Lord. There is the type of spiritual life which centers in the cross. Here a man comes not simply for inspiration, but for deliverance. He is glad for a revelation, but what he wants is not revelation, but salvation. It is not as a scholar seeking truth, or as a poet seeking glowing feelings of spiritual beauty, but as a man discouraged by moral incapacity and weighted by sin that he comes to the great deed of the Son of God upon the cross. The sense of forgiveness and of complete dependence on the Son of God who died for him, and of new life as he goes forth to do his will, are the essential characteristics of his spiritual life.

When a man has seen these types of spirituality, and many more which we have not time to discuss, he enters his own sanctuary of the spirit eager to have a religious life as sharp in moral quality as the poignancy of the message of the cross can make it, as confident in its relation to God as the loving deed of the Incarnation can lead it to be, as rich in spiritual serenity as the worship of the Nature poets, as varied in its sympathy as the old Greek religion, as lofty as the ethical monotheism of the Hebrews and as tender and as human as the coming to earth of the Son of God.

He wants to be saved from a piety which is not ethical and a moral earnestness which is not mellowed by the peace of a full and rich religious life. The past comes with warning and with guidance to every man who would enter into the richness of the life of the spirit.

IV. The Approach to the Explanation of Life Through History.

Into this universe and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water, willy nilly flowing,

wails Edward FitzGerald in his translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The sure and satisfactory answer to the questions about why and whence and whither is one of the most important matters in life, and in leading a thinker to a satisfactory explanation of life history has great services to perform.

a. A man may approach an adequate conception of the character of religious certainty through a study of the history of types of religious authority. The authority of a state religion was characteristic of the ancient world. It was a sort of political religious authority. Every battle won added to the prestige of the deity. Every battle lost was a demonstration of the weakness of the national god. The deity in a sense held the place of that brilliant French monarch in a far later age who said, "I am the state." All the sanctions of the national life supported the religion. It was natural that this sort of worship should come to a climax in Rome in the worship of the emperor himself. In the visible center of imperial power was the visible representative of worship. State and religion had become synonymous. There is the religious authority represented by an infallible church. Here again an institution is made the center of religion. In a sense it is a taking over of the Roman conception into the Christian faith. The compulsion is that of a visible, far-reaching, impressive organization. It is external, but it has all the impressiveness of a potent and imperial institution. There is the authority of an infallible literature. The institution is conquered by the book. The church surrenders to the Bible. A message is substituted for a system. A point of view takes the place of a great organization. A revelation takes the place of a closely knit ecclesiastical organization. The

Imperial Book takes the throne once occupied by the Imperial Pope. There is the authority of a mastering personality. Many groups of people whose assent is not commanded by a system or a book are completely won by the potent personality of Jesus Christ. They call him Master because he possesses the secret of mastery. They call him Lord because he possesses the secret of lordship. They find their authority in Jesus Christ himself. There is the authority of an experience of personal transformations through the power of Christ. It takes many forms. It has varied aspects. At its deepest and richest it finds a complete deliverance in the acceptance of the message of the cross and in the consciousness of forgiveness and the joy of the new life it has found a certainty which is deep and abiding. There is the authority of the social solidarity produced by Christian experience.- It is not one lonely man who has found a new life, it is a multitude which no man can number which rejoices in the great salvation. And the mutual testimony of the multitude itself assumes an authority more and more significant as the years go by.

The man who studies the historical manifestations of these types of authority, whether in the characteristics of some ancient Oriental religion, in the worship of imperial Rome, in the claims of Innocent III, or in the bold strike for freedom when Luther hurled a book at the pope, will find much of warning and much of inspiration. Taking his own position on the basis of a religion which is authoritative because it is redemptive, he will be able to secure elements of good and turn from elements of evil in the various types of authority claimed both within and without the Christian Church. Echoing through the Christian generations will come words like the words of Peter: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," and the words of the man who, joyful in the miracle of healing, cried out, "Once I was blind. Now I see." The deepest consciousness of Christendom and the greatest promise of the future are expressed in such words as these. A church with a vital Christian experience will always have a commanding authority. A church without a vital Christian experience will have no authority worthy the name.

b. The explanation of life should be based upon an experi-

ence and that experience based on a theology. A full and adequate Christian experience and a full and adequate theology are inseparable, and a man may approach theological insight through history. The outstanding defect of Professor William James's discussion of the "Varieties of Religious Experience" is his failure to face the significance of the beliefs back of the experiences. You must believe some things about God if you are going to have some experiences in connection with God. The student of history surveys the past to discover what conceptions have proved most completely morally and spiritually creative in the generations gone. The past is a laboratory where conceptions have been tested and the student is eager to see the results of the experiments. This approach gives an entirely new and fresh entrance to the realm of theology. The logic of history becomes even more impressive than the analysis of the implication of the conceptions themselves. History becomes the great support of an ethical monotheism because only on this basis can a developing ethical life be built. History becomes the great defense for the deity of Christ. For only a God who has broken into history with all the fiery energy of a great compassion can permanently command the allegiance of dwellers in a world so drawn by tragedy and torn by moral weakness. History becomes the great interpreter of the cross. The sin and the guilt of the ages, the history of the race in moral things, lifts a requirement which is met only by the strategy of the cross. The profound student of history comes to see that there is no permanent resting place between a redemptive view of history and a despairing pessimism. More than this, the cross as a deed of suffering rescue on the part of the Son of God has proved morally and spiritually renewing as has no other conception in all the world, and in this fact we find both a defense and an interpretation of the cross. There is no matter of belief on which light is not thrown by the test of history. The theology of the future will doubtless develop beyond that of the past, but a part of that development will consist in a new sense of historic meanings. Progress does not consist in repudiating that which has been nobly vindicated. Progress will consist in a genuine measure in realizing the significance and the implications of the

past. The secure results of the past will be a part of any adequate future.

c. The explanation of life comes at last to be a philosophy of life. Here again the appeal must be to life. The actual experience of the past is more significant than the thought processes of the past, though both are important. The study of the world-views of history will be fertile if it is all the while checked and interpreted by a warm sense of the life of humanity as well as the thought of humanity. Such a study will see the world progressing from formal to vital philosophy until our own day, when we are coming to understand that life itself has the right of way. A personal philosophy, having as its central point of insistence the personality of God and the personality of man, will be approached and secured in many ways. One will be the study of the historic failure of impersonal philosophies and the historic emergence of personality as the most important and vital fact of all. So studied life itself will pronounce the death warrant of some systems. It will reveal the possibilities of others. By a process of constructive elimination a man may reach a philosophic position of personal idealism where the final and determining fact is an ethical God of perfect knowledge and perfect love and infinite power. The potentialities of this philosophy as a support and inspiration in the unfolding life of the race will be seen to be its vindication. The finally dwarfing effect upon life itself of all other philosophic positions will secure their overthrow. Of philosophies as of men it may be said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

V. Last of all, the men of to-day will best approach life's activities through history. We are constantly tempted to make action a substitute for thought rather than the expression of thought. The study of the activity and of the conceptions of activity of the past, of the life and the ideals of life, will fit a man for activities based upon an adequate program and an adequate ideal.

The word "culture" is in genius an ethnic word, and its deepest meaning is the gift of the Greek life to the world. The word "service" is a Christian word wrought out of the pang and struggle of Christians. The ancient world desired to possess.

Sometimes it desired to possess property. Sometimes it desired to possess power. Sometimes it desired to possess knowledge. But the emphasis was upon getting and not upon giving, upon obtaining and not upon imparting. Greece made the thing sought a rich and noble and full life, but the great desire was still attainment rather than bestowal. The genius of Christianity is the genius of giving. It became an evangel by its very nature. But as the centuries went by the old-world emphasis on possession usurped the place of the Christian emphasis on imparting. Monasticism had a different ideal from that of the Greek life. It desired holiness where Greece desired culture, but it desired to possess holiness rather than to impart it. The ancient world still held it firm in its grasp. With the coming of the Franciscan and Dominican orders the desire to give began to take the place of the desire to get. Service began to come to its own. It was often a service characterized by greatness of heart rather than by clearness of brain. There was a richness of love, but there was no careful scrutiny of the conditions and the causes of suffering. The scientific study of poverty and disease and crime and the attempt to remove causes instead of being content with the alleviation of symptoms is a purely modern product. The passion of the modern propaganda in the name of a society socially renewed must be a part of the equipment of the man who would live adequately in our time. In many regards it is what one must call contemporary history which teaches the most here. The immediate past is full of meaning to the man who would live efficiently as a part of the Christian social organism.

There are two features in the net result of the evolution of the social ideal up to the present which deserve emphasis. One is the sense that in giving fresh air, sanitary surroundings, the opportunity for work, and a genuine life to all men we are not conferring a favor, but are giving just what all men have a right to demand. This is not benevolence. It is mere justice. Second, there is the sense of a further demand for a personal self-giving for the enriching of other lives, the pouring out of personal energy and devotion in the cause of humanity. This is the highest expression of the love of God and the power of Christ. Piety

is to be vindicated by practical activity. The mystic must justify his beatific visions at last by his social passion. He must change heart throbs into self-giving service. He must unite the high-hearted enthusiasm of a Saint Francis with the practical skill of an expert student of social conditions. In all this we come to a conception which regards life as an ellipse with the individual and society as the two foci. Both must be kept in emphasis.

In Alexander Dumas's brilliant romance the man who was called the Count of Monte Cristo climbed to a height, after the discovery of a great treasure, and cried, "The world is mine." In a deeper and more far-reaching sense the man who enters into the meaning of the experience of humanity in centuries gone can cry, "The past is mine," and in that cry will be involved two others: "The present is mine," "The future is mine." As he enters into his heritage he will continually come to a deeper understanding of the fact that the key to the past, and to the present, and to the future is to be found in that Divine human life, that deed of suffering rescue, that triumphant transformation of the heart and the activities of man, which are forever associated with the name of Jesus Christ.

"All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

Lynn Harold Hough

"DID YOU GET ANYTHING?"

ON an early morning sown to gladness I was leisuring down a sunny river untouched by any wind, at peace with itself and all besides, and my boat making a narrow ripple, the perfection of artistry, my oars dipping at their will and not at mine, which was seldom enough to suit a boat given to watching its own shadow in the stream, while from the tail end of the boat a fish pole stood up vigilantly with much show of industry, though, so far as I observed, with little of the thing it had a show of, when a bright boy, intent on busy business and rowing right lustily, and coming my way with all the perspiration of fishing in operation, sung out with a hullabaloo voice, "Did you get anything?" It was a cheery morning voice of a lad duly freckled with swimming and fishing, a lad with a hundred promises of achievement as the years should loiter by, and I had not in my heart to dismiss the question with an answer other than the one he expected, so the reply was, "Not yet," though all my machinery of body and soul resented the question as an intrusion, a misnomer, and a heresy.

Not, as the fond reader may naturally opine, that I resented the question because accuracy of speech and veracity of intent prompted a negative rejoinder. No, fond friend. I am not enough of a fisherman to blush at piscatorial inability. I care less than nothing for the jeers of fishy folk who fish to catch. No shame is in me on the exhibit of an empty pole and line. The fewer fish caught the less weight to carry; and I was told by some perambulant know-everything that for a man in middle life to carry heavy burdens was unsanitary—or undignified or unhealthy, I can't quite recall which; nor need I bend my memory to the tax of recalling. It does not matter, for they all run into one. The doctrine announced pleased me. My native indolence found this a convenient bulwark, and I were not the artful man my family has been trained (by me) to think me if I heeded not so salutary a suggestion; and so the carrying of a long string of fish seems to me to be running directly in the face of Providence—a thing I design not to do.

No, my irritation, if that be the correct word to characterize my attitude when the bright lad shot his arrow of "Did you get anything?" straight into me, was not a sullen dislike to being caught catchless, but a settled quarrel I have with the malutility of the question "Did you get anything?" which is vilely familiar on all roadways, either of land or water. You are always being stung with that deer fly or punctured by that song bird called the mosquito. Many a day have men who should have known better and women fair to see seriously prodded me with that irritating interrogatory, "Did you get anything?" As if a body ever went anywhere and got nothing! They mean—I know what they mean; I am no lackwit (by my own assertion)—they mean Did I get a fish? This is all they mean. As if I, who once wrote a poem, could be tied down to a wriggling line in the water when the sky is over me and under me—over me dappled with wind clouds vagrant, ethereal, far-voyaging, with blue, more blue, and far-blue, blue down to the land edge, blue to the sky-top; and under me, as I drifted with idle content, an inverted sky drifted with clouds far, free, and a-voyaging between two sky azures and Pacific—and then to have such a celestial voyage broken into by a dull apathy of, "Did you get anything?" What opaque nothing am I not to get anything when heaven engulfs me in its splendor and amplitude? What is a puny bass tugging at my line matched with the sky tugging at my soul and calling softly, ever softly, "Fly to me and fly in me, far, farther, and datelessly"!

I always get something. All days are good for my fishing whether I fish by stream or dry land. All my hooks are baited and some will be bound to catch. If I miss a fish I shall catch a lily, or a cloud, or a spindrift from a wild washed sea-wave, or a stream, or a glimpse into the soul where are horizon bars which push backward very far behind all stars and open for a moment and then close not to be opened again. Shall I not be radiant as June when all sweetness of living exhales odors like white clover and shall I, like blowing wind, grasp, and get nothing? Am I as dreamless as that comes to? I pray the kind God to forbid it. Fishing is not the climax of my life: living is the climax of my life. The highest things beckon at my door and ask a drink from

the living spring that warbles like birds in the hedge-row and I may not shut my door and lock it. I will sit out in front of my tent, like Abraham long ago, and then no angels can pass by without hearing the hail of my invitation. I like lying in wait for angels, for morning and shadows, and the wild fleur-de-lis watching its gentle shadow in the stream, and the foam of maiden's bower, and the sheen of vivid green on the lichens, and the invitation on anything and everything. I will let no angel pass my door unaccommodated. I was born for the sootless paths where stars with stars go journeying, and shall I be permitted to knit my soul to earthliness?

And shall I call "getting something" to be getting the unillustrious and the deficient? Is not a poem more to me than a bank account, and the lilt of an unknown bird a fairer Eldorado than a hill of gold? Nor is it that I care not for the cash values of things. Cash buys things folks need. Christmases, and a home that bids the storms defiance, and, in its place and time, a little space in God's acre, above which wander the dusks and daysprings, and where beloveds lie in quietness with all the hopes of resurrections, tearless and tender—these certainly require money—some money. And I break no puny lance with prosperity. I deride no civilization: I mope not where the bats soot the night with sultry and sooty wing. But to be shut in by a pocketbook, or, more aptly, shut in a pocketbook, I resent. I strictly refuse to be bound in by the little—I who am built for the larger and the bewildering.

Did I get anything? That is no question for the likes of me. I always get something. Every rainbow has its pot of gold at either end and every flock of birds its music and every rookery its dissonant melody and every night and every day its summons. If a body have what Walter Savage Landor, speaking of Robert Browning, called the "inquiring eye," all roads shall lead somewhere, and somewhere subtly sublime. I know many of them, having wandered along them, and many I have not loitered on. I make prophecy for the having so often invited my soul to my soul's content. There are no barren ways. I have youth enough to know that. Is it not drearily true that "Did you get anything?" means, with hideous importunity, "Did you get some little thing?"

It is a narrowing of the soul's eyes to slits, a squint of scrutiny to behold the unessential.

Those things the Gentiles seek (recalling the gentle indictment of Jesus) are not bad, but just little scrawny things instead of brawny things. Were I choosing a room in a spacious hotel I should not choose a room overlooking the gables of the city, nor the roofs of the town, but should choose a room overlooking the ravishment of the sea. I have occupied a room that gave full view of the pile of de-vegetabled cans and superannuated rubbish and full-breath garbage cans, nor did I demur. They were necessities; and the coverlet of the night covered them over. Better empty cans in which wholesome foods have been stored by a ripe civilization than the mussel-shell heaps inside an aboriginal cave. I quarrel not with the patches on the coat of civilization, yet I do not make my holidays inspecting its dilapidated mops and brooms. I would not be inattentive to the lowliest temporalities; but to the things eternal am I knit by kinships everlasting. They hold my dreams by dusk and day and rivet my attention like a pageant of angels. I am heading their way. No tarnishment is on this unfitful firmament of my soul. The longer it lasts the rarer it grows. I know what I am about. I am about with my soul. We are wool-gathering betimes, but it is wool from golden fleeces of yellow flowers, or fields of harvested wheat, or sands of dunes cast up by wind and sea, or desert blazing in the sun, or silver fleeces of water anemones, or early spring stars of flowers, or white souls of praying women shot through and through with the wonder and beauty of sacrifice—they not knowing it is sacrifice; wool-gathering so enriching to the thought beyond raising sheep that nibble pastures to the ground that we may turn them into mutton and to wool. Uncommercial gazers are my soul and I; but then the stars are fitted for such as watch, and the stars are high, and watching them will be bound to give the upward look. I count myself more rich in walking in dew-damp grasses on the porches of the night than in owning an auto driveway of cement. The spring under the foot is like wearing slippers of moss; and a body becomes blood kinsman of the forest and stream.

Did I get anything? When the "morn was dew-pearled,"

when the boat wound in and out loiteringly as the stream, when the vision of the world's countenance was changed by the sun-burst of the morning and the song-burst of the birds, when I was going nowhere in particular nor for anything in particular, when a hidden bird on a leaning tree was speaking with the faintest voice, which resembled nothing so much as a silver hammer driving a silver nail to hang a dew-drop on, and another bird volleyed with the small artillery of "switchets, switchets, switchets," and an oriole plunked his syllables like a lot of marbles thrown in the water, and some children were cramming a boat full of hurricanes of voices and blasts of laughter and "Ouches" and "O, don'ts," and "Quit its," and wriggings like a squirm of fish-worms on a dozen hooks—"Did I get anything?"

I shall be angry ere I am aware. I always get something; always get plenty. I caught no fish; certainly not; but fun and laughter, and free merry-making, and talking back to the children and the birds, and rowing the boat putteringly, and dawdling with the oars, and gazing lingeringly on the vistas of wide water afar, and hearing far off a curlew's call, and seeing a rail lift its clumsy flight of mellow chestnut body and wings or "freezing" along the stream to fool me, I remaining unfooled; and after dallying a while I will row out on the great water and beach my boat and take cheery breakfast with my sweet family—for which the good God be thanked!

Wesley A. O'Leary

FAITH, METAPHYSIC, AND INCARNATION

MUCH must be said in religious thought about the absolute, and it may raise in some a protest against the introduction there of metaphysic—though for faith the absolute is the holy. Stated in the language of religion the absolute is the holy; and the holy is in religion the first interest. Let us, however, examine this protest.

A reaction has long been promoted against the metaphysic involved in the Christology of the church. And since the Anglo-Saxons, like the Jews, are not a metaphysical people, as the Greeks were and the Teutons are, and since it is not comfortably thought among us that God should be more in any land than meets the middle register of thought, where alone we are at home, so, we consider, while he may perhaps "geometrize" he does not philosophize. The philosophers do not think his thoughts after him, they only guess. The positive sciences, in which we are so strong, represent for us the main lines on which any God must move. The middle register marks the limits which we must not pass if we are to think judiciously about him—one wonders how the soul could live if God thought as soberly about his Son or his sinners as we strive to think of him—and the result has been the specifically English philosophy of Agnosticism—now happily asphyxiated as we rise to higher thought and breathe a rarer air. The further result is that, in a crisis of thought which involves the whole mentality of the world, culture is not equal to the spiritual situation of the world, though it was so in the Catholic age or when the Puritans had touch and commerce with the great Reformers. A long isolation within our seas, now ended with results none can forecast, has secluded our religion from some leading movements of the world's thought and has cast some minds upon obsolete patristics and others upon poor pietisms, so we are unready for the modern crisis of faith and vulnerable to rather shallow challenge. Many plod along in a provinciality of thought and an inadequacy of faith which is much more prone to pick up

the thin questions of the dilettantist than to grasp the thorough answers of the master.

"We yet do taste
Some subtleties of the isle that will not let us
Believe things certain."

The two chief mental movements which to-day tend to monopolize the interest of cultural religion and to impair a positive faith in Christianity may be described as Historicism and Psychologism. Historicism tends to dissolve the objective of faith into a handful of facts that will not carry it down the course of time, and psychologism tends to resolve religion into subjective processes or symbols which do not guarantee objective reality, but are, at most, the emergence into conscious action of man's own subliminal resource. Neither the one nor the other can give us a religion, and the tendency of their correction of religion is to correct it out of life. For a religion the first requisite is an objective reality, a reality which is objective to the whole race and which we either reach or receive. According as we receive it we have it as revelation and by way of living faith; according as we reach it we have it by way of discovery, of thought, of metaphysic. But then metaphysic is the movement of thought which historicism and psychologism unite with sentimentalism to reject, and in cases even to despise. Hence, if metaphysics be disallowed in aid, and if religion or faith (which has been described as popular metaphysics) fail, the sense of a real and objective God fails; the note of reality goes out of such religion as we have left, and with that in due course all fails. We become subjective illusionists, surer of mood than of reality. We have more religion than God. We are more occupied with religion than with God, and more influenced by it. We have no stay. We rotate on our own axis, and having no sun we stagger along without an orbit. We are driven to and fro with the hour and its events, with the world and its fashion. Religion itself becomes but another of our vivid interests instead of our vital center. We become unfit, and then palpably unfit, to be leaders of life or to control it. The public, which, after all, needs a reality and an authority more than anything else, passes us by disappointed. To placate it we take up practical social enter-

prises, partly in despair and partly in hot fits, and we are not able to carry them, after a time, as we become disillusioned with their results.

The Anglo-Saxon mind, I say, is not metaphysical. We suspect such a pursuit on the whole. We dislike such words as "the absolute" or as "finality," we distrust people who tell us that if God is not absolute he is no God, and if faith is not final it is not faith, and yet we get up a certain toying interest in things like Monism, which cannot even be discussed without grasping the idea of an absolute, whether it is believed in or not. But mostly we are prone to think we have got on wonderfully well with God as a working hypothesis, or as a tacit assumption, or as an entailed property, when he has ceased to be an object of direct and inexplicable certainty for our living, personal trust. And so far, it is true, we have done fairly well. We do not have our feet on rock, but it is wonderful what can be done by skillful shoring and upheld by clever device. We are hung up with surprising success where we cannot stand. We are floated with almost invisible cords from the flies, so to say, and we are able to go through our part, and to seem to stand, in scenery which would not bear our real weight. Religion may lack footing, but the lack is veiled, so far, by the old traditionalism, constitutionalism, and nationalism which suspend our faith. Faith rests on churches deeply interlaced in the whole fabric of the social order or the national mind, which does not care to inquire too deeply on what the church itself rests. So that the lack of personal faith, in the evangelical sense of the word, and the lack of metaphysical interest or aptitude are veiled, and for a time to some extent made good, by these stays. But we are passing into a time when these cannot strengthen the mast. What is the state of its socket? Is its stump rotting in bilge? Questions are being rapidly raised which cannot be answered by a mere appeal to tradition, nor by a mere young optimism. The mast cannot hang from the shrouds. By the present failure of civilization in a Europe called Christian issues are being stirred which cannot be laid by a mere reference to the way in which religion has become inspissated in our social existence or the soul carried by use and wont. Many of the churches drop

the apparatus of history, institution, or nationality which suspend the average soul and give it security over the abyss. They have not the historic sense. They dismiss it with clap-trap about slavery to tradition. They retain tradition only in the form of the Bible, or of an orthodoxy, or, at the other end, a legacy of liberty—all ill-understood. And now that the critics are exploiting even the halfpenny press it is questionable how much longer the biblical strand of the old cable will hold. It is certain, moreover, that the daily and practical use of the Bible among Christians as a means of either grace or truth is not what it was. Orthodoxy has become a pillar of salt, and liberty, for want of a creative center, turns to mere liberalism and that to credal anarchy, and, accordingly, the sense of the abyss is coming home. Thousands now feel that they are swaying where once, though only suspended, they were safely held. The steadying cords, the guys, are cut; will the carrying cords and cables last? Not only individuals but congregations are in this state of oscillation. They grasp at one device after another to give themselves a reason for existing. They plunge into social interests or social work for that purpose, and sometimes into more work than their degree of faith carries; work which may be an expression of restless energy more than of powerful faith; work, therefore, which produces only the limited effect of mere activity and then leaves the workers disheartened because they do not get the returns that can come only from spiritual conviction and moral power. The effect of detachment from a national past was less marked so long as the old theology lasted, with its philosophic affinities and its metaphysical base. When personal faith felt weak the pious community still had a creed there, unwritten sometimes but understood, which claimed to present reality in ordered and adequate Christian thought, and so beneath them people still felt the everlasting arms and they had a tacit but real base for liberty. But these serious theologies are in popular discredit. We hear how absurd metaphysic is, and especially the metaphysic of Orthodoxy. The Chalcedonian Trinity goes, along with Hellenic thought. We learn not only of the futility of metaphysic, but of its mischief for religion; and we prize much the touch and tone of literary religion, and the reli-

gion of the minor culture and the *petit maître*. The metaphysical contact with reality therefore is rudely broken, on the one hand, and on the other the contact with it by personal faith, in the evangelical sense of the great reformers, is much weakened. So little is the Reformation understood that its principle is described, by its very friends, as the right of private judgment—even when that is no more than opinionated ignorance. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of religious atomism. It is the necessary outcome of the substitution of religious individualism for personal religion. It is religious atomism (that is, irreligion) working itself out by an innate logic and revealing its paganism in religious chaos; for it is a pagan principle whose source is the Renaissance, the Rationalist Illumination, the Revolution. It is not the principle of the Reformation. That principle is personalism, and not individualism; it is personal faith, which has submission to authority in its very being, since it owes itself and everything to absolute grace, and which has a church lying, inevitable, in its very nature, because it means union with him whose presence dissolves egoism in a common salvation and places the believer in a church by his very act of belief in such an object as a common Redeemer. The principle is not an individual self-sufficiency in love with its own uninstructed views and more jealous for its rights than concerned about truth, which is what private judgment has but too often come to be. Between a rationalist individualism and an evangelical personalism all the churches sooner or later will have to choose. For these live together like acid and oil. It is a misuse of words as well as a failure of insight which calls it mere polemic to make this issue clear to the easygoing, and sure to the shallow optimist, who is the happier the less he knows, and the more hopeful the less imagination he has to pierce the present and gauge the future. The greater the originality the keener also may be its polemic with the actual situation. There is no such polemical power as Christianity. There is nothing that wars with the world, and with the church as it settles in and enjoys itself in the world, like God's holy love. The New Testament is the most polemical of all books. It is occupied with the most polemical figures in the world—Christ, Paul, and the church. It is polemical and

dogmatic. Therefore it begins and ends in the Cross and its holy war. And it has nothing of the degenerate charity which is so easy to the sciolist who believes himself to have already apprehended, who cultivates a thin judiciousness, and thinks that sharp issues are but sharp tempers striking fire.

But, though not metaphysical, Anglo-Saxondom is in its own way deeply religious, and its faith has all along protested against its native agnostic thought. Its Christianity has at heart always protested against its philosophy, or rather, if one may coin a word, its misosophy. And the churches have, at the deep core of their practical limitations, cherished a general faith which finds the mental habit of the positive sciences too strait for it and which now seeks in Idealism or in Mysticism a place where it may dwell. The metaphysical instinct so deep in faith runs wild, when its satisfaction is denied it by agnosticism, in a grandiose Idealism, on the one side, and on the other in a mystic Monism which will not bear thorough thinking and is, after all, but a spurious or belated metaphysic served often in warm milk with nutmeg. The faith of Christianity reacts against a meager Monism as much as against a dark Gnosticism—which after all Agnosticism is. It is Gnosticism with the current turned off. Certainly the faith of the Church Universal does so react, and, while protest against the Athanasian Creed grows, it is not so much protest against its metaphysics as against its freezing of metaphysic and its condemnation of those whose metaphysics advance upon its own. Not only does the metaphysic in that creed represent at bottom an element essential to Christian faith, and inevitable in its development, but historical relativism especially should remember that it was the high-water mark of the thinking of the world at that age and stage. It is not to metaphysic that we need ever object, but to archaic metaphysic made final and compulsory. When thus abused that Creed ignores history both backward and forward. It ignores the historic Jesus and it ignores the moving church. But whenever intelligent Christianity again reaches any philosophy parallel to that of the Athanasian age it will produce another Athanasian Creed as metaphysical—or more so, as being more adequate to the empire of thought and access to reality

opened since that time. But it will not be enforced with penalties, and it will not be Greek metaphysic. It will not be so intellectualist, but far more voluntarist. Since Kant opened the new age must it not be a metaphysic of ethic? And since the discoveries of recent science about the contribution of matter must it not be a metaphysic of energy rather than of substance? And especially now, since Wundt and his peers, must it not be a metaphysic of psychology, of the moral psychology, and of the psychology of active and positive faith in particular? And it will be neither compulsory nor damnatory, because it will not be the church's faith, but the science of its faith. And it will not be without its mystic note, only it will be the mysticism of the conscience and that of imagination, investing personality rather than nature, history rather than thought, and action rather than essence. But the historic Christ, who was submerged by ancient metaphysic, suffers but little less at the hands of the modern Idealism—a fabric more fine and stately than anything outside Plato. It occupies mighty minds, but also descends to the public as theological liberalism, or a religion of general ideas which are made the criterion of all positive and historic faith and become the popular substitute for metaphysic thorough and scientific. In the critical camp the historic Christ is dissolved, under this influence, where in the orthodox he was buried. And it is a question, which they may discuss who have the data and the leisure, whether it is better to be immured in a great, elaborate, and artistic tomb or to decay under a solvent which destroys the possibility of resurrection. What we have from a despotic metaphysic, or an inadequate metaphysic, or a vague warm metaphysic, or the denunciation of all metaphysic, in a reduction of religious weight and the impoverishment of public faith. Popular belief of course cannot be a belief in metaphysic, unless it is very implicit. But a church whose ministerial belief and teaching reject it with contempt must lose weight and grasp in the long run, and must starve the religious intelligence of the public and its own effect on a world scale. As with the sacraments so with metaphysics—the deadly thing is not the omission of them but their scorn.

Why does Christianity cherish this pertinacious gravitation

to metaphysical belief? The tendency is incorrigible, especially, for instance, in connection with the person of Christ. Why is it that faith, as soon as it has served the more near and urgent uses of the soul, will not consent to be denied access to questions and convictions about the essential nature of Christ and his relation to Godhead? Why does it shrink so passionately from agnosticism about the Incarnation? Is it because the genius of the church is metaphysical and she finds "a higher gift than grace" in "God's essence all divine"? Is it because she has drawn into her communion chiefly those who have philosophical interests and metaphysical tastes? Quite the other way. The great mass both of her members and ministers are nothing of the kind. Most of them, indeed, are people of the other kind, bewildered by metaphysic as such, skeptical of it chiefly, impatient and even angry with it, as involving a kind of effort to which their energies and interests do not naturally run, even in their supernatural consecration—to say nothing of those who regard such interests as no energy at all, but a way of wasting time—while, on the other hand, the philosophers are mostly against the church, or outside. No, the church does not cling so tenaciously to profound conviction about the Godhead of Christ because that doctrine gives popular shape to speculative principles or general ideas, but because it is a prime necessity for the collective (though not always for the individual) faith which makes a church what it is. It is the nature of Christian faith that urges the church, more, indeed, than it consciously knows, upon thought and statement, even of a metaphysical kind, about the absolute nature of the Christ it absolutely trusts. Christian faith, in those classic types which give the true normality, is the sinful soul's committal to Christ for ever and ever. It concerns the undying soul's eternal rock and rest. It is not a matter of aspiration, nor of spirituality, nor of love, nor of ideal humanity. It is the redeemed soul's absolute trust and total self-disposal to its Redeemer for eternity, so that it is a case of more than loyalty—of property. It is the peculiar, the characteristic act of an eternal soul and will. And to belittle it is to belittle the soul and to reduce religion from its place as the life total and eternal to be but one of the leading interests of life. Christian

faith is such absolute faith in Christ. The soul intrusts itself to God-in-Christ for ever. But what ground or stay is there for such an unshakable faith unless we have an unshakable Christ? And how can we have an unshakable Christ for an eternal soul if we have not in him our soul's eternal God? And how can we really have God in him without some suggestion of ontological continuity, however defined? A voluntarist union of will and will is not enough, and we press for something that makes a divergence between them impossible. What is the truth in *non potuit peccare*? We have God in Christ, not simply through him. And in Christ's essential unity with God we have the only condition of that absolute trust in him which is true Christian faith, however loosely the word faith is used for lower levels of religion. A man might pray to Christ as many pray to saints. But that is not Christian faith except at an early stage, perhaps a morning twilight. It is another and a greater thing; it is the supreme Christian thing to "roll the soul on Christ," to make him responsible for it forever, to commit the soul to Christ's salvation and keeping as its committal to a saving God. The soul then finds Christ to be its universe. It finds all the world in Christ, as well as its own eternal destiny of communion with God. What is the real nature of that world?

The necessity, therefore, is not speculative but practical. It is a necessity of the personal and experimental religion of the conscience to treat Christ as God reconciling, redeeming, guaranteeing our eternity. It is a necessity which is but another expression of the finality of Christ's salvation.

I would here repeat that it is not so much the challenge of some revelation in Christ that makes the great religious crisis of the hour, now that agnosticism is dead, and materialism; but it is the challenge of his *finality* as a revelation, of his note of eternal crisis and redemption. Many own a revelation in Christ who do not admit its absolute nature. It is this note of ultimacy and of reality that favors metaphysic. You cannot hold to this finality of Christ's revelation without a faith in the Godhead of Christ which hankers for some metaphysic of it in the church's schools. Other and more sectional religions put a halo about the

founder's head as a mighty saint; but faith in Christ is universal and final because the prodigal soul comes home and finds its Father and heaven in him, and invokes him not as divine but as God—which the New Testament does. It is a religious interest, a practical and not a rationalist, not a philosophic, that urges the church into the deep interior of Christ's person, even to the metaphysic of it. For religion would not be Christian if it did not rouse thought also in the stirring up of *all* within us to bless his holy name. And to think as thoroughly as we are saved is to become metaphysical in spite of ourselves. I know that the impulse of many who denounce metaphysics is religious also. They think metaphysic starves, deflects, and distorts religion. And no doubt they have some ground in history for this, but they have none in reality. The church has certainly suffered from metaphysic. It has persecuted for metaphysic. But so, and more so (it is now said much more so), the State has persecuted thought, and penalized certain political opinions, without therefore dooming political or constitutional science. It is a poor and negative campaign to fight an inadequate metaphysic with none, to meet misuse here with total abstention, or to seek in monistic meditation a stay which can come only from energetic thought. In special connection with the preexistence of Christ the interest became metaphysical only in a secondary way. It is not mere love of dogma (except as dogma means depth, footing, and clarity) that leads Christian thought to pierce the interior of Christ and to find in him not only the key but the Creator of the world. If we read the New Testament with the eye of the biblical theologian we discover that it was not an intense but doctrinaire belief in Christ as the organ of creation which led to a faith in him as Saviour. It was the other way. The faith that found in him the eternal secret and security of its soul found in his vast personality also the key and crown of all souls. It found in him, therefore, the destiny of all history, and so the consummation of the whole world. But it could not stop there. It made then an inevitable step forward by thinking backward, and by finding that the world which was made for him must have been made by him, that he could not issue supreme from the world's close unless

he had been supreme when the world rose. *Nihil in eventu quod non prius in proventu.* The Christ who had become Lord to the first Christian age, and who would be Lord to all ages when history was wound up in the Kingdom, must be the Lord before all ages and before the foundation of the world. And the same thought has been forced on the church from its sense of God's love. The eternal love needs an eternal Son. Could that love find itself again in an idea of its own? Could the living God love an idea as his Son? The lover of an idea might be a philosophic God, but not the Holy Father. And if an eternal Son was a necessity for an eternal love was Jesus Christ not he? Or had the eternal Father two in whom he was perfectly well pleased—one in heaven and another upon earth? If God loved but his world it was only a cosmic emotion. Or was it humanity he loved? Was humanity the eternal Son, with Christ for its most representative and illustrious unit but a unit still? In that case humanity was increate. But if we shrink from that, if God loved a created and manifold humanity, ungathered into one person, loved it not philosophically, as an idea, but heartily, as a race of hearts and souls, then it was a love distracted and dissipated into millions of points without concentration or unity. Therefore his love was without a passion corresponding to his divine unity; it was mere discrete benevolence. It was a love infinitely vagrant, passing from individual to individual, upon some detained and brief upon some, a love merely preferential, so that Jesus was but his best beloved, but it would have nothing in the object of it corresponding to the unity, power, or eternity of God as its subject and source. Love would then not be divine enough to rise above individualism on a larger or smaller scale, and election would not be the whole action and economy of love, the providential order of love, so to say, but would come too near the caprice of favor and the volatility of taste. The eternal Son alone gives to the moral element in love the priority over the natural and the capricious. We have a divine love of humanity only in the eternal Son, only if we are loved in the Father's holy love of the Son. For it would be but a sanguine and amiable surmise of ours that human nature, in itself and as we find it, was so divine as to be the worthy object of God's love, to

say nothing of his habitation. But if the eternal Son made man his "tent," on his way to making the church his body and all men the church, then humanity was such a nature still as could receive and house him (though not express him) without his being either lost in it or soiled. Its constitution remained divine enough for that, even if its moral state had become hopeless and as impotent of itself to draw him by an affinity from heaven as to rise boldly to his side.

All the metaphysic of the Trinity, therefore, is at bottom but the church's effort to express in thought the incomparable reality and absolute glory of the Saviour whom faith saw sitting by the Father as man's redeeming and eternal Lord, to engage the whole and present God directly in our salvation, and found the soul in Christ on the eternal Rock. It is a metaphysic of personality that is involved and of personal action. Also in so far as the doctrine of the Trinity is metaphysic it is not the property of individuals; nor is the belief in it the measure of individual faith. It is a belief so great that it is at home but in the range of the collective faith. It is, first, the matter and property of the collective church; second, of the competent representatives of the church; but, third, it is active in its power with many who are not competent nor forward to discuss it, but are in living relation by evangelical faith with the reality of the saving God it enshrines. A doctrine of the Trinity may be, so far as the crude individual goes, a piece of theological science, but for the church it is a part of its essential faith. It could not renounce it and remain a church. Its power would decay. For the individual it can be implicit, but it must from time to time become explicit for the church in some form corresponding to the age and stage of thought, if the church's great Word is to survive and its general faith is to meet the greatness of its Word. The whole fabric of belief round such a doctrine is an indication that faith which works out in love works out, by the very kindling, subduing, and universal power of love, also in thought. It is all an effort by some of the best minds of the race to take in thinking earnest the church's faith that Christ is Lord, and that he is throned with God because he does for practical experience what God alone can do for the soul. With the experi-

ence of the first church, and its worship of Christ, there was only one choice—the choice of his displacing the Father in the church's religion, or of his becoming the Son in having whom we have the Father also, and forever must have him. And the creeds of the church have all along been in heart and intent its formal expressions of its infinite faith that when God gave his Son he gave himself, that in his Son he *came*, that he dealt with men so closely as he never did before and so finally that he can never do it again, that he gave them not a messenger but his own heart, and not an opportunity of being saved but an achieved salvation. When that faith is raised from popular language and thought out, it means a doctrine of the Trinity, finding in the historic Son the Father's real gift of himself and his achieved purpose, and not a mere intimation nor a movement of willingness toward us. In Christ God did not send a message of his love which cost the messenger his life, but himself loved us to the death, and to our eternal redemption. The revelation of God's love could only be God loving. God alone could reveal God. The Godhead of Christ is therefore much more an element of the gospel of experienced grace than a result of philosophic thought. This is shown by the fate of that modern philosophy which promised to do most by philosophical ideas for the Trinitarian truth. Hegelianism split into two streams, of which the left has carried the day and become the chief motor in those who not only deny a divine Christ but dissolve an historic. It is by no metaphysic that we come to the faith of Christ's Godhead; but, having come there, some metaphysic of it is inevitable wherever religion does not mean mental poverty, the loss of spiritual majesty, and a decayed sense of the price of the soul and the cost of its sin. It is not possible, indeed, to adjust to any category of thought faith's certainty of the absolute union of the sinner and the sinless, of man in his struggle and God in his calm. The Incarnation is a peace that passes understanding. But faith would be so far dead if it did not compel the mind to revolve the theme, explore the gift, and swell the praise.

The reasoning from faith, therefore, would be in this wise: God's love as we have it in Christ his Son must be taken with

infinite seriousness and reality. It is not a partial mood or a passing fancy of God for us; it is God's eternal nature, relation, and purpose to us. If God be there at all, that is what is there. You may of course deny that God is there, or that he does love; but, if he does, that is how he loves—altogether or not at all. The absolute God, the holy, knows nothing of half measures with the world, or half gospels. Christ may have been wrong in speaking of such a God or in believing in him, or we may be wrong in so construing what Christ did believe or say, but if Christ was not wrong, and we are not wrong about him, God's love in Christ was that absolute and eternal love for all mankind which involved the whole and holy God forever, from which love no power can separate us. About this absolute love we need something more than assurance from a third party. When it is the last issue between the soul and God no third party can intervene. Certainty is not to be had by stationing the most luminous and piercing religious genius at some point where he can see both God and man, each being invisible to the other, and where he can report to either hand that the other part is satisfactory and trusty. What we need in Christ is not an external ground for God to trust our faith, or for us to trust God's love. We need to have in Christ God's love itself; God loving; not an effect of God's love, but that love in immediate action and contact with us. Christ's love is really God's love, not the sublimest testimony to it. Christ is not God's love-letter to the world. It is the church that is God's epistle. Christ is God writing it. That is Revelation. It is Redemption. How far we have traveled in this beyond the idea of Revelation as something emitted from God! It is God coming as something and doing something. It is not something given by God, it is God giving himself. When we truly pray we pray *for* God, for God's gift of himself, more than *from* God, more than for gifts from God. Revelation is not a word from God, it is God the Word. It is not a man from God, it is God as man. It is not man doing something for God. That is not the essence of Christianity. It is God doing something in man and for him. It is the real action of God's person—direct, yet in the Son. It is the real presence in Humanity of God's being—immediate, yet not unmediated.

Some may hesitate, perhaps, about that phrase—immediate, yet not unmediated. Well, it is much worth hesitation; it is worth lingering on it. It is a stumblingblock to many. It is either nonsense or it covers something so true that nothing but a paradox can express it. The latter is our alternative. It is strange in terms but it is all the more true. It corresponds to a real process. It is even psychological. May I illustrate? Nothing, I suppose, could be more direct and immediate than your sight of me or mine of you. But in fact neither of us sees the other at all. All we see directly is an image on the retina. Indeed, I, sitting at my remote center, may not see even that directly. There may be several processes between that image and my perception of you. Before I could interpret that image as you, and realize that it was a solid weight of body with which I could collide, and a resisting power of will with which mine must deal—before I could develop the image on my retinal film into a real you—I had to go through a long but totally forgotten process of visual education by the aid of touch, by what used to be called the muscular sense, and by much other similar discipline during the first stage of life. That immediate perception we have of each other is condensed and crystallized mediation. It is a vast abbreviation. It is a portmanteau act. It is mediation become habitual, automatic, unconscious of itself. It has mediation embedded in it, subliminal to it. It is mediation become immediate. It is immediate but not unmediated. This is only meant to show that the phrase is not philosophic nonsense, but good science in the region of psychology. It is no less sound in the region of theology. We all admit that our faith in the Father is mediated by history, by Christ's presence in history. But that fact—Christ—might be quite empirical. Christ might be but the first link in a chain, the first medium instead of the standing Mediator. We are not such positivists as to stop there, with that piece of historicism. He is to us all that he was to the first century, or more. Our faith is mediated through Christ in the way of spiritual process as well as part transmission, in the region of the spiritual world no less than the historic, by the present sacramental value of tradition and of the world in the action of God him-

self on us thereby. The historic fact becomes a spiritual sacrament on which God glides into our soul. Indeed, in Christ we have the Word which makes all sacrament. In Christ we feel we have the action of God direct, yet mediated. The mediation does not impair the directness. It did not precede it; it is always acting in it. We have God in Christ at first hand, and seeing him we see the Father. So that the sacramental relation between God and man in Christian history and experience is but the correlate of an essential relation within the Godhead itself. The relation between God and man is not identical with that between Father and Son (as those say who promulgate the doctrine of humanity as eternal in God), but it is parallel, it is correlate. "I in you as the Father in me." And God's love to man in historic revelation has under and behind it God's love to the Eternal Son, for whose sake the Father loves man, as Christ himself loved mankind not for its own amiable sake but for the sake of God and of his miraculous grace in loving us. What we possess in Christ is so much God's love that it is the love eternally directed upon Christ. God in his grace loves us with the same love as he bestows without grace on Christ. By grace we are caught up into the Father's love of the Son. It is not a case of the natural love of offspring transferred by us to God, but it is the action of a more eternal and holy love transferred by God to us in Christ. Christ transmits it vitally, as its eternal living object and not as its mirror; not as a medium, but as a mediator; he does not even testify to it as an historic genius or a prophet with splendid insight into it might do. Now the eternal object of God's love could not be an idea unless God were an idea and no more. It must be in a parity. It must be as real as the living God. God the beloved must be as real, personal, and eternal as the loving God. The beloved Son must be a constituent of the divine nature and personality. For, if not, God was determined into loving by something outside of himself, and something therefore less eternal, which would leave him not absolute and holy God. Only if the beloved Son was God was God self-determined, and eternally determined, into love. By the very nature of God as love we are moved to the belief in an eternally preexistent Christ—and to his real preexistence, not

merely to an ideal. Christ is the object of God's love; not as if that were an intellectual love for the intellectual beauty, not in the sense of the Son's having an ideal preexistence in God's thought or purpose, as if God were an eternal dreamer or infinite speculator enamored of his own thought, but in the sense that he had a real preexistence as personal as the love bestowed. The divine thing in Jesus was eternal in God. And what was the divine thing in Jesus? Some nucleus or core in the historic personality? Some astral entity, as it were, which could be drawn out of the deciduous man Jesus as a finer soul in soul? No; neither real history nor scientific psychology will let us think like that. The divine thing in Jesus covers, and indeed constitutes, the whole historic personality, that whole moral entity, which Peter, James, John, Judas, Caiaphas, and Pilate all knew as Jesus. The divine thing was Jesus Christ. The actual, historic, personal Jesus was no mere temporary correlate of God's love, or of its ideal object. The divine thing that came to us was not a message nor an influence, nor a spirit, but a person, and not a prophet's person but the divine presence. He, his person, *was* the divine thing. He did not contain it. He was not simply its tenement. He was not a prodigious human personality completely filled by the (less personal?) Spirit of God. That were in the end quite doctetic. It would mean that the more we developed the divine element the more thin we wore the finite receptacle to give it room. The Son of God as the Son of man was not the divine wine in a goblet of flawless crystal. The divine thing in him was that which made his person, and did not simply fill it. The same personality must be both God and man. Else which redeemed? If it was the indwelling Spirit, then was the personality of Jesus redeemed? Or shall we give up an idea so embarrassing as Redemption? Even human personality is no mere receptacle; it is a power. And God can only be in it by some mutual involution, as power interpenetrates power, or, even more intimately than that, as person lives in person, as the Father dwells in the Son of his love. Jesus, in fashion and person as he moved among us, was the eternal object, peer, and polar continuity of God's love, else we cannot cross the gulf between Christ's conviction and God's reality. If

Christianity is absolute faith (and we cannot trust for eternity the merely probable), the real personal Father had the real and personal Son who is our life for his love to rest on in the depth and mystery of eternity. All the analytic objections or impossibilities which can be raised against such a faith by the lower rational man are our old familiar friends, who disagree in the basement while worship goes on in the church above them. And this Son, as a constituent element of Godhead and not a mere phase of God, was not only sent by the Father but himself came with equal spontaneity into the world to save it. He came *ex proprio motu*, through his own free responsive obedience to his Father's saving will, and through his love to both God and man, in some form of self-emptying and self-renunciation. The Son willed our salvation as surely, as creatively, as the Father, and willed his own work for it. All the acts of Christ's self-sacrifice here were but the explication of the one compendious, renunciatory act of his person in coming here. He came to save God's holy name and purpose by saving man's forfeit soul—first to gratify and delight the Father, then to save God among men, and then (and thereby) to save men for God. God spared not his Son, and the Son spared not himself. So that we may say that, while a personal Humanity is the product of God's love in creation, a personal Christ is the object of God's love in eternity. Humanity is personality in finite detail; Christ is personality in its infinite but compendious and holy power. And we are loved for Christ's sake.

We may, therefore, perhaps, sum up thus:

Christ reveals to us God's holy love. He does so not as a prophet with its message, but as the Son with its presence. His work was God's work, not in report, nor in effect merely, but in action. What, then, does Son here mean? It means that the revelation, as taken home by the faith it creates, is final. Nothing in God was dearer or higher than his Son. When the Son came there was no more to do, and no higher revelation possible. No future revelation can separate us from the love it reveals—that is, can transcend it by a greater and leave it behind. It is absolute and eternal. Christ is the real revelation of God's being, in the sense of its self-communication. He is the one supreme visitation

of God. God's being as love was eternally resting on the Christ who came to us, upon no Christ with an existence merely ideal, as if the earthly Jesus were but an historical avatar of an idea capable of various other visits. But upon this personality the personal love of the Father forever rested, well pleased, in the depth and mystery of Godhead's eternal life. It was a real pre-existence—though here formal thought is soon obliged to stop, and we believe by experience what we cannot construe in scheme.

I am well aware, I have hinted, of the difficulties on either side of such an idea as Christ's preexistence. Both the man who ignores these and the man who treats the belief as nothing but fantastic theology discount their own right to a weighty opinion because they do not show that they have gone into the subject far enough to discover the difficulties of dispensing with such a thought. It is what the Germans describe, by an untranslatable but useful word, as a *Grenzbegriff*. A *Grenzbegriff* is a notion of which we can form no explicit conception, but which is forced upon our total thought as inevitable. It is an idea which contains the necessity of something transcendent without being able to describe its processes, movements, qualities, or colors. One side of it is known, the other is unknown. Such is matter, for instance, in the region of natural science. It is a notion that carries us over the limit of our sensible or scientific knowledge, but it is indispensable for the reality both of me, who know, and of anything to be known. A *Grenzbegriff* is an impenetrable but luminous reality against which all our thinking is brought up, or rather to which all our thought moves, but which, if it cannot be construed, is yet so rational that it cannot be denied without giving thought the lie and making the conceivable, the formally rational, the test of reality. To admit such an idea is much more rational than to deny it. The necessity is rational, however illogical. It was thought that forced us to it, though it be not amenable to a rational scheme, and it is inaccessible to the processes of conceptual thought. It cannot be thought, and yet it must be owned. Our thought cannot go here, but we do, our soul does. For our thought is but one function of our personality, which has a larger projection and intent. We commit ourselves, by an act in which the whole

person disposes of itself in faith, to a region where, though we cannot see our way, we yet hear a call and feel an outstretched hand. It is a leap in the dark, but it is a vocal dark. The eye fails us, but from the cloud there is a voice, which does not fail, saying, "This is My Eternal Son." So for our Christian faith the eternal preexistence of Christ is as indispensable as it is inexplicable. *How* the Eternal Son could empty himself to the historic Jesus Christ is quite inexplicable, though we may trace analogies, but religion taken seriously, thoroughly, makes the faith eternally inevitable. Our inability to conceive the "how" of a kenosis need not make us renounce the fact. And most of the difficulties about a kenosis turn upon the method rather than the principle.

The difficulty of the Antiochene view, which regards Christ as a human personality specially prepared, and then filled, at a certain time or by a certain development, with the Divine Spirit, is this (and it is what drives one on some form of kenosis): In such a theory the divine is not the element which forms the personality. It fills it when formed, but it does not constitute the personality—where, however, the modern accent falls. It is not compatible with modern views of the historic personality of Jesus as the acting and effectual power. That historic personality, with which we start as a thing so real, becomes a thing less and less real as we ascribe the ruling action to a divine content which is not personal in the same sense, while, on the other hand, if we throw all the personal action on the human tenement we reduce the divine factor to a mere influence. For there could not be two persons in the one man Jesus Christ. Also, on this view we do not secure the divine initiative for the work that engrossed the personality of Jesus. The Divine Spirit is reduced from the doer to the suggester, and God does not redeem so much as inspire redemption. Besides, if human nature must be redeemed to receive the Spirit how can the Spirit fill even the greatest human personality before proceeding to redeem? And could a Spirit that only fills a person, and does not act as a person, redeem human personality? It is such difficulties as these that forbid us to speak of "the Deity residing in that man in transcendent fullness, but in the same way as in the souls of other men." That sounds pious and modest, but it

is inadequate to a situation so serious as to be soluble only by redemption. It is beneath the classic Christian experience, where redemption is the central need. Faith is humble, but it is not modest. It is very bold and daring. And we are therefore led on to think less of a man with a measureless gift of the Spirit than of Godhead becoming man by a kenotic and renunciatory act. This leaves possible the idea of Redemption; the former discourages it.

It cannot be too often emphasized that the chief breach with traditional dogma is partly in the method and partly in the use of it. This appears especially in connection with the doctrine of Christ's deity. In the old dogma the admission of this deity was necessary to make a man a Christian; in the new it is believed because the man is a Christian. We apply the modern principle of belief in miracles to a special and crucial case. The miracles used to be viewed as a help to faith; now it takes all our faith to believe in the miracles. So with the great miracle of the Incarnation. You must be a Christian to believe it instead of believing it to be a Christian. We need all our Christianity to believe it as it took all Godhead to effect it. The incarnation is the ultimate doctrine of Christianity, but it is not the first in the order of individual experience, which is justification. So far the pragmatists are right. We work from results; but backward. Our theology rises out of our religion. We must pass through a certain experience of faith, in which Christ does on man the work of God, ere we can believe him to be God. Without the experimental faith of redemption that belief is impossible, but with it it is inevitable. I have already suggested that the metaphysic of the future seems to be indicated as a metaphysic of the ethic and psychology of the soul in its moral experience. The metaphysic involved is the metaphysic of personal faith as life's life, the metaphysic which that faith implies (though it can produce no faith), the metaphysic not of substance but of energy, of spiritual energy especially, and most especially of redemption, through the faith which answers redemption. It is the metaphysic not of Being but of the Holy Spirit. It is not the condition of faith but the conclusion from it. We must experience Christ in order to realize that

in so doing it is God we experience; we can then go into the metaphysic of that moral fact. The traditional method constantly tends to put formulæ over faith, and to set theology in the place of religion instead of at its heart. Men may and do define Christ's deity to the practical neglect of his person, and without any communion with himself. We may come to lay more stress on the Virgin Birth or on the Christology of the Logos than upon Christ as our living God and Saviour. We may see more clearly the truths that underlie Christ than we feel and confess him to be the grand fact of God's intervention underlying our life. But it is as such an intervention that we must feel him for New Testament faith. To treat him only as the *beau ideal* of aspiring faith is to do him even more injustice than to treat him as the incarnation of certain eternal ideas. To regard his faith but as the classic case of our own faith is to be no more fair to him than when we try to reach him by metaphysical formulæ. To regard God's presence with him as but the purest nearest case of his presence with every soul is to treat him more as our superlative than as our Saviour. He is the fact and act in which God the Saviour comes to us, and not the great instance of our coming to God. His gospel is one of God visiting us; and he is the visitation of God which he declares. We can never have the same relation to God as Christ had. We can never realize his relation to God as he did. Even religious psychology here comes to a standstill. We cannot follow the spiritual process between him and the Father. He never told that love. It was his own secret. He died before his disciples knew it. He had to die that they might know it. And when they knew it they could express it only in their personal and practical faith as a church. Their theology of it was mainly allusive—as in the great kenotic passage of Philippians.

By such an experience and such a belief he is the foundation of our experienced faith and not simply its historic source. It did not simply begin with him long ago; it rests on him now. It is his gift now. What rests on him is not simply the other end of the historic chain, but the weight of our present souls in every age. His function does not cease, nor does he disappear, when he has introduced us to God, but in him God always descends on us,

emerges in us, seizes us, forgives us, changes us, creates us anew. It is this experience of the new creation that has really demanded from thought the metaphysic associated with Christ's deity—but demanded it from faith's thought and not from thought's faith. For God is will with thought in it, not thought with will in it. The ontological deity of Christ is a necessary condition of the new creation, but my belief in any formula of that deity is not a necessary condition of my being created anew; it is only an inevitable corollary or expression thereof. It is one thing to feel secure before God, but the sense of security (guaranteed, say, by a church) is not the experience of salvation; and it is another thing to desire and possess God, the living God. The deity of Christ is the real means whereby this possession is possible; it is not a matter of assent for attaining the security without personal certainty. The redeemed do not see how they could be redeemed if the redeemer is not God; but no man is redeemed by simply believing that he is. Redemption is so great a miracle that we cannot be surprised that its great thinkers, the theologians, should have put in the forefront the Incarnation as the miracle of miracles. It made redemption possible. But that is not the same as to say that its admission must precede our experience of redemption as a reality. We do not infer the redemption in Christ, deducing from his deity, but we move to his deity regressively from our redemption with its quickening of all our power and insight. It is the experienced power of the Redeemer that forces on us, that has forced on the church, his deity. It is our new creation in Christ Jesus that makes us seat him on the Creator's throne. None but the Holiest could offer the Holiest that which our sin owed; and it is that sense that makes us find our God in him who is our atoning peace. It is because we are overwhelmed thus with God's visitation in him that with all our heart and soul and mind we begin to ask how it is possible. If indeed we could *fathom* that we should be looking down over the God before whom we ought to bend. But we may at least discern some vital things about Christ's relation to God which do not presume to fathom it, and when we find God actually reconciling us in him we cannot help inferring some more substantial unity between him and God

than between God and ourselves. The inner life of Jesus could not really reveal to man the inner life of God if at his center he was not more God than man, and doing the redeeming thing which God alone can do. But it is in Christ's person, and not behind it, that we must look for the secret; in its historic act and not in its putative essence; in an act of his person (even though that act was begun before the world was) and not in the process or mutual behavior of two natures in that person about whose qualities we have no sure information except in the revelation in him. Through his work alone the Godhead of Jesus reaches us and finds us. But it is a work which the great experience of the church finds not only to impress us but to recreate us, it is a work that it finds begun before the foundation of the world. And if it be metaphysical to venture anything about what transpired in such an eternity then metaphysical we must be.

P. V. Lancelotti

SEVEN AMERICAN NOVELS¹

ALTHOUGH it is true that there are more high-power writers of fiction in Great Britain at the present moment than we can discover in America, our standard of production is not altogether contemptible. Writers and readers have both pushed on to more elevated ground than was common twenty years ago, and while the heart of the reading public has become a more difficult target the aim of our authors has much improved. During the past year seven works of fiction have appeared—among others of no doubt equal merit—which repay the reader richly in entertainment, instruction, and ethical stimulus. For the most part our contemporary American novelists of the better sort grapple resolutely with purely American material, not merely with the aim of drawing a correct and artistic picture, but with the clearly discernible object of making their readers better men and women; saving their own souls by a productive use of their talents. In every one of these novels there is the clear call to higher and nobler living.

Booth Tarkington has never written an unattractive book, probably could not if he tried; there is a charm in his pages as compelling as sunshine. I am inclined to rank his latest novel as his best because, while it has the agreeable humor and lightness of touch manifest in his other works, it is an illuminating commentary on one of the grossest evils in modern American life—our zeal for bigness; our measurement of prosperity by the increase in population without stopping to inquire whether the *quality* of the population has improved, or even whether it is desirable that the population should increase at all. Why should we brag that our "home town" has doubled its population in ten

¹ 1 The Turmoil. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers.

2 The Rosie World. By Parker Fillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

3 Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

4 Pierre Vinton. By Edward Venable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

5 A Far Country. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

6 Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. J. R. Fisher). New York: Henry Holt & Co.

7 The Encounter. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt). New York: The Century Company.

years? We do not feel particularly happy in a trolley car when its population doubles in three minutes. Instead of all hustling along in a mad endeavor to keep up with the works of man Mr. Tarkington would have us stand still and behold the wonderful works of God—the greatest of which is the human soul; and small chance it has in the hurly-burly of modern business. Specifically, *The Turmoil* is a protest against three evils of bigness: smoke, dirt, noise. To me noise seems to be one of the arch-villains in the modern human comedy, and I rejoice that so skillful a novelist has echoed so accurately its discordant and nerve-shattering racket. The time will come, I think, when an unnecessary noise will be a penal offense, just as it is now considered wrong—except in time of war—to poison wells. In the residence streets of many American cities the quiet is constantly broken by enormous motor trucks running at any hour of the night their owner chooses for his particular profits, shaking the walls of houses and murdering sleep. These monstrosities are as much out of place in certain localities as a steam calliope in the center aisle of a church. What these noise-germs do to nervous people—which means nearly all Americans—can only be imagined. Noise is a health-wrecker, a positive nuisance of the first class, and those who are paying strict attention to hygiene cannot long overlook its disastrous effects. (Schoopenhauer said that a person who slammed a door revealed a total lack of intelligence.) Mr. Tarkington's account of his particular big city is a small epic of *Paradise Lost*, and noise is the very devil.

The Rosie World is a slum novel with dynamics reversed. We all know what the expression "slum novel" connotes—squalor, crime, bestiality, sodden despair. Mr. Fillmore, who seems to know exactly what he is talking about, gives us a picture of city life among the lowly which is full of brightness and good cheer. "God plants us where we grow," said Pompilia; and Rosie produces the fruits of the Spirit. She is a ubiquitous and multitudinous blessing, an active principle of amelioration. The absolute democracy of the poor is well shown: the happiness that comes from absence of social responsibilities, the cheerful neighborly helpfulness, the intense and friendly interest taken in each other's joys and woes. The sorrows of the very poor are not slurred, but

laughter is just as true a fact in human life as tears, and this book resounds with honest mirth. A New York millionaire, returning to his expensive mansion after a terribly exhausting day of big business, found four men servants near the front door. He wearily remarked, "I have to work hard all day to keep these gentlemen in idleness." No such tragedy as this in the *Rosie World*. The father of the family smokes his evening pipe in absolute calm of mind while the star boarder narrates the daily incidents that happen on the street car of which he is the conductor. The point to notice in this work is that the representation of happiness is just as "true to life" in a slum story as the depiction of misery, and the artistic painting of it has every whit as much dignity as the analysis of filth. Already one fine novel has appeared in *Rosie's* wake—this is St. John Ervine's irresistibly humorous story, published in England a month or so ago, called *Alice and a Family*. To readers of Mr. Fillmore's book *Alice* will infallibly recall *Rosie*—I wonder if the resemblance is an accident? The workmanship of the London book is of an even higher grade, the conversation being surprisingly brilliant.

Angela's Business will surely disappoint most readers of *Queed* and *V V's Eyes*, for two simple reasons: the fable is nothing like so interesting and the persons cannot make so deep an impression. Possibly Mr. Harrison needs a hero rather than a heroine as protagonist. Yet in sheer cleverness this novel is superior to its two predecessors. It is beyond all doubt the best discussion that I have read of the woman question—the conclusion being that what really counts in a woman is not her opinions, nor what she attempts to accomplish, but simply what she is herself. We relearn what ought to be axiomatic, and is not, that a woman may be a suffragette and yet sweet, gentle, modest, and womanly; and that a woman may take not the slightest interest in politics, social work, education, and yet, under this guileless exterior, be a most determined, grasping, and otherwise totally uninteresting female. The amazing twist in the middle of the book, when we discover that the leading lady is not the heroine, is managed with consummate art. After finishing the novel one should immediately reread the first two chapters to realize how completely they throw the

reader off the scent. A crying sin in most works of art, whether drama or novel, is simply this. How is it possible for a person to deceive her most intimate friends completely when her shallowness, selfishness, and duplicity are so broadly evident to the mere spectator or reader? We all read novels and see plays where the villain's villainy is instantly and constantly manifest to *us*, and yet the very bosom of the villain's family never has a suspicion. M. Bernstein solved this difficulty most notably in *The Secret*, where during the entire first act the spectators are as completely hoodwinked as the husband. Mr. Harrison likewise satisfies our artistic sense by Angela's fooling the reader as completely as she fooled her intimate acquaintances. It was not until the incident of the ashtray that I began to suspect what Angela's real business was. What a fearful warning to young maids, what a violent danger signal to young bachelors is that same ashtray!

Pierre Vinton is a novel that everybody ought to be talking about. There is such a thing as monotonous brilliance, brilliance that first palls, then gets altogether on one's nerves. This book is steadily brilliant without ever becoming monotonously so. Who the author is beyond his name—if Venable be his name—I have not the slightest idea; but not since reading "Joseph Vance by William De Morgan" have I had the particular and wholly delightful experience of taking up a book whose title and whose author meant no more to me than a sheet of blank paper, and yet which aroused such enthusiasm after the first chapter. *Pierre Vinton* is a novel aflame with intelligence, with wise and tolerant and humorous knowledge of life; the style is full of distinction, of original, personal, anti-conventional phrasing; against the dull background of most contemporary fiction it gleams and glitters, beckons, too, like a star. It is a love story beginning with a divorce; a love story full of wit, passion, and tenderness, showing that people whose clothes and manners are alike immaculate are human for all that, and suffer from elemental feeling. The man's interview with his divorced wife before his departure for Switzerland brings in a new and tremendous argument for virtue.

Clean for the church, and dead against the world,
The flesh and the devil does it tell for once.

If I am mistaken about the beauty, charm, and artistic value of this book may I never read a novel again.

A Far Country is not primarily a work of art; it is a political and social history of our time and should therefore be read for information rather than for pleasure. Without any true gift of style, without a suspicion of humor, without any charm, Mr. Churchill has the flair of the great journalist. He seems to know exactly what subject and what treatment of it will most keenly interest the vast American public. To me the prodigious excitement aroused by *The Inside of the Cup* was more interesting than anything in the book itself. For months after its initial appearance five hundred copies were sold daily; ministers preached sermons about it, and even so thoughtful a man as the late Admiral Mahan was moved to write an article condemning it. The enormous number of letters received by the author forced him to speak out his religious views in a magazine, this time without the diaphanous disguise of fiction. Mr. Churchill is a reformer with a reformer's temperament. In *Coniston*, which is, on the whole, I think, his best book, and in *Mr. Crewe's Career* he showed modern political abuses as they affected local communities; *The Inside of the Cup* was an attempt to reform the organized Christian Church—if he had succeeded the church would be as devoid of charm as is his novel—and in *A Far Country* Mr. Churchill plays the role of diagnostician and lays his finger on the diseased place in the great body politic. There is an immense convincing power in our author's mere accumulation of detail, in the gradual but steady deterioration of the hero; it is, in very truth, like the subtly slow, insidious, and deadly power of an obscure disease. The novel seems to be documented all through, like a doctor's thesis; I feel certain that its author could give plenty of specific illustration for every supposedly fictitious chapter. It is a book that every American ought to read because it deals so definitely with our modern political and social life and gives such a mass of useful information. Yet its very up-to-dateness smells of mortality, and one feels its wholly ephemeral nature in the field of art, much as one feels it in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose manner and whose fate Mr. Churchill is in great danger

of resembling. For, while Mrs. Ward has had an enormous audience in her day, will future generations know her name?

To turn from *A Far Country* to *Hillsboro People* is like changing from the husks that the swine did eat to the wholesome fare of our Father's house. From the congestion of crowds we gladly flee to open space; and *Hillsboro People* is the real New England country, which our author would have us visit, not for change, novelty, or recreation, but come to it as permanently as we all ultimately visit the churchyard. The young woman who wrote this collection of chapters is the daughter of the late librarian of Columbia University, a man of extraordinary power of personality. She was swept by the centripetal force of the university into the pursuit of technical book-learning, and it must make her laugh when she remembers the day she took her doctor's degree in Old French. *Quel métier, quelle vie!* What a change from the purlieus of linguistic pedantry to writing modern novels in a lovely village! "God plants us where we grow," let me quote again. The *Rosie World* could not have been produced on a lonely hillside, and Dorothy Canfield could not grow in an urban university. Three years ago appeared her first novel, *The Squirrel Cage*, a forcible and accurate indictment of the manner in which American daughters are carefully trained for a career of nervous prostration. *Hillsboro People* is a study of country folk by one who loves them. Many novels in French and English have been written about rural communities where the attitude of the author—as in *Madame Bovary*—was one of icy scorn, where the awful dullness of village life was represented as the quintessence of tragedy. Indeed, one need not go to Flaubert for this picture. If one should compare Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome* with Mrs. Fisher's *Hillsboro People* one would find a fresh illustration of how elusive truth really is, since two flatly contradictory accounts of the same thing may both be veridical. For my part, I like *Hillsboro People* better—because this aspect of the truth has not usually been sufficiently emphasized. Mr. Fillmore speaks the truth when he represents the pleasures of city poverty, Mrs. Fisher speaks the truth when she represents the happiness of life in a remote country district. Her real thesis—for owing to her early scholastic train-

ing she cannot write a novel without a thesis—is that one can study life much more deeply in the country than in the city. She makes out a good case. Between the chapters of her book a friend has contributed lyrics that sound “like linnets in the pauses of the wind.” Some are beautiful, and all are original.

Of the seven novels the only one that does not deal directly with American life is *The Encounter*, although the heroine and her remarkable mother are Americans traveling in Europe in a setting that recalls the international novels of Henry James. The girl, whose disillusioned frankness is more startling than any bizarre manner could possibly be, is brought into a close encounter with three men who represent three different philosophies of life. The first is no more and no less than Nietzsche himself, who taught a superman doctrine which no one, least of all its author, has ever been able to follow; the second, Graf von Lüdenstein, is simply the incarnation of the sensual instinct; the third is a cripple, Conrad Sachs, who represents Christianity. In his person love triumphs over pride, strength, and lust. The changing attitude of the girl toward Sachs is portrayed in the most subtle manner. The various phases are indifference, contempt, surprise, curiosity, admiration, adoration. The conversations between the imperious Beauty and the gentle Beast are so interesting, and what Sachs says is so beautiful, that the reader unconsciously awaits his replies to her eager questions, not merely with intense curiosity, but with much the same feeling that a man adrift observes the approach of rescue. For Sachs really seems to have the key to life's riddle. Nothing arouses more actual interest in the minds of the children of this world than an exhibition of sincere unselfishness. They wonder what manner of man it is that can do such things and do them cheerfully; he seems serene and at rest where they are tortured by fever. One would have to search the novels of Dostoevski to find a better illustration of the compelling power of Love, which is stronger than anything else on earth. *If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.* Sachs insists that Ludwig (who represents Nietzsche) is really not far from the kingdom of God. Ludwig says that strength is the highest good: Conrad says that Goodness is the highest strength.

The young girl remarks, "But you believe in goodness . . . in sacrifice; in selflessness; all the things that Ludwig hates." He answers, "I hate them when they mean impotence and subterfuge, Fräulein. Goodness is what the highest strength desires and chooses. If only strength is good yet it is still more true to say that only goodness is strong. That is all my creed. . . . When you understand Ludwig's creed you will find that it is not so different a one from mine. No. It is not. Whatever he may say." As a cure for her despair he suggests, to her astonishment, that she try prayer. She queries resentfully, "What happens when you pray?" "In that deadness, that apathy you speak of, a breath blows upon us, we may not know from where, when we pray. It is the spirit of life answering our spirit. We feel this breath, and the desire for life again arises in us—we will to will, to be, to love. You do not know it yet, Fräulein, nor believe in it; but it is the world's great reality, this breath of the spirit."

As I finish for the moment my contemplation of these seven novels, so utterly different as they are in characterization and in plot, I seem to see them all resting on one foundation—the Moral Law. Just as a scientific work assumes without mentioning it that the law of gravitation is true, so these seven works of fiction attain verisimilitude mainly because their structures are built on the universal moral law. Persons who spend their lives fighting moral truths only injure themselves in the struggle: the law is immovable, unshakable, and in the end must be reckoned with. The moment any one of the characters in these seven stories ceases the hopeless fight, and submits to the law of unselfishness, it is as though harsh discords yielded to perfect harmony. These books give the reader moral stimulation; they strengthen our faith that this is God's world, and that the gospel of Christ is man's only way not only to real usefulness, but to peace of mind.

Wm Lyon Phelps

WOODROW WILSON'S OPINION OF JOHN WESLEY

ON Tuesday evening, June 30, 1903, Woodrow Wilson, then President of Princeton University, delivered an address in connection with the Wesley Bicentennial at Middletown, Conn., as did other speakers of note during commencement week. Mr. Wilson's subject was "John Wesley's Place in History," and it is printed in the Wesley Bicentennial Volume issued by Wesleyan University in 1904. It was a masterly production and made a deep impression upon all who heard it. It revealed the scholar and the historian dealing with a congenial theme, and the result is a production that will materially assist to perpetuate not only the name and work of John Wesley but that of its author as well. Delivered at a time before he entered the political arena, it is in some respects a mirror of the man and a reflection of the mind of this new apostle of progress, who has been lifted to the summits of power and influence. The Wesleyan University, which enjoyed for a brief season his teaching abilities, honored herself in placing him upon the program of that commencement week, and perhaps did much thereby in summoning him to a larger service.

The address opens with a review of the eighteenth century, first from a political, then from a literary, industrial, and religious standpoint, and is an analysis, clear and forceful, of one of the most interesting and important epochs in history. On this broad platform he brings forward, as among the most powerful single influences for betterment, the life and work of John Wesley, of whom he speaks as being "a sort of spiritual statesman, a politician of God, speaking the policy of a kingdom unseen, but real, and destined to prevail over all kingdoms else." The explanation of the success of the Wesleyan movement he finds not only in its facility for organization, but, deeper than this, in its human sympathies. Hence its virility then and now. Hence its past and present interest in all genuine reform movements, moral or intellectual. Its fountain is, and was, the heart; and it overflowed into the prison and palace alike, and attacked as well as attached—

for its aim was to cleanse as well as to create and conserve. It was love organized into efficiency; it was grace put to work. And so, speaking of the leader of this movement, he says: "History is inexorable with men who isolate themselves. They are suffered oftentimes to find a place in literature, but never in the history of events or any serious reckoning of cause and effect. They may be interesting, but they are not important. The mere revolutionist looks small enough when his day is passed; the mere agitator struts but a little while and without applause amidst the scenes and events which men remember. It is the men who make as well as destroy who really serve their race, and it is noteworthy how action predominated in Wesley from the first. The little coterie at Oxford, to which we look back as to the first associates in the movement which John Wesley dominated, were as fervent in their prayers, in their musings upon the Scripture, in their visits to the poor and outcast, before John Wesley joined them as afterward. Their zeal had its roots in the divine pity which must lie at the heart of every evangelistic movement—pity for those to whom the gospel is not preached, whom no light of Christian guidance has reached, the men in the jails and in the purlieus of the towns whom the church does not seek or touch; but he gave them leadership and the spirit of achievement. His genius for action touched everything he was associated with; every enterprise took from him an impulse of efficiency."

He shows how Wesley, like Lincoln, came to his mission gradually, and learned its meaning as the events and experiences of each day revealed it to him. He adds, "The sober passion of the task grew upon him as it unfolded itself in his hands from month to month and year to year." Comparing him with Mr. Whitefield he says: "There was no magic of oratory in Wesley's tone or presence. There was something more singular, more intimate, more searching. He commanded so quietly, wore so subtle an air of gentle majesty, attached men to himself so like a party leader whose coming draws together a company of partisans and whose going leaves an organized band of adherents, that cautious men were uneasy and suspicious concerning him. He seemed a sort of revolutionist, left no community as he found it, but set

men by the ears." Speaking of the influence of his personal presence, especially upon those who came to oppose him and sometimes to mob him, he says: "Something issued forth from him which penetrated and subdued his hearers, some suggestion of purity, some intimation of love, some sign of innocence and nobility, some power at once of rebuke and attraction, which he must have caught from his Master."

President Wilson especially names Wesley's talent for statesmanship as that which gives him his precedence in the annals of his day. He says: "It was not merely that he came and went so constantly, and moved every countryside with his preaching; something remained after he was gone: the touch of the statesman men had at first taken him to be. . . . He was a born leader of men. The conferences he held with the friends he loved and trusted were councils of campaign; and he did hold long plans in view, as his enemies suspected. They have a high and honorable place in the history of the statesmanship of salvation. It was a chief part of Wesley's singular power that everything he touched took shape as if with a sort of institutional life." In speaking of the effect and result of his labors he adds: "The great impulse of human feeling which marked the closing years of the eighteenth century seemed in no small measure to spring from him; as the reform of prisons, the agitation for the abolition of slavery, the establishment of missionary societies and Bible societies, the introduction of reforms in law and legislation for the relief of the poor; and many of the noble philanthropies and reforms which brighten the annals of the nineteenth century had their spiritual birth in the eighteenth. Wesley renewed the mission of Christ himself." In seeking for the cause of Wesley's individual success he says, "It was genius, no doubt, and the gift of a leader of men, but also something less singular, though perhaps not less individual: a clear conviction of revealed truth and its power to save."

Arthur Copeland

LUTHER AS A TABLE COMPANION

INTEREST in Luther is perennial. The four hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated more widely and with greater enthusiasm than any earlier centennial. Statues in his honor were then erected in all the towns associated with his life, and in several other German cities as well. In fact, it may be said that the restoration of the power of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia has been accompanied by a renewal of Luther's leadership in German thought. Professor Harnack is authority for the statement that practically every Protestant theological party in Germany to-day claims Luther as its champion. And the highest praise that could be given Bismarck was to describe him as "the greatest German since Luther." But interest in the great Reformer is not confined to his native land or to the influential church that bears his name. It has become cosmopolite. One would find it difficult to name another historical character whose face and the outline of whose career are equally familiar. Recently, in a single year, a popular life of Luther was published in one of our leading magazines, an exhaustive biography of him was issued by a professor in one of our prominent colleges, and an historical novel entitled *The Monk of Wittenberg* contended for a position among our best-sellers. Evidently there is no decline in Luther's hold on the popular attention. His shadow lies across the whole path of the world's modern progress. The century in which he lived was prodigal in its gift of great men, but two alone of all his distinguished contemporaries deserve to be mentioned with him as having founded institutions and set in motion moral forces which continue until this present and give promise of future permanence. Ignatius Loyola and John Calvin are still potent forces in the intellectual and spiritual world, but, in a sense, Luther created the environment which made their careers possible, and the circle of his intenser influence still includes that of these noble contemporaries. It is inevitable that such a man should suffer idealization at the hands of his admirers. His students and im-

mediate followers regarded him with almost idolatrous veneration. Even the usually judicious Melancthon, who lived with him in a life-long friendship so intimate as to dispel the illusions of hero-worship, writes of him: "Luther is too great, too wonderful, for me to depict in words. He is a miracle among men." The artist, Albrecht Dürer, called him a theopneustic; and there were other contemporaries who regarded him as the fulfillment of ancient prophecy. His earliest biographers, Spangenberg and Mathesius, though not wholly blind to his faults, yet wrote in a strain of uncritical laudation and fixed the type for succeeding Lutheran biographies. The Pietists departed somewhat from this attitude toward Luther, and the writers of the Period of Illumination went so far as to describe him, as did Frederick the Great, as a "raging monk" and a "barbaric writer." But the Romanticists, who glorified the power and originality of genius, expressed enthusiastic appreciation of these qualities in Luther, though some of them cared very little for his religious teachings. Goethe, for example, said that the personality of Luther was the only feature of the Reformation that made any appeal to him. But it was in the hands of his adversaries that the figure of Luther underwent the most remarkable metamorphosis. They pictured him as a monster, and related most incredible tales to illustrate his utter depravity. Even the early period of his life, when he held positions of honor and influence in the Catholic Church, was so distorted as to show mainly a growing intellectual and moral perversity, while his last sickness and death were represented as attended by terrible supernatural portents. It was not until the nineteenth century, and the latter part of that century, that an attempt was made to set forth the character and work of Luther with impartial and scientific accuracy. The data for such a presentation are now more abundant than ever before. Each generation brings new material to light, and the latest finds have been the most valuable, since they have enabled us to study Luther's religious development during the critical years between 1505 and 1519; years concerning which there had hitherto been a dearth of original material. With all this new data at hand, and with the modern spirit of scientific and impartial historical criticism, we may expect from all parties a

more correct and comprehensible presentation of the great Reformer. Even the less important aspects of such a character as Luther derive interest from the greatness of his life as a whole. Superlative genius lifts the common things of life out of the realm of the commonplace and imparts significance to them, and it is usually in the common, everyday occurrences of a man's life that his real nature is best discovered. Fortunately we possess two records of Luther's most intimate thought and feeling: his Letters to his confidential friends and his so-called Table Talk. Each constitutes an example of unconscious self-portraiture.

It was impossible that Luther should have been unaware of the unique distinction that he had won. He knew that the attention of the world was focussed upon him. He did not wholly escape self-consciousness. With a Pauline sense of the reality of the unseen world, he thought of himself as the object of celestial and of demoniac interest. To this consciousness he gave characteristic expression in a remarkable passage in his will in which he refers to himself as "a man known openly in heaven and on earth and in hell also." But in his personal letters and in his table-talk there is not a trace of self-consciousness. It is the man who speaks, and not the Reformer. Especially is this true of the casual and utterly informal remarks which he made to those at table with him. Here, in his home, with his family and his friends about him, he speaks with perfect freedom and unreserve. It is easy to reconstruct the setting for these Table Talks. During his married life Luther occupied one wing of the huge stone building, formerly an Augustinian monastery, now known as the Luther House. It is visited by all pilgrims to Wittenberg, and its large, well-lighted rooms still remain substantially as they were when occupied by the Luther family. It is not difficult to imagine the group that gathered about the table in the commodious dining-room. At its head is the strikingly erect form of Luther, opposite him sits Mistress Katherine, while ranged on either side are their children and guests. It is a home of generous hospitality. At the table were always to be found some of Luther's favorite students and intimate friends. At times there were more distinguished guests. The Protestant princes of Germany felt

honored by the hospitality of his humble home. Foreign travelers, noted scholars, Jewish rabbis, and other distinguished visitors to Wittenberg were welcomed at his table. Perhaps this variety in his guests will explain the wide range of subjects touched upon in his free unpremeditated talk at the table. Sometimes, we are told, he sat silent, apparently engrossed in thought, but usually he put aside his many cares and appeared light-hearted, with ready flow of conversation and flash of wit. No doubt many another man has given expression to some of his best thoughts in the good fellowship and unrestrained intercourse of the table, but they have perished with the pleasant hour that called them forth. That this did not befall the table conversation of Luther was due to the retentive memories and convenient notebooks of the students most frequently at his table. Two of these, Antony Lauterbach, and John Goldschmidt, most deserve our gratitude. These, with the same reverent care that enabled Boswell to preserve his matchless picture of Dr. Johnson, kept a record of much that fell from Luther's lips in the familiar conversation of the table. The notes thus taken—probably without any thought of their publication—were collected, edited, and published by Goldschmidt, twenty years after Luther's death, with the title, *The Table Talk of Martin Luther*. There was such a demand for the book that in two years it ran into four editions, and in the third year it appeared in a revised and enlarged form. Since then it has appeared in innumerable editions and translations. The most available English version is that of Hazlitt, published in the Bohn Library. In it the matter of the *Table Talk* covers about four hundred pages, loosely classified under fifty subjects and divided into nearly a thousand unconnected paragraphs. It has a good index. A fair idea of the character of the subjects dealt with may be formed from the following chapter-headings taken in order from the latter part of the book: *The Christian Life, Marriage and Celibacy, Princes and Potentates, Discord, Sickness and Its Causes, Death, The Resurrection, Allegories, Spiritual and Church Livings, Constrained Defense, Lawyers, Universities and Arts, Astronomy and Astrology.*

The first impression made by these conversations of Luther

is that of a noble seriousness. There are occasional flashes of wit, and many a passage is lighted up by the glow of a genial humor, but Luther took life with a wholesome seriousness and despised trivial small-talk or frivolous or spiteful gossip. While remarks occasionally fell from Luther's lips, both in public discourse and in private conversation, which to modern ears sound uncouth and even coarse—for something of the peasant rudeness of his forefathers clung to him to the end—yet nothing irreverent or impure, in word or suggestion, mars the record of these table-talks. One of the most frequent guests at the Luther home testifies that the loose and questionable talk, so common at the time even among respectable people, was there always frowned upon. Second only to their seriousness is one's impression of the wide range of subjects discussed in these familiar talks. No doubt the topics were somewhat determined by the guests present, but Luther had the world-outlook, and his was a world full of life and movement. Any person or event that appeared upon the horizon might become a subject of discussion. No doubt the constant presence of some of his students explains his frequent comments on such subjects as were under discussion in the universities, but current politics also have a large place and afford him an opportunity to express his opinion of the prominent men of his time. In his writings Luther appears as theologian, controversialist, preacher, sacred poet; but in these talks at his table a more ample learning and a wider sympathy are revealed. Here is manifest that many-sidedness of nature which has won him the following of such diverse men and has warranted Heine and others in characterizing him as the fittest representative of his race, the embodiment of the Teutonic genius. Here also we see the breadth of his intellectual sympathy. If Luther had been less religious he would have come to distinction as a Humanist. That was what Erasmus expected. For the life and the literature of the classic age made a strong appeal to Luther. He was not disposed to disparage the classic heroes nor belittle the pagan virtues. If he was not ready to go so far as did Zwingli, and express the assurance that the noblest of the heathen would find their place with the patriarchs, yet he does not hesitate to express the hope that it may be so.

Luther stood at the end of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern age. In him the old and the new met and mingled in strange combination—sometimes in grotesque contradiction. We have been taught to think of him as an innovator and an iconoclast. But there are aspects of his character which abundantly justify Von Ranke in speaking of him as “one of the greatest conservatives that ever lived.” In most respects Luther remained the child of his age, with purely mediæval consciousness. He lived in the narrow world of the Middle Ages. The discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama and the other great adventurers of his century do not appear to have enlarged in the least his thought of the world. To him Europe and those parts of Asia and Africa touching the Mediterranean and known to the ancients constituted the entire stage of the drama of human life. His cosmology and physical science were also mediæval. His universe was geocentric, and he regarded the revolutionary theories of his great contemporary, Copernicus, as contrary to both Scripture and reason. He preferred to believe that the revolution of the firmament about the earth was accomplished by some great angel to whom God had given that task. His strong common sense and conviction of divine predestination led him to reject the absurd claims of the astrologists—which Melancthon partly admitted—and he attributed their pseudo-science to the devil. Nevertheless he entertained most of the scientific superstitions of his day. The physician’s art has always, in popular conception, been closely related to that of the magician. The astonishing theories as to the cure of disease held in our own day by intelligent people afford a survival of this ancient tendency to associate with magic the practice of healing. We need not be surprised that Luther asserts that “experience has proven that if three toads be impaled upon a stick and thoroughly dried in the sun they will be found a certain cure for tumors.” For some other ailments he recommends doses less appetizing in their ingredients than if they had been dipped out of the witches’ caldron. They suggest the old Chinese materia medica. The superstition of the king’s touch existed in Saxony in a modified form. The Saxon ruler was not a real king, only a kinglet, an Elector, and so his medical virtues were limited to the application

of an infallible eye-lotion. This lotion, however, lost its virtue if it were applied by any other hand than that of the Elector. This Luther soberly relates. He also repeats with childlike credulity many a classic marvel like that of the resurrection of the Phoenix from its ashes, and he does not hesitate to affirm that "when the branch of a vine is grafted on an olive tree, it bears both grapes and olives."

Luther used to wax indignant over the superstitions of the Romanists with regard to their relics, but he accepted most of the other current superstitions. He repeats the absurd stories of demon changelings, and refers to a prominent German family as thus descended from the devil. That he should have believed in witchcraft and advocated its punishment by burning was to be expected, as that was the all-but-universal position of the learned men of his day. He also believed in magic, and tells of a magician who, in retaliation for a practical joke, clapped a pair of stags' horns on the head of the Emperor. He relates another instance of a magician who, in Neuberg, diverted the bystanders by swallowing a countryman and his horse and cart.

Scarcely less remarkable is Luther's belief in demoniac agency in nature. He says in one place, "Many demons are in the woods and in the waters and in the wilderness and in the dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people. Some are also in the thick black clouds, which cause hail and lightning and thunder, and poison the air and the pastures and the ground." Luther lived in the mediæval world of supernatural agency. But in other matters we catch at times a singularly modern accent: and not only in those great matters in which he fixed the type of modern thinking, but in less important affairs. He discriminates as sharply between faith-cure and mind-cure as if he had had a séance with a modern healer, or had read the latest book on the influence of the mind on the body. He complains that, of those who come to church, few care to listen to the sermon. The servant question was as perplexing a problem then as now. Mistress Katherine had her own troubles with her domestics, and her husband could give her no better comfort than to assure her that everybody was having the same difficulty, and that a faithful

servant was a genuine "god-send" but had long been "a rare bird in the land." If the modern book-reviewer is tempted to repeat with a sigh the Hebrew Wise Man's remark concerning "the making of many books," he may find solace in Luther's complaint, made scarcely a century after the invention of the press. He laments: "This multitude of books is a great evil, and there is no limit to the fever for writing." Nothing, however, is more indicative of Luther's independence of spirit than is his free treatment of the Scriptures. In this the most modern schools of Biblical Criticism claim him as their champion and pioneer. Luther venerated the Bible as the Word of God; he insisted that it was the only absolute authority in matters of faith. His confidence in the truth of his own teachings grew out of his knowledge that they were based on Scripture. He also showed the highest respect and truest allegiance to the Scriptures in that he gave himself with lifelong patience and labor to ascertain their meaning for himself and the age in which he lived. This began with oft-repeated reading. He says: "When I was young I read the Bible over and over and over again, and was so perfectly acquainted with it that I could, in an instant, have pointed to any verse that might have been mentioned." He was himself to become one of the greatest of commentators, but he always disparaged the value of commentaries, even those of the Fathers. He said that he hoped that no one would take time from the reading of the Bible to read any of his books upon it. But despite Luther's great love of the Bible, or perhaps because of it, he often handled it with startling freedom. He had little respect for traditional views concerning it, whether derived from the Scholastics or the Early Fathers. Even in the New Testament he made sharp discrimination between the different books according as they seemed to him to possess evangelical purity and force. The Epistle of James he characterized as "straw," that of Jude he calls "unnecessary," and the Apocalypse he declares to be neither apostolic nor prophetic. He frankly admits his difficulty in accepting the stories of Jonah and Elijah as historical, and Judith he declares to be a legendary poem to be compared with the writings of Homer. He so disliked Esther and the Second Book of Maccabees that he wished that

they had not been preserved, and parts of Esdras he says he would like to throw into the Elbe. The books of Kings were to him "a hundred times better" than the Chronicles; Solomon was not the author of the Proverbs; and the Pentateuch might still be called the books of Moses though it were shown that he did not write them himself. The Prophets he believed to be compilations, so were the Proverbs. Such a conception of the sacred books is in accord with his theory of inspiration, which left the inspired man great freedom in expressing his truth. "God," he says, "chose holy and spiritually minded men and spoke with them in their consciences." So free were the biblical writers as to the form in which they present their message that they were not exempt from unimportant errors. Luther does not hesitate to say, concerning one of the rabbinical arguments of his favorite apostle, "My dear brother Paul, this argument will not stick." He also frequently institutes comparisons between biblical writings and the masterpieces of heathen literature, for he admits "that the strength and grandeur of the soul of the heathen was also an inspiration and a work of God." It may be admitted that Luther was sometimes unduly subjective and arbitrary in his treatment of Scripture. Books in which he could not find the great doctrine of justification by faith, or into which he could not read it, were not likely to commend themselves to him. Nevertheless his earnest effort to ascertain the meaning of Holy Scripture, and apply it to his own life and to the world of his day, resulted in a new revelation of its divine energy. Again the Word became spirit and life.

It was to be expected that Luther would have much to say about preachers and preaching, and some of his remarks on this subject sound like echoes from class-room lectures on Homiletics. A hint of the character of mediæval preaching in Germany is afforded by his casual statement, "In all my youth I never heard any preaching either of the Ten Commandments or of the Lord's Prayer." Luther well knew that the success of his movement depended upon the effective preaching of his followers, and the counsel that he gave them was calculated to establish a new standard of pulpit efficiency. One can get a glimpse of his ideal

preacher from the following summary of ministerial excellencies: "A good preacher should have these properties and virtues: first, to teach systematically; second, he should have a ready wit; third, he should be eloquent; fourth, he should have a good voice; fifth, a good memory; sixth, he should know when to make an end; seventh, he should be sure of his doctrine; eighth, he should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honor in the word; ninth, he should suffer himself to be mocked and jeered of every one." This combination of qualities is not often to be found, and it is interesting to notice that a substitute is elsewhere offered for the meekness with which the catalogue ends. For again he says, "A preacher must be both shepherd and soldier. He must nourish, defend, and teach, and he must also have teeth in his mouth, and be able to bite and to fight." Apparently Luther had seen examples of the fly in the ministerial ointment, for he says: "The defects in a preacher are soon spied; if he be endued with ten virtues, and has one fault, this one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times." For the preacher who departs from his text and treats his hearers to whatever he may happen to shake out of his sleeve he has scant patience. He thus describes him: "A preacher that will speak everything that comes into his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and meeting another maid makes a stand, and together they hold a goose-market." Pulpit pedantry Luther could not endure. He says: "Cursed are all preachers, that, neglecting the saving health of the poor unlearned people, aim at high and hard things. To sprinkle out Hebrew and Greek and Latin in a sermon savors only of ostentation."

Perhaps no characteristic of Luther is more clearly indicated in the Table Talk than is his hearty hatred of his adversaries. He believed that his enemies were the enemies of God, and in the spirit of the Psalmist he could have said: "Do not I hate them that hate thee?" Luther was a good fighter. He scorned the doctrine of nonresistance, and made no pretense of loving his enemies. That he would have regarded as an amiable weakness, unworthy a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Dealing with this matter he says: "They who condemn anger against antagonists

are theologians who deal in mere speculations and play with words; when they are once aroused and take a real interest in the matter then they are sensibly touched." This hatred of his enemies was simply the reverse side of his love for his friends. He was a typical warm-hearted German, with antipathies as strong as his affections. These talks about his table abound in simple, unaffected expressions of his tender regard for his family and his fellow-reformers, especially Melancthon, and for his many friends. It is easy to understand how he was able to grapple men to his heart as with hoops of steel. It is equally easy to understand, as one reads his references to his theological opponents, why he was so heartily hated by them. He never tires of relating incidents that illustrate the stupidity of the monks, or the ignorance and hypocrisy of the priests, or the venality of the higher ecclesiastics. The Pope, whom he naturally regarded as his arch enemy, he repeatedly declares to be anti-Christ, and the devil incarnate. In this he defends himself thus: "There are many who say that I am too fierce against Popedom; on the contrary, I complain that I am, alas, too mild. I wish that I could breathe out lightnings against Pope and Popedom, and that every word were a thunderbolt." It is interesting to notice that while he has severe words for most of his theological antagonists, calling them knaves or fools or accusing them of being prompted by the devil, yet it is upon the one man who did most in preparation for the Reformation that Luther pours the fullest vials of his wrath. Erasmus, his senior by half a generation, had broken the soil upon which Luther sowed the seed of evangelical truth. The foremost scholar of his age, he had excited popular interest in the very studies which had led Luther and a multitude of others to renounce the claims of Rome. By his stinging satire he had made many of the abuses in the church seem so utterly ridiculous that their removal could not long be postponed. At first Erasmus had hailed Luther as a disciple, and had encouraged him in his attack upon the errors and abuses which he himself had been content merely to ridicule. He had no taste for the difficult and dangerous role of Reformer. He loved scholarly ease and the patronage of princes and prelates, and frankly admits that he has no inclination

to be a martyr for the sake of the truth. It was this lack of courage, this refusal to come to the help of the Lord, that caused Luther's bitter disappointment and excited his flaming indignation. Erasmus, he said, had started toward Canaan but would die miserably in Haran; he had put his hand to the plow and had looked back. He made no attempt to conceal his hatred of him. "Erasmus of Rotterdam," he says, "is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth"; and in another connection he calls him "an enemy of true religion and an adversary of Christ." "Erasmus," he says, "was a mere Epicurean, a time-server, whose chief doctrine was 'Hang your coat according to the wind.'" It is to be noticed that Luther never apologizes for his enmity to his foes. He felt it to be a virtue. Not to hate what was hateful he regarded as culpable moral indifference. Righteous anger he believed to be his best inspiration. "I never work better," he says, "than when I am inspired by anger. Then I can write and preach and pray well, for my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding is sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart." No reference to Luther's treatment of his enemies would be complete that omitted a notice of his attitude toward his arch-enemy, the devil. In his religious consciousness Satan certainly held a very prominent place. To him he was no mere figure of speech, no convenient personification of evil. He was as real a person as the Pope or the Emperor. And his presence was as much a reality to him as was that of any of the shadow-casting mortals with whom he held daily intercourse. He believed that he had had various personal encounters with him, and had driven him off, not only by throwing an ink-bottle at him as in the Wartburg, but by taunts and jeers and by uttering the name of Christ. Most of us, no doubt, take the devil too lightly, but one cannot escape the feeling that Luther took the devil altogether too seriously. He amounted practically to an obsession. In these Table Talks he is spoken of almost as frequently as is God, and certainly with a greater degree of personal familiarity. From a collation of the numerous passages in which he is referred to one can form a fairly complete portrait of the devil as Luther conceived him to be. Though he might appear, as in the mediæval drama, with

horns and tail, or assume any other form that suited his purpose, yet he is to be thought of as a spirit, crafty, cruel, relentless. In any form he is no mean antagonist, and the Reformer seems proud that he has not infrequently outwitted him in their encounters.

It is probable that the popular conception of the devil is derived mainly from nonbiblical sources. Luther and Milton and Goethe have doubtless contributed more to our picture of Satan than the Scriptures have. A recent writer upon this subject has thus summarized the conception of the prince of evil presented by these three great thinkers: Mephistopheles is the latter-day devil, who has grown old and shriveled as the result of centuries of evil doing. Nothing remains in him but naked, frigid, cynical intellectuality. Milton's devil was the incarnation of ambition and intellectual pride. He would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. To assert himself and attain supremacy he would wreck heaven and earth alike, while "Luther's devil might be called a meteorological agency. He rode the thunder-clouds, he precipitated the lightnings and the hailstorms. He spread abroad the pestilence and poisoned the air with miasmas. Whatsoever precurses death was the devil's trade. All sadness and melancholy come of him; so does insanity. He shoots blasphemous thoughts into the minds of the godly. He keeps up a ceaseless fight with the Holy Spirit to ruin the souls of men." Yet there is, withal, something engagingly human in this devil of Luther's fancy. He has his amusements, and a sort of grim humor. He plays pranks upon the miners, confusing their senses and deceiving them with false hopes of finding rich veins of ore. He is annoyed by the faith and joy of the Christians, and grieves over their innocent happiness. The preaching of the pure gospel causes him the acutest grief. It will be recalled that Luther gave, as one of his reasons for marrying, that he knew "it would vex the devil." But "our passions and our impatience and our complainings please him well, so that he laughs in his fist."

Closely related, no doubt, with this prominence of the devil in Luther's religious consciousness is the unmistakable undertone of pessimism to be heard throughout these Table Talks. This at first excites surprise. One is accustomed to think of the Reformer

as a hopeful and indomitable spirit, and to believe that no one could have accomplished what he did unless he worked under the calm assurance of success. Doubtless in the earlier part of his public career he was hopeful, if not confident, but his later years were clouded with disappointment; and there is good reason to believe that the Table Talks reflect the image of Luther during his last years, when long strife, and the desertion of some of his earlier followers, and the nonrealization of many of his brightest hopes—aggravated by a painful malady—had somewhat broken his leonine spirit. And certainly there was ground for disappointment and apprehension. The Reformation movement had not spread as widely as it had once promised. It had not established itself in all parts of Germany, and the first effect of the removal of the strong hand of papal authority had, in many cases, been social and religious disorder. The preaching of gospel liberty had not infrequently resulted in immoral license; even in Saxony Luther had to defend himself from the far-from groundless charge that there was more irreligion and wickedness there than before he began his Reformation. Besides these bitter first-fruits of his work he saw the war-clouds gathering over Europe because of the religious revolt that he had led and he knew that the storm must soon burst in desolating fury upon his beloved Fatherland, while ever upon the eastern border of the Empire hung, like the sword of Damocles, the menace of Turkish invasion. The outlook was full of frightful portents, and Luther, who was never disposed to blink facts, was at times depressed to the verge of despair. He often did his work more in desperation than in hope, praying and believing that God would soon call him to himself.

Such are some of the features of the great Reformer as portrayed in these familiar conversations with his family and guests. We may well say, with Lessing, that "we hold Luther in such reverence that we rejoice to find some defects in him, lest we make him the object of idolatrous veneration."

Edward Waite Miller

WORDSWORTH AS AN INTERPRETER OF NATURE

WORDSWORTH was the preordained poet of Nature. He was a child of the soil. He drew his blood from a hardy, frugal, industrious race who for centuries had owned and tilled land in the north of England. For generations his ancestors had lived in communion with sky and forest and mountain. The earth had replenished their garners. They had been drenched by the dews and gladdened by the sunshine of a hundred seasons, and from time out of mind they had watched the course of the stars, had felt the force of contending winds, and had heard the noise of cataracts. So the very soil of his ancestral mountains had worked itself into his blood and bone, and a thousand dim ancestral impressions had been transmitted to his spirit. From infancy he himself had read the uncovered face of Nature and sported amid her scenes of beauty. While he was yet a babe in arms the music of his native river, the Derwent, sang itself into his soul. At five years of age he would bathe in its pools on long summer days, would race like a native savage along its sandy shores, or would stand alone beneath the sky and gaze at "distant Skiddaw's lofty height, bronzed with deepest radiance."

In his ninth year, upon the death of his mother, he was sent to the ancient grammar school at Hawkshead, in the lovely vale of Esthwaite. His life here was simple, wholesome, and free. He was instructed in the things that a boy ought to learn from books, but his school hours were short, his duties light, and his home life frugal, cheerful, and unrestrained. He drew his best lessons from lake and mountain and fell. He lived a life of animal sensation in the great out-door world, and he took as much joy in this life with Nature as did the birds and the squirrels. He boated and skated and fished. With his comrades he took long tramps through the mountains and around the lakes, continuing his exercise frequently until late into the night. But his lonely hours were his most memorable ones; and nature now began at times to impress lessons of awe and beauty upon his soul. Now and then, as he

was alone in remote and solitary places—in the woods and on the uplands at night, snaring the woodcock or making unlawful seizure of the prey captured by another, or hanging in peril high up on the bare face of some cliff in the act of robbing a raven's nest, or in the silence of the clear night blowing mimic hootings to the owls—in the midst of such experiences as these nature haunted and disturbed him. She followed him with mysterious breathings and steppings. Or, in some silent pause while he waited breathlessly,

"a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery."

He grew up, thus, with all his emotions of pleasure, pain, and fear associated with the beauty and the majesty of natural objects. Every deep experience of his life was connected with some form or another of Nature; and it was thus that the wisdom and the spirit of the universe "intertwined for him the passions that build up the human soul." "The earth and common face of Nature spake to him rememberable things." He little knew at the time how great was the significance of these visionary hours; but he was to learn later that they were the "master light of all his seeing." At college, after the strangeness of his situation had worn off and the circumstances of his new life had grown commonplace, he frequently took to solitary walks and lonely meditation, Nature now once more laying her spell upon him and becoming his chief teacher. Into the dull routine of his work and into the tame, uninteresting scenery about him came images of his boyhood surroundings, and his mind, turning inward, recognized its native instincts and felt fresh and strong once more. He found that he had independent solaces within himself. He looked abroad into the face of Nature, and within into his own heart, and began to feel visitings from the immortal spirit and to perceive moral significance in the things about him. He saw that they were bedded in the heart of the Eternal and had inward meaning. He began, too, to see God through Nature, and to recognize the divine

stirrings in his own soul. His long vacations were all spent with Nature. The first one was passed among the English lakes, and it was during this vacation that he was sealed and dedicated to his high office as Nature's priest. He had spent the night in rural revelry with the Cumbrian youths and maids, and as he returned home a dawn of extraordinary splendor greeted him. His spirit yielded to the scene, and in a trance of enjoyment and awe he surrendered himself to be the poet of Nature. His second summer vacation he enjoyed with his sister Dorothy and Mary Hutchinson wandering amid the scenery of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The next year, with a college friend, he made a pedestrian tour through France and Switzerland, still further deepening the impressions of Nature upon him. It was about this time that he began to regard man with keen sympathy. Hitherto Nature had absorbed his passionate interest and he had taken little notice of social conditions, of the joys and woes of men. His first vital sympathy with humanity, he tells us, came from his intimate acquaintance with the Cumbrian shepherds as they came and went with their flocks on the mountain side. He saw them as inseparable parts of his own native landscape, and they were associated in his mind from earliest childhood with the scenery that had been dearest to him. So it was through his love of Nature that he first came to love man; and throughout life his attachment to these hardy, frugal, independent dalesmen and shepherds remained intense.

Wordsworth's first published volume of importance was *Lyrical Ballads*. This book was the joint product of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It has historic significance, apart from its poetic quality, for it was written to illustrate certain theories of poetic expression; namely, that poetry should draw its language from the common language of everyday life as it is spoken by ordinary men, and that the simple and familiar incidents of life, when touched with imagination, are suitable subject matter for poetry. Wordsworth's contribution to this volume falls naturally into two divisions: poems that are based upon the mean, familiar, and commonplace experiences of everyday life, and poems evoked by the beauty or moral suggestiveness of Nature. To the first group belong "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "Simon Lee," "The Thorn,"

"Goody Blake," and "The Idiot Boy." To the second group belong "Lines Written in Early Spring," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," and "Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey." The question as to his success in the first group is an open one to this day, but there never could be any well-founded doubt as to his success in the Nature poems. One only need be alluded to here—"Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey." This is one of the noblest and most original poems in English literature, and may stand in brief as Wordsworth's creed concerning nature. Not only is the thought noble and the passion high and pure, its musical quality allies it with the most perfect melodies in English verse. It is written in stately, resonant blank verse; and its cadences having once sung themselves into the soul can no more be unlearned or forgotten than can the primal voices of Nature that made the music of our childhood.

Wordsworth's most successful and powerful verse springs from the depiction of the domestic joys and sorrows of the simple dalesmen among whom he had his home, and from the Nature background against which they moved. "The Two Brothers" and "Michael" are notable among his poems of this kind. These poems were written about the same time; they both have as their background the Cumbrian and Westmoreland vales and mountains; they are both written in dignified and sonorous blank verse and both exhibit profound yet restrained emotion, but "Michael" is far the superior in poetic merit. The poem tells the story of the affection of an old shepherd for the solitary son of his old age. The father's love for his son surpasses the love of woman; but at last, when he is bowed with the weight of more than fourscore years, he has to part with his boy and once more go alone with his flock among the mountains. The boy goes wrong in the great city and the father's strong heart is crushed with grief. The story is told with brevity and success; the character of the old man is sketched with telling power; the background is suggested with rare effect; the profound emotions involved are treated with reserve and dignity; and the expression is characterized by an austere and inevitable quality that gives it a kinship to Nature's own authentic and authoritative utterances. It is written in blank verse, and

at times the lines rise to a patriarchal directness and grandeur of expression that has no counterpart outside the Old Testament.

Our interest next centers in a series of lyric poems based upon simple and apparently insignificant emotions suggested by the ordinary events of everyday life or the familiar aspects of earth and sky that make their daily appeal to the senses of all men. In this group may be included a multitude of short poems, such as, "To the Daisy," "To the Cuckoo," "The Green Linnet," "My heart leaps up," "To a Highland Girl," "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," the Yarrow poems, "She was a Phantom of Delight," "Daffodils," "To a Skylark," "The Primrose of the Rock," and a score of others. Each of these poems is the expression of a single mood or commonplace experience. They are not usually written off in the first flush of feeling that came to the poet, but are rendered rich and mellow by long and tranquil reflection before they are poured out in song. Most of them are subtle spiritual interpretations of some aspect of Nature or some elusive and evanescent mood of the heart. They are brief, and suggested from within, and for the most part are expressed with grace and musical charm.

We consider next three majestic moral and inspirational poems—"The Character of the Happy Warrior," "The Ode to Duty," and the "Ode on Immortality." When these productions were written Wordsworth had come to the full stature of manhood, both morally and intellectually, and they represent the highest reach of his genius. Any one of these sublime productions would have been enough to secure a poet immortality. They penetrate the veil of sense and finite knowledge and bring authentic messages from the realm where the intellect of man cannot and dare not tread. They are all swept by an intense and august passion that drives on as do the trade winds over prosperous seas; and each is musical with stately and entrancing harmonies such as the stars must have made when they sang together at the creation of the world. "The Character of the Happy Warrior" is an opportune poem. It was written at a time when war had become the trade of Europe, so that the quiet and peaceful virtues were in danger of fading out wholly from men's lives. It is in

reality an inspired tribute to England's idolized hero, Lord Nelson, who had just closed his brilliant career in a blaze of glory. But Wordsworth was not wholly convinced that Nelson's career had been as stainless as it was heroic and glorious, so he introduces into the character of the ideal warrior qualities from the personality of his own noble brother John, who had recently died an heroic death in the discharge of duty. The blended characters of these exceptionally pure, brave, and high-minded English sailors serve to inspire one of the loftiest and most stimulating of modern poems. The "Ode to Duty," in absolute merit, even surpasses the poem just discussed. In utterance it is full, adequate, and felicitous, and in spiritual suggestiveness and philosophic truth it ranks with the greatest poetry extant. It is essentially a prayer in which Wordsworth solemnly commits all his powers to the law of conscience within him. In the first line of the ode he majestically derives the moral law that asserts its supremacy in the soul of man directly from God; he shows that virtue is native to the heart of man, and that natural law and moral law are not at variance but are identical. The poem entitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" is, perhaps, the greatest ode in the English language. It is based upon the platonic doctrine of the preexistence of the soul, but its poetic value does not depend upon the truth or falsity of that doctrine. Its chief significance is not philosophical but ethical and emotional. The splendors and harmonies of the spiritual universe stream through this ode like sunlight through stained-glass windows; the supernal radiance subdued but not deprived of its mystery and beauty by the earthly medium through which it must pass in order to adapt itself to the senses of man. The ode wants nothing in elevated passion, moral significance, imaginative grandeur, or rhythmic freedom and melody. It has unsurpassed richness and variety of music, sensuous imagery as fresh and fair as Herrick ever pictured to us, and magic of phrase as marvelous and unforgettable as Keats himself was master of. As for Nature, it teaches us that

"the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It floods our mortality with

"The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue,"

and in our moments of religious yearning it assures us that

"In a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

It is not to be denied that Wordsworth had his serious limitations as a poet. He had little interest in the romantic, the sportive, the adventurous aspects of life. He was wholly destitute of humor. He had almost no narrative or dramatic skill. Wordsworth was defective, too, when brought to the test of pure art. He lacked the quick delicate touch of the born artist. There was a certain stiffness and hardness about his poetic gift that made it almost impossible for him to write in a light, gracious, playful way. He wanted the urbanity of mind that comes from free contact and communion with other men. It was only when he was under the fervid heat of emotional and imaginative excitement that his verse grew fluent and melodious. His diction was often at fault; and he frequently seemed insensible to the beauty and value of individual words. He was deficient, too, in constructive power, and in the ability to conduct a plot with ease and charm through an extended and complicated action. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the seer and the artist had perfectly coalesced in him, and when we consider that the true poet is to mold the soul through beauty as much as through truth we may feel that we must make serious deductions from Wordsworth's greatness as a poet. The seer-like gift he certainly had; the gift of the artist only rarely in high degree. At times, though, like an imperial prince who casts aside the mean garb in which he has temporarily masqueraded, Wordsworth slips into expression that is simple, patriarchal, and

sublime. When he is at his best his style possesses a glory that can be likened only to the march of planets in their orbits or the sound of rushing cataracts amid the mountains. At such times the ancient voices of Nature find utterance through him, and dim, mysterious echoes from the remote fields of human passion and human intuition are caught and set forth with inevitable force and felicity. His hand then does not seem to be moved by personal choice, art does not seem to enter into the product; a spirit and a power not himself guides his pen, so marvelous is his expression. The harmonies then uttered are harmonies that will continue to sing themselves in the soul in eternity. Wordsworth is one of the world's great intellectual poets. He had precise and patient powers of observation equal to those of the scientist, though employed to a very different end. He would sit by the hour as silent as a statue watching some bird or flower or insect, or noting some peculiar effect of landscape. He was not, like the scientist, interested primarily in form, and color, and classification. He was engaged in searching out subtle affinities; seeking to enter closely into the half-conscious life of Nature that he might set forth some hidden law of life or discover the inner essence of the phenomenon before him. Once, early in life, the idea had struck him that many delicate or impressive aspects of Nature had gone unrecorded in poetry, and he then determined that he would search out and fix in verse all such significant forms. His intellectual facilities were as subtle and well-trained as his powers of observation were patient and acute. He possessed natural wisdom; he had exercised his mind highly in philosophy and contemplation; he had given much original thought to the great truths of life. He was not ignorant of books; he had read his own heart deeply; and he was a close student of society and government. It was chiefly, though, through his imagination that Wordsworth sounded the deep places of the universe and the soul of man. He was one of the world's supremely great imaginative poets. The truth of this assertion appears whether we consider the workings of his imagination in the reproduction of concrete images that had impressed themselves upon his plastic and retentive memory in boyhood, or whether we consider the penetrative, creative, and interpretative power of his

imagination. His ability to reproduce images of sound and sight was marvelous. He had almost no sense of smell or form, but no wild hart in the forest ever had a nicer perception of sound; no eagle in the blue a keener sight for all that moves against the sky or crawls upon the earth. The sound of mountain winds, the cries of birds, the noise of distant cataracts, the lowing of herds, the ripple of waves, the hoof-beats of galloping of steeds had all left their accurate image stamped indelibly in his memory. And so with the changing forms of clouds, the delicate tracery of leaves in the forest, the outlines of mountain and crag, the colors and motions of birds and flowers and animals. They were photographed for all time upon his sensitive brain, and he could recall them at will with all their pristine freshness and glory.

More than is usual with poets Wordsworth was accustomed to brood long and intently upon the commonplace happenings of life about him, upon the sublime and lovely manifestations of Nature, and upon the mysterious workings of his own mind and passion. As a result he has penetrated to the very heart of some of the most subtle and significant experiences of the human soul and has entered into the secrets of Nature as no other poet has ever done. It was his peculiarity that he was not borne away by every passion that blew across his soul, nor moved to conventional utterance by the common emotions of life. He read life more deeply. He set himself steadily against the conventional emotion and drew some new and startling lesson from it. In this way he found some fresh and unexpected significance in what seemed to be commonplace or painful. He saw meaning in the humblest and most transient things of life. He set his imagination to work upon circumstances of the most ordinary kind, and drew from them profound spiritual lessons. His imagination was of the interpretative type; he seized what was of essential spiritual value in the object or experience which absorbed him, and presented it with concrete beauty and power. Mary Lamb once said that "it would seem by his system that a liver in towns has not a soul to save." This is not as true as it is witty. Wordsworth was, above all, the poet of Nature, but a clear knowledge of his unique function as a poet renders it plain that his interest does not lie in Nature as

distinct from man, but rather in the relation of the spirit of the universe to the spirit of man. He disregards neither the still, sad music of humanity nor human joy in widest commonalty spread. It was the *natural* that Wordsworth so passionately perceived and loved, whether in Nature or in human nature. The primitive, the elemental, and the universal in man and the world he sought to feel and to convey. It was his desire to work from "a source of untaught things," to become "a force like one of Nature's." His quest was continually for "the bond of union between life and joy"; and this he found in Nature and in natural man. He believed that Nature is steeped in divinity; that the forms of Nature are breathed upon directly by the spirit of God; that they are half conscious of this divine Spirit as it works through man; and that Nature in its unworn, unstained freshness and purity yearns to enter into the heart of man to shape and comfort and refresh his life. He believed that children, and those who, like children, live near the soil, with the sky above them, and the mountains and the hills about them, and the green grass and fresh flowers under their feet are nearer to the original sources of purity and joy and wisdom than are those who have become sophisticated and, in consequence, sunken beneath the weight of social custom, social pretense, and social artifice. He believes in

"Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness,"

and teaches that

"One impulse from a vernal wood
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

It is true, as some one has said, that Wordsworth's poetry is not the kind that will "keep a child from play or an old man from the chimney corner." Says Lowell, speaking of Wordsworth's early career, "There was a general combination to put him down, but, on the other hand, there was a powerful party in his favor, consisting of William Wordsworth." The contest was long and bitter: his fame grew slowly, but it grew surely. The

Wordsworth party has triumphantly vindicated himself to the world and to all time. He little heeded the storms of abuse and the blight of indifference that were visited upon him during a great part of his life, but moved serenely on, conscious of his great mission and of his power to fulfill it. His poetical aim, as he himself expressed it, was "to make men wiser, better, happier"; "to console the afflicted; to teach the young and the gracious to see, to think, and to feel." This he has accomplished now for more than three generations, and untold generations will yet rise up to call him blessed. Wordsworth's unique value as a poet lies in his impassioned perception of the freshness, the vitality, and the spiritual significance of Nature; in his power to reveal the essential kinship of Nature with man, whereby it is able to make itself felt in his life, and thus bring healing "to a mind diseased"; and, finally, in the gift whereby he was able to see and to convey to others the truth that joy and dignity reside in the commonplace—yea, the still more wonderful truth that nothing is commonplace; that God is everywhere in his universe to heal, to hallow, and to exalt; that the humblest man is not insensible to joy nor need be bereft of it, but has in him the seed of happiness here and immortality hereafter. For all these things the world owes Wordsworth a supreme debt of gratitude which it shows an increasing willingness to acknowledge.

Frank C. Lockwood

ECONOMIC SALVATION—THE ETHICS OF COMPETITION

It is customary for certain writers of the extreme individualistic school to emphasize the so-called "sacredness of property." Upon this premise they tell us that civilization depends for its stability, and that all aggressive human activity has as a supreme motive, the economic incentive for gain. Andrew Carnegie in his book, *The Gospel of Wealth*, Professor William H. Taft in his public addresses, Father Ryan, president of the New York Catholic University, the controversialist with Professor Hillquit on "The Theory and Practice of Socialism," sustain their premise of individualism and maintain that, if the economic incentive for rewards of material gain and advancement is removed, the fundamental incentive for economic activity, and consequently social progress, is also taken away. These statements are interesting, coming from such eminent representatives of political, economic, and religious life; men who are undoubtedly sincere in their statements and honest in their deductions. The *Gospel of Wealth*, the gospel of economic activity, is from the experience and view-point of a multi-millionaire. Ex-President Taft, speaking from knowledge acquired during years of experience as a representative of a great political party, undoubtedly found this to be true: "What is there in it for me?" Father Ryan also speaks for his church, and speaks with authority: "No money, no masses." Business transactions have business considerations. Modern commercialism is founded upon the economic incentive, or necessity, for gain. From this is found the doctrine, or theory, of the "sacredness of property." Their name is Legion who subscribe to this theory and put it into practice upon every occasion. Nevertheless, there is a growing and equally representative class of men who maintain that this "economic incentive for gain" is not the supreme incentive for life and progress; that "man shall not live by bread alone"; that the dollar is not the supreme incentive in human life, and, further, that a civilization built upon this doctrine and

practice cannot stand, and never has stood, the strain of experience. The boasted glory of the philosophy of materialism, or the individual incentive for gain, is its condemnation in the minds of many; while commercialism and capitalism stand synonymous for social injustice and economic slavery, the harbinger of all evils inherent in our modern industrialism. The arguments of the individualist are derived from the postulate of the supreme selfishness of human nature. Man, in his struggle for existence, is forced to fight against an environment that says, "Vacate or vindicate your right to survive." Self-interests are maintained at the expense of larger human interests which must be sacrificed in order to furnish the individual incentive for economic activity. The position of the altruist is that man gains nothing as an individual. The appeal to self-interests is a step backward in the development of human life, and tends to disorganize social interests and in time destroy what prosperity the larger moral interests have accumulated. It is interesting to study the theories of the two schools of thought under the title "The Ethics of Competition," and to introduce some modern conceptions of the dual nature of man, as an individualist and socialist, and then deduct conclusions that are apparent.

The ethics of competition finds its center and circumference in the dual nature of man. Man is body and spirit. His body is individual, self-centered, and material; his spirit is social, immaterial, and indestructible. The body, being physical, is allied to the animal and his ancestors. All that the animals have and need man can get and use for his sustenance. In this respect man is self-contained, self-centered, and self-included. He is an individualist. The woods, fields, lakes, rivers serve him; he knows no law, no right, and things have no social value. Competition is unknown except as a fight for physical existence, and consequently ethics represents an unknown factor. Primitive man is individualistic. The North American Indian is not troubled with industrial combinations. Each Indian works for himself, raises his corn, builds his tepee, fishes, constructs his boat and makes his bow; he is farmer, house-builder, fisherman, hunter, path-finder, road-maker, army and navy combined. He is indeed a child of

nature, but not a child of nurture. Ideas move in the realm of spirit; force in the realm of matter. As an individual man needs bread, as a spirit of moral center he needs power, social and moral power. As an individual man is born from the loins of flesh; as a moral center he is born from the social organism. Here he becomes a personality, and in his contact with the social organism he finds his ethics, his economic life, his civilization, and his incentive for progress. As an individual man is narrow, selfish and local; becoming social he is broadened, enriched, and made cosmopolitan, transcending time and space. As an individual man is the creature of environment, the elements drive him and limit his efficiency. Steam is harnessed to steel and behold the fast express, the Cunard liner, the modern methods of transportation and communication. Here we have one of those peculiar paradoxes representing fundamental law in more realms than political economy. The fall of one represents the rise of the other. As the individual or self-centered side rises to possess things the social or ethical side declines; but as the social rises the individual, self-centered, declines and his larger illimitable personality develops, becoming richer and fuller with receding years. On the individual side is "sense" with the cry, "me and mine." On the social side is "ethics" with the altruism of "thee and thine." The economic forces of the world of human activities center in and around these principles.

As nations grow self-centered or individualists they decline, as have ancient states. As they grow social and ethical they expand and rise and possess the resources of the earth. With seed and soil, thought and mind, individuals and nations, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." It is forever true that more can be accomplished through combination of interests than by self-interest. As an individualist, self-centered, man has his tepee, canoe, fish, buffalo, and limited provincial life; but on his social and ethical side he has his civilization, commerce, the arteries and channels of world trade together with government, education, and religious stability. With the progress and development of society we enter larger and more complex social conditions. Individualism is represented by a new name, but its physical and

materialistic tendencies remain the same, and thus we are led to inquire, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" We are familiar with such names as Corporation, Monopoly, Trust, and Combination. Society, through government sanction, tolerates the transaction of business by these representative corporate bodies under such legal restrictions as assumed and appropriated rights, sometimes called "expedients." This individual considerably expanded is at times referred to as Bourbon, king, emperor. He may be a necessity to-day and a tyrant to-morrow. Like Charles the Second he may need a Cromwell, like Napoleon a Waterloo, like the "Dred Scott Decision" a Lincoln, and like the machine politicians' a Roosevelt. Individualism self-centered, whether representative of ancient or modern days, says, practically, "I will be master; you will be slave." "You earn the bread by the sweat of toil and I will eat it." "You raise corn and I will corner it." Such have no soul, no ethics, no humanity, but "expedients." Such give us monopoly in business, in religion, and in all economic life. Such representatives of the "me and my" economics equate their activities to the highest power of selfishness and maintain with sanguine equanimity that all aggressive human activities have as a supreme motive "the economic incentive for gain." The spiritual or moral side of human life of man socialized is represented by such terms as inherent, inalienable, eternal, and immutable rights. These abide as do justice, mercy, and truth. They are known as the common rights of humanity. From the action and interaction of human relationship in all rounds of social life there exist certain social activities in trade and commerce that we call competition, and from these activities certain obligations ensue that we designate ethical principles.

Competition, like all other social activities, is a growth of social organism. In primitive and communal life, represented by the farm and village, we have the beginning of competition. The passenger train came in conflict with the stage-coach, the mill with the hand loom, the machine-shop and foundry with the blacksmith shop. In fact, with the introduction of machinery and newer methods of transportation came modern methods of com-

petition and combinaton together with industrial interdependence. The old order changes. Industrial interdependence and vast combinations arise for the elimination of competition and, often, of ethics. Industrial interdependence working for communal welfare brings oranges from Florida, salmon from Oregon, flour from Minnesota, meat from Illinois, tea from India, sugar from Cuba, and that at a fair margin of profit. There is no limit to industrial interdependence. No combination is too big for it when it is operated honestly and efficiently for public welfare and is subject to government or public regulation. Industrial interdependence monopolized represents a power that fixes prices, limits supplies, deteriorates quality, determines terms and conditions of employment, and often, for the sake of gain, eliminates ethics and normal competition until we have a crass individualism permeated with the dry rot of Bourbon selfishness.

It is a fundamental principle of all civil procedures that public welfare is the supreme law. The ethics of competition must, then, represent the ethics or fundamental principle of social salvation. The welfare of each must be related to the welfare of all. Man must lose his individual self-centered life in the larger social life as the snow-flakes and rain-drops lose their littleness in the rivers and the greatness of the ocean. Social solidity is a temple; individual stability is a stone in the temple, a pillar in the portico. The stone is not lost, but raised to its largest equation of efficiency. Likewise personality is not lost through social solidarity, but raised to its highest power of expression. It is eternally true, "He that loses his life in a larger good shall find it in a greater gain." All institutions and movements of social service that have blessed the world of human kind have lifted into undying luster the heroic souls that surrendered their lives for the larger good. It is not true that "all aggressive human activity has as a supreme motive the economic incentive for gain." This is the fundamental economic heresy of the materialistic school of individualistic political economists who have not read deeper into the economic and moral order of social science than their own inordinate love of material advantage. The world order is not transcribed from the jungle, but from Calvary. The rule of gold

has not substituted the golden rule in the economics of the kingdom of God.

What, let us inquire, is the supreme mission of business, of trade, of commercial activity? Is it to make money or manhood? Is it to save life or to destroy it? Is it to promote peace and prosperity for the few or for the many? Human necessities, such as food, clothing, shelter, create commerce, and commerce accomplishes far more important results than the mere production and distribution of bread and clothing. Men are brought together, relationships are established, and through these man finds his larger and richer and fuller life. The highest product is the ultimate product. If the ultimate is "economic goods," the making of money, then the ethics of business is to produce economic utilities, accumulate money, and bend all efforts toward this supreme end. Competition represents the struggle for economic existence. In this struggle for commercial supremacy the strong are to push the weak to the wall and vindicate this conquest by the higher law of economic necessity. The ethics of business is success at any price; success is supreme. This law is beneficent because it serves a high social end—material prosperity. To the victors belong the spoils. But is the supreme end "goods," material things? Can it be that the boot side of a machine is more important than the man side, that the brick side of a dwelling is more important than the family side, or the factories or steam-cars, railroads, ores, and metals have rights superior to the men who operate them? We are more or less familiar with the Judge Baldwin and Theodore Roosevelt controversy over property rights and human rights in which the court held that the Constitution gave to the rolling stock of a railroad corporation rights withheld from operatives. This interpretation of the Constitution of New York State was also maintained by the Court of Common Pleas that declared the Employers' Liability Law unconstitutional. Property seemed to have "sacred rights" that the makers and creators of property values did not possess. This is the interpretation of ancient interpreters of law in far-off and decadent Persia and Babylon. Putting no estimate upon "man," the creator of all wealth and economic values, except as a spade to dig or a tool to

produce or a sword to defend, cities and empires crumbled and fell into the dust from which human life and human relationships, combined with human skill, had raised them. Man is greater than all art, language, literature, machinery, money, stocks, or bonds. He is creator of all wealth and, through social relationship, all ethics and law; consequently, the thing created and lifted up into some utility can never have any inherent or fundamental rights superior to or even on a par with man, its creator.

Nothing is more pitiable than a man with more money than manhood; more of the material and perishable than of the immaterial and imperishable; more of the animal than of the human; more of the bulk of things than of the cause of things.

The ethics of competition resolves itself into a fundamental moral question, and ultimately all moral questions have a social and religious basis. Consequently, competition that is moral and ethical conserves human interests, and saves life, and becomes a permanent value to the social organism and a fundamental factor in all stable, permanent, and social progress. Individual advantages are eliminated for the larger and more permanent social good. Business, then, is a sacrament of service—social service—for the higher good of making “men,” and not money. The supreme motive of all normal economic activities is not the incentive for gain. When this incentive exists it is abnormal and unsocial. Business is not primarily a mercenary struggle for economic supremacy, a test of intellectual cunning, of brute force; but rather a sacrament of service that aims to save life and redeem the world from the tyranny of social injustice, social inequality, and godless selfishness that has written its history in the blood and anguish of an oppressed humanity.

E. A. Leitch.

AMERICAN DIALECT LITERATURE

WITHIN every nation there are differences and dissimilarities of many kinds, even within every tribe and family, yet how seldom are they really recognized. Often are the distinctions drawn between different races, different nations, and different families, but how few leave the broader field and study the peculiarities within the nation, tribe, or family. Take the nation, for example—any nation, no matter how small, how compact, and how well knit together the life of its people is—and various indeed are the customs, manners, and mode of life that we discover in its different sections and among its people. If this be true of the sociology of the nation, how much more is it true of its language. Speech is ever changing, branching out in some new direction. It is progressive, always growing, always increasing, and it would be very strange indeed if this growth were uniform. Different environments, different associates, different customs, different relations, and different manners all bring about different phrases, expressions, and pronunciations. I meet a Southerner and I proceed to tell him of the porch which I am adding to my home. He says,

“I beg your pardon; do you mean a gallery?”

Assuredly so.

I encounter a Bostoner and when I have told him of my new “gallery,” he replies,

“I suppose you are speaking of a *stoop*?”

Again, yes.

I meet a man from golden California and ask him his word for porch.

“*Veranda*,” he replies; and I have four different words from four different parts of our country, all meaning the same thing, and all good English words. Why have we not only one word for that idea? Because of a difference in the origin of the peoples of different localities, and because of a difference in the origin of the language of different localities; because of different environments and customs. Perhaps one word would be sufficient, but see

the varieties of expression that this difference gives us. Then, too, words and expressions are changed by time. What was good, common, ordinary English in Chaucer's time is ancient, antiquated, and in many cases almost obsolete now. There are even some expressions that were prevalent and in good repute in Dickens's time that are somewhat old-fashioned now. A language changes gradually, but nevertheless it changes. Think of the very good expressions and words that have entered the language in the last ten years, of the expressions that science and invention have given us, and, on the other hand, note the difference between the phraseology of the present day and that of the days when King James gave his name to the King James Version of the Bible. Study the "he saiths" and "verily" and "beholds" of this text in the light of modern, present-day usage, and the fact will be more and more appreciated that a language changes with time. This change of expression by time or by locality we call dialect. In James Whitcomb Riley's words, "Dialect is any speech or vernacular outside the prescribed form of good English in its present state," thus embracing both causes of change, Time and Place. However, dialect in American literature is our theme, and as American literature is too young to have been greatly affected by Time, the second cause of change, that of Place, only will be considered.

The life of American literature has been too brief for the dialectic side to be very fully developed, and in fact little has been done in that line until the last twenty or thirty years. Its progress has been hindered, too, because there has been always some slight but annoying dispute as to the right of dialect to consideration in literature, but this is gradually dying away. The idealists have claimed that only the perfect and beautiful is a fit subject or a fit tool for art, that the homely and commonplace should not be put into literature, and that therefore dialect should be avoided. This, however, is not so. There have always been the educated and uneducated in the world, the rich and the poor, the refined and the coarse, and since the one is as real and as actual as the other they are equally fit for literature. Homeliness in subject and expression does not make the finished product homely, it often makes it noble, strong, truthful, dignified, and it does

this because it is natural and real. This, however, is true only of the best dialectic literature, and many are the vain and fruitless attempts to reach this height; but the fault lies not with the material as often as with the writer. Dialect does not consist in using poor grammar, misspelling words, and introducing foolish expressions. It is a living thing—not a Frankenstein. The writer must not only understand perfectly the real language of the people about whom he writes, its little subtleties and under-thoughts, he must know the people themselves. He must sympathize with them in their sorrows, rejoice with them in their joys, understand them in their loves and hates, and love them in their simple lives and for their own characters and individualities. Most of all he must realize in them the great universality of humanity. While there have been, and are, many writers of dialect in America, a few have attained great success in this line, writers who have represented in their works almost every section of the country, and by considering these, each in his own particular sphere and section, we can obtain a general view of the dialect literature of America in its various forms, styles, and divisions. New England shall be first—New England, with its cold winters, its rolling hills and rocky valleys; its long, low-lying farm houses with their large chimneys and small-paned windows; its sleigh rides, apple-parings, husking-bees; and above all, and through all, the stern, honest, rude, straightforward characters who are the embodiment of all that is just, right, and roughly genial.

Perhaps the best painter of New England character and the author who most truly and sympathetically represents the New England dialect is Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, who, in her *Pembroke*, a *Humble Romance*, and *The New England Nun*, has shown the New England life and character to the world. She has lived most of her life in a little New England village and its people are not only interesting subjects for her books, but they are her friends and companions, and she understands and sympathizes with them perfectly. The dialect of these simple people is crude and homely, but it is full of strength and of a sort of restrained love, humor, and pathos. Mrs. Freeman's characters are all types of a home-loving, cool-headed, but good-natured people, who know the right

and do it. Take, for example, a story which she has called "The Twelfth Guest." It is from the *New England Nun*. The scene is a New England country farmhouse; the theme, a lost note for a hundred dollars; the conversation as follows:

"You'd ought to ha' looked out for a paper like that," said his wife. "I guess I should if it had been me. If you've gone an' lost all that money through your carelessness you've done it, that's all I've got to say. I don't see what we're goin' to do." Cabel bent forward and fixed his eyes on the woman. He held up his shaking hand impressively. "If you'll stop talkin' just a minute," said he, "I'll tell you what I was a goin' to. Now I'd like to know just one thing. Wa'n't Cyrus Morris alone in that kitchen as much as fifteen minutes a week ago to-day? Didn't you have him there while you went to look arter me? Wa'n't the key in the desk? Answer me that." His wife looked at him with cold surprise and severity. "I wouldn't talk in any such way as that, if I was you, father," said she. "It don't show a Christian spirit. It's just layin' the blame of your own carelessness onto somebody else. You're to blame. An' when it comes to it, you'd never ought to let Cyrus Morris have the money, anyhow. I could have told you better. I knew what kind of a man he was.

Such are the New England people, and such their dialect is—for as people so the language. They cannot be separated in any way, but remain one and the same, strong, firm, steadfast, and resolute, but genial, good-hearted, and natural.

A different type of people are the Tennessee mountaineers and the poor whites of Kentucky and a different dialect is theirs. These people, dwelling in the fastnesses of the forests, on the sides of the mountains, and in secluded places of the valleys, are the children of nature. They know nothing of the outside world. For many of them the world lies within a radius of five or ten miles; their life is primitive, their knowledge limited to an exceedingly small area, and their experience narrow in the extreme. Their homes are huts, their stove an ancient fireplace, and their clothes the coarsest homespun. Of education they have never heard. Few can read a word, fewer still can write, and the man who can do these things is almost a prodigy to them. And yet they are wonderfully human. They love and hate, suffer and sigh, endure and strive as all mankind is known to do; and although ignorant and superstitious in the extreme they are good-hearted, patient, and long-suffering. Hence, following the maxim, "Like people, like

speech," we can easily picture the language or dialect of these people. Could it be elegant, refined, well-rounded, smooth, grammatical, cultured, or subtle? What is it, then? It is rough, coarse, colloquial in the extreme, filled with strange words and expressions, ungrammatical constructions, and uneven and harsh sounds. Yet in its very rudeness there is something strong and something particularly pathetic. The most laughable incidents are full of pathos when viewed from our more refined standpoint, and its very strangeness lends to the language an indescribable charm. The writer who best understands these people and whose dialect sketches are the finest is a woman whose pen-name is that of a man, Charles Egbert Craddock. In the delineation of these Tennessee mountain characters she has been eminently successful. For example, take the following monologue from *In the Tennessee Mountains*. Picture the scene: a washing day, a mother and daughter in calico dresses and sunbonnets bending over their tubs. The mother speaks:

I do declare it sets me plumb caterwampus ter hev ter listen ter them blacksmiths, up yonder ter thar shop, at thar everlastin' chink-chank an' chink-chank, considerin' the tales I hearn 'bout 'em when I war down ter the quilltin' at M'ria's house in the Cove. They 'lowed down ther ter M'ria's house ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem ter be the headin'est, no 'count critter in the kentry! They 'lowed ez he hev been a-foolin' round Pete Blenkens's forge, aworkin' fur him ez a striker, 'tell he thinks hisself ez good a blacksmith ez Pete an' better. An all of a suddenty this same Vander Price riz up an' made a consarn ter bake bread in, sech ez had never been seen in the mountings afore. They 'lowed down ter M'ria's ez they dunno what he patterned arter. The Evil One must hev revealed the contrivance to him. But they say it did cook bread in less'n haffen the time that the reg'lar oven takes; leastwise, his granny's bread, 'kase his mother air a toler'ble sensible woman, an' would tech no sech foolish fixin'. But his granny 'lowed ez she didn't hev long ter live, nohow, an' mought ez well please the children whilst she war spared. So she resked a batch o' her salt risin' bread on the consarn, an' she do say it riz like all possessed, an' eat toler'ble short. An' that hanged critter Vander war so proud o' his contrivance that he showed it ter everybody in the shop. An' when two valley men rid by an' one o' thar beastis cast a shoe, Vander hed ter take out his contraption fur them ter gape over too. An' they ups and says they hed seen the like afore a many a time; sech ovens war common in the valley towns. An' when they found out ez Vander hed never hearn on sech, but jes' got the idee out'n his own foolishness, they jes' stared at one another. They tole the

boy he oughter take hisself and his peartness in workin' in iron down yonder ter some o' the valley towns, whar he'd find out what other folks hed been doin' in metal, an' git a good hank on his knack fur new notions. But Vander, he clung ter the mountings. They 'lowed down yonder at M'ria's quiltin' ez Vander fairly tuk ter the woods with grief through other folks hevin' made sech contraptions afore he war born.

Contrast with the harshness of this Tennessee mountain dialect the language of the Southerner with its soft, mellow tones and rounded sounds, its sympathetic touches, and its warmth of color. It is beautiful, smooth, quaint, and genial. It glows with warmth and ardor and in every expression and in every sentence it shows the character of the South. The two writers most representative of the Negro dialect in particular are Joel Chandler Harris and Ruth McEnery Stuart, the former as the author of *Uncle Remus* and his typical Negro yarns, and the latter as the sweet, sympathetic author of *Sonny*. Both writers have a complete knowledge of their subjects. In an earnest, steadfast, friendly way James Whitcomb Riley has said of Joel Chandler Harris: "His touch is ever reverential. He has gathered up the bruised and broken voices and the legends of the lowly and from his child heart he has affectionately yielded them to us in all their eerie beauty and wild loveliness. Through them we are made to glorify the helpless and the weak and to revel in their victories. But, better, we are taught that even in barbaric breasts there dwells inherently the sense of right above wrong, equity above law, and the One Unerring Righteousness Eternal." Of Ruth McEnery Stuart's character some one has said: "Her Negroes are always Negroes and her po' white trash are always amusing and pathetic in their lack of humor." As an example of the strength, beauty, and sympathy of the Negro dialect we take the following extract from Mrs. Stuart's *Sonny*:

Well, sir, we're tryin' to edjercate him good ez we can. Th' ain't a edjercational advantage come in reach of us but we've give it to him. Of co'se, he's all we got, that one boy is, an' wife an' me, we feel the same way about it. They's three schools in the county, not countin' the niggers' an' we send him to all three. Sir? Oh-yes-sir; he b'longs to all three schools—to fo', countin' the home school. You see, Sonny he's purty ticklish to handle an' a person has to know thess how to tackle him. Even wife an' me' thet's been knowin' him from the beginnin'—not only knowin'

his traits, but how he came by 'em, 'though some is hard to trace to their so'cers—why, sir, even we have to study sometimes to keep in with him, an' of co'se a teacher—why, it's thess but an' miss whether he'll take the right tack with him or not; an' sometimes one teacher'll strike it one day, an' another nex' day, so by payin' schoolin' for him right along in all three, why, of co'se, if he don't feel like goin' to one, why, he'll go to another.

Coming farther west, we find that the Central States have a dialect also, and that this dialect has been represented in literature. Who does not know and love the songs and verses of James Whitcomb Riley, and who has not been interested and amused by Edward Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*? Surely the rural dialect is worthy of notice, with its colloquialisms and variety of expression. Its difference from other dialects, however, is more easily felt than expressed. It is chiefly a rural dialect—the language of the country people of the Middle West. Perhaps quaintness of expression is the chief charm of the following stanza of Riley's "Last Christmas Was a Year Ago," which may fairly represent this class of dialectic literature:

I've allus managed David by
Jes' sayin' nothin'. That was why
He'd chased Lide's beau away—'cause Lide
She'd allus take up Perry's side
When David tackled him—and so,
Last Christmas was a year ago—
Er ruther 'bout a week before—
David and Perry quarr'led about
Some tom-fool argyment, you know,
And Pap told him to "Jes get out
O' there, and not to come no more;
And when he went, to shet the door!"
And, as he passed the winder, we
Saw Perry, white as white could be,
March past, onhitch his hoss, an' light
A see-gyar, and lope out o' sight.
Then Lide, she came to me and cried.
And I said nothin'—was no need,
And yit, you know, that man jes' got
Right out o' there's ef he'd be'n shot,
P'tendin' he must go and feed
The stock 'r somepin! Then I tried
To git the pore girl pacified.

The last dialect of place of which we shall speak is that of the Pacific Slope. Here, on the mountains, among the forests and the wilds, the early pioneers and gold-seekers lived. They were, for the most part, good-hearted men, strong and sturdy, but extremely rough and coarse. Their life was full of hardships and deprivations, and they had few comforts. The saloon was their rendezvous and gambling their single amusement, and it is not strange that their dialect is anything but refined. The thing to marvel at is that, with scarcely a single elevating influence, it is as clean as it is. It is filled with slang and miner's phrases, rough terms and bad grammar, but it is capable of a depth of feeling little realized. The great interpreter and recorder of this dialect is Bret Harte, and he is a master in his own province. In his "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and other stories this dialect has become famous as one of the many divisions of our language. The following very brief selection from Bret Harte's "M'liss" will serve as an illustration of the individualities of this dialect, though it does not entirely represent the character of the literature nor the violence of much of the dialect.

That's the poison plant you said would kill me. I'll go with the play-actors, or I'll eat this an' die here. I don't care which. I won't stay here where they hate an' despise me. Neither would you let me if you didn't hate an' despise me too. If you lock me up in jail to keep me from the play-actors I'll poison myself. Father killed himself—why shouldn't I? You said a mouthful of that root would kill me and I allays carry it here.

To complete the discussion of the dialects in American literature, the child dialect must be mentioned. Much of our best literature contains the character of children, some of whom play important parts, and in these cases it is essential that they should be real children. Too many of the children in American literature have been stiff and unreal, or, on the other hand, have been foolish and almost imbecile. Children are not fools, but neither are they philosophers; they are smaller patterns of their elders, nothing more or less, and should be treated as such. It must be conceded that it is very difficult to appreciate and to write of child life for the reason that adults can hardly put themselves in the places of children and cannot easily know them. However, we have had

some realistic and natural child writers, of whom James Whitcomb Riley in the realm of poetry and Kate Douglas Wiggin (though only partly American) in the realm of prose are the best representatives. As examples of the former's work read "The Raggedy Man," "Elizabeth Ann," and others of the child rhymes so characteristic of the author and his style. To the work of the latter writer, Kate Douglas Wiggin, too little credit is given, for she is in reality a very strong delineator of child life and her child dialect is superb in its naturalness and realism.

In conclusion, what is the value of dialect in literature? Is it worth while? Surely so. It adds reality and strength; it gives color to narratives and expression and meaning to much that would be otherwise prosaic and formal; it brightens the story, portrays character as it really is, and, best of all, it shows infallibly that in spite of our little peculiarities and our differences we are all one—alike in feeling, in impulse, in sensation, and that the cry of Humanity is everywhere the same.

Calah Ruth Randle Warner

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TRUTH OF THE BIBLE

THE plea is frequently made that, since the Bible is a book of religion and not at all a book of science, none of its teachings should be urged against it that may appear to clash with the teachings of modern science. Admitting the reasonableness of these statements, they may nevertheless require some qualification. Psychology is a branch of science that has a wide application to-day. Think of psychology as applied to religion. Would it prove a matter of indifference if the Bible and psychology should be found to be in hopeless disagreement? Not only would that be a different problem, it would be a far more difficult one. Evidently, then, the Bible is not so far aloof from all branches of science as to render questions of harmonization unimportant. This present era is largely under the sway of scientific ideas. All of us feel their influence more than we are aware. Prompted by this spirit, an eminent Christian scholar has just been writing concerning "the biological control of life." It should be added that he is without any affinities with materialism. Because of its close alliance with biology psychology need not be charged with materialistic tendencies. That by no means follows. Among the leading interpreters of psychology are those who in the first instance were specialists in physiology. Enough to recall the former connection of Professor James with the chair of physiology in Harvard Medical School. Professor James, we know, was far from being a materialist. Many of his ablest coadjutors also are strenuously opposed to that mode of thought. In view of the existing situation the attitude of psychology toward the Bible and religion is a matter that profoundly concerns us all. By reason of their peculiar relations any conflict would be most undesirable. On the other hand, if essential agreement can be established the cause of religion will be strengthened.

The recent application of psychology to the deeper problems of religion was, in the beginning, the occasion of considerable alarm, and not without reason. In the hands of some psychology became a weapon for the destruction of religion. This, however,

has not been true of the majority of writers. There are many constructive workers who find in psychology a new and powerful support for religion. Little more than a good beginning has as yet been made. Not a few of the present positions are more or less provisional, finality is not claimed, but services have already been rendered that we could ill afford to lose. Ultimately results must be achieved that will be for the lasting good of religion. A concrete instance or two may indicate what is being accomplished: Personality, now recognized as one of the great words of religion, is still a term but poorly understood. For any fuller light we must turn to psychology. Even if unable to define fully, psychology does help by its analysis of the human soul. Another valuable service has been rendered in tracing religion to its primal sources. Our religious sentiments are shown to be "woven of our instincts and emotions." Thus religion is rooted deeply in the instinctive life of the race. Then by means of psychology the inductive method has been applied to the study of religious experience—a step that naturally encountered indignant protest at the start. Here again the fears would appear to have been groundless, for psychology has recognized experience as constituting the very heart of religion. These considerations bring us face to face with a fact of first importance: the Bible and psychology are in agreement as to the fundamentals of religious experience.

Modern criticism makes of the Bible a venerable book. Portions of it are assigned to the eighth century B. C. Prominent scholars contend for a considerably earlier date. The Bible contains a remarkable account of religion, its origin, and nature. Psychology also has its account of the genesis of religion. Out of redundant statements a few general principles may be deduced. The following has the support of representative psychologists: "All religion results from a feeling of uneasiness and a subsequent sense of relief when the proper connections have been made with the higher powers." The above principle was reached inductively, the induction being based on a comparative study of religious experience. Different countries and diverse shades of belief were represented in the people interrogated. In this way a sufficient basis for a trustworthy generalization was secured. While psy-

chology has various statements of the basal facts of religion, all are virtually the same. Exception should, of course, be made in case of those writers who work from materialistic viewpoints. The "feeling of uneasiness" mentioned yields upon analysis two distinct components: (1) a sense of incompleteness and (2) a deeper sense of sin. The Bible also takes note of these facts and places due emphasis upon each. Speaking broadly, the Bible may be called a book of redemption, for that is its central message, and redemption always implies the existence of sin. Beneath Israel's noblest religious conceptions—"the Covenant," "the King—Messiah," and "the Suffering Servant"—lies ever the dark fact of sin. The entire religion of Israel was, in fact, one heroic effort to deal with sin. The prophets, as champions of righteousness, set themselves ever against the sins of the people. That early group, Amos and Hosea, Micah and Isaiah, men of "the touch of fire," all gave their impressive witness against Israel's sin. The same deep note is struck in Jeremiah and throughout the Psalms. Evermore the message softens upon any token of sincere repentance. It is in the New Testament, however, that we meet with a complete conception of sin and its effects on human life. There Christ is revealed as the victor over sin and the one in whom humanity may be made complete. In the handling of these human problems the Bible is in accord with psychology. The main difference is commonly a mere matter of emphasis. So far is this true that a foremost psychological writer often frames his conclusions in the precise language of the Bible. Then so many standard works on the psychology of religion begin with the consideration of conversion, a fact that admits of only one interpretation. How shall we explain this coincidence between so old a book and the positions of so recent a science? In its rudest outline psychology has existed since the days of Aristotle, 300 B. C., possibly somewhat earlier, but as applied to religion psychology began in 1875 with the experimental work of Wünder. The so-called "New Psychology" would date from about that time. The first serious attempt to bring the inductive method to the facts of religious experience was made by American scholars less than twenty years ago. It cannot therefore be assumed that the harmony in question is due to the

influence of psychology which existed prior to the Bible. Vital portions of the Bible existed for centuries before a single rudiment of psychology was known.

Again, psychology and the Bible developed quite independently of each other. Psychology had its beginnings in Greece, the Bible and its religion came out of Israel. From all that has been ascertained the relations between these countries were never close, nevertheless the view has been advanced that in all things religious Israel was strongly influenced by the Greeks. This contention is generally supported by an appeal to the superior mental gifts of the Greeks. Psychology affords the best answer to all such claims. It sets forth the prominence of the emotions and volitions in religion and assigns to the intellect a purely secondary place. Intellectually the Tahitians would never be mentioned in comparison with the Greeks, yet they completely surpassed the Greeks in their religious conceptions. It seems fair to suppose that there would be some exchange of ideas at the various points of contact between the nations, and in any such interchange we can hardly believe that their religious views would remain uninfluenced. Israel, as we know, had a prolonged sojourn in Egypt and Professor Sayce concedes the presence of Egyptian elements in Christianity. By reason of his birth and early training in Asia Minor Greek thought became a factor in the preparation of Saint Paul, but his Greek dialectic was confined by Paul to the statement and defense of the Christian facts as he apprehended them. In like manner Saint John's closing years were spent within the bounds of the Greek intellectual world, and the Gospel ascribed to him is thought to bear the impress of that world. This point is even now the subject of animated discussion. All of these questions lie in an obscure field so far not extensively worked. At the present it would be difficult to determine just what the reciprocal influences were. One consideration should be borne in mind: unfriendly critics speak of Jesus as the world's greatest religious genius. If this be true we should not expect to find him borrowing extensively from the Greeks, who have been classed with the Romans as among the less religious people of antiquity. Neither of them had a Bible. The Romans were so wanting in

any creative power that they borrowed their religion from other peoples. True, the Greeks surpassed the Romans, and made some contributions to the world's religion; still their gifts were not conspicuous. In the matter of religion the Jew easily surpassed them both. In view of such facts the Jewish Bible and religion must be regarded as very largely an independent development.

Comparative studies can never prove injurious to the Bible or the Christian faith; nothing, indeed, is quite so stimulating. Max Müller presumably did more than any scholar to awaken a feeling of mutuality between the adherents of different religions. His catholic sympathies and rare scholarship gave him preeminent fitness for such a task, yet even he is constrained to point out the inequalities and puerilities of the sacred books of the East. A false psychology is present in them and is evermore coming to light. They contain truth, but sadly mingled with errors and absurdities. One secret of the sustained power of the Bible is its surpassing wealth of psychological truth. It fits all the facts of human nature. When put in comparison with the best sacred literature of the past, and when every generous allowance has been made, the Bible stands supreme "by reason of the glory that excelleth." Professor Huxley was to the end a pronounced agnostic, but he was a man of courage and a passionate lover of the truth. Much of his life was devoted to controversy. Of course he was familiar with the critical positions, he himself held very independent views, but to him the Bible was the book supreme. He spoke of its moral grandeurs and its wholesome reaction on the lives of men. His tribute is wholly extraordinary. On the Bible alone could be founded his hope for the moral and religious life of Britain.

The Bible is the world's great book of religion. Psychology reveals the laws of the human soul. The relations of the two are intimate and vital and their substantial agreement is what we should anticipate.

B. L. McChesney

MY EFFICIENT FRIEND

By nature I am of a calm and uncombative disposition, but certain doctrines that my efficient friend dins into my ears arouse me to rebellion. In the first place, I must confess that I belong to a prehistoric school of thought that flourished when mankind was divided among the Philistines and the children of sweetness and light. I am a Latin instructor, and not even progressive enough to feel sheepish about it. And that is just where my efficient friend and I grate on each other's nerves. Perhaps I had better touch very lightly on the exchange of compliments that pass between us. His parting shot is usually that I seem not to realize that the aim of education is to prepare the student to fill efficiently his place in the industrial organism. I retaliate by accusing him of having no appreciation of the amateur spirit, of ignoring the individual genius in his attempt to make him a cog in the great social machine. Sometimes, in reckless moments, I hurl my most scathing denunciation at him—to wit, that he defies industrial efficiency at the expense of the individual. And he takes it as a compliment. That usually makes me grow very abusive in my language. I ask him if he has not breadth of vision enough to see that such a social philosophy tends to make people into mere pieces of machinery, "human tools" as the ancients called them; that by overemphasis on efficiency and specialization "they are subdued to what they work in" and lose whatever opportunity to develop a soul they originally may have had. That always amuses him, and he replies, "Aw g'wan." To which I retort that no gentleman who had any comprehension of the beauty and nobility of classical language would descend to the use of such an expression. That invariably severs all diplomatic relations between us and we part in indignation.

These passages at arms, of course, are more or less a habit. Sometimes, however, special grievances arise which call for more vigorous treatment. To illustrate: Once, in one of the rare truces between us, I had invited him to the commencement exercises

of our little school. In all candor I must admit that the program was, to say the least, a bit amateurish. There was the usual assortment of home-made music, Olympus-scaling orations, and a vague attempt at poetry. Nevertheless I was immeasurably proud of my youngsters. Crude though they were, they had yet learned something that my efficient friend could not perceive, that "man does not live by bread alone." To me it seems the blindest sort of self-complacency to sneer at the idealistic attitude of youth that sees things in big, bold outlines, unobscured by the insisting details of some one particular specialty. Superficial, if you will, but infinitely to be preferred to that efficiency which gathers experience only as detached facts, woven together into no general philosophy beyond their practical usefulness.

In such a state of mind, therefore, my friend's disgusted remark, "O, what's the use of all this tommyrot?" sounded like a challenge. Too indignant for words, I let him proceed. "Just listen to that girl trying to play a fiddle. What does a girl in her circumstances want with that sort of thing? Why don't you teach her how to sew, and keep house, or how to be a decent stenographer? There ought to be a law passed forbidding people to annoy each other by thinking they can make music." "See here," I interrupted him, rather sharply; "that girl has considerable talent. Why should you legislate against her developing it? Besides, even if she hadn't, it would open up for her a whole new realm of musical appreciation." "O, well, perhaps so in her individual case. I don't know anything about music. But education is for the masses, and ought to be made to fit the needs of the common people." To which I heartily agreed, but a pronounced difference arose over the needs of the common people. "Teach them to become experts in some trade, so that they can become useful members of an industrial society," was his formula. "Is that all?" I asked. "Teach them to become good citizens," he continued, with that air of finality that seems to characterize educational reformers. "With the greatest of pleasure," I replied. "Only there are as many ways of being a good citizen as there are separate types of individuals, and it strikes me that it would be a very difficult subject to teach. As for teaching them to become

experts in a trade, that is not quite our purpose. Some things they will have to acquire by experience after school days are over. We are willing to do our share in fitting them to earn a livelihood, but we are not ready to announce that we have lost faith entirely in the idea of a liberal education. We are still striving to so mingle the elements that nature may say, *This is a man.*"

"You'll have to give up that culture dope, though, as the country grows more democratic," he returned tenaciously. "Liberal education is well enough for a traditional, aristocratic society with a leisure class that can afford the luxury of the higher life."

I sighed. One might as well try to talk to a typewriter on the beauty of the Aldine script as to an efficient friend on culture. Suddenly a happy idea struck me. "Look here," I said. "What is your justification of democracy, anyhow?" "Why, so that everyone will have equal opportunity," he replied, surprised at such a foolish question. "All right," I said, "and you give every male person a vote, I suppose, to equalize the influence of all in the direction of the government?" "Well, yes, theoretically. I admit that it doesn't always work out that way." "Of course not," I said in most professional school-teacher's voice. "How can it, as long as most men are simply raw material whose opinions are formed by the few thinkers among them? Isn't it something like this: Every independent thinker, provided he makes his personality felt, is the center of a group of adherents whose ideas are simply a reflection of their leader's? And as for the voice of everyone being equal in the government—there is no such thing even in the most democratic society. In the nature of things the influence of the leader is the equivalent of the combined influence of his disciples. Democracy, as I see it, is simply giving the opportunity to every individual to show that he is the exceptional person. It permits the development of a natural aristocracy untrammelled by tradition and caste lines. The most perfect democracy is that which gives every person the best opportunity to find his rightful place in society, whether as intellectual leader or day laborer. Its object is not the equalization of unequals, but the elimination of artificial distinctions of class, race, or sex, in order to give full sway to the natural inequalities of individual ability. It is merely

the great athletic field in which we all try ourselves out." "What's that got to do with teaching this high-brow stuff in your school?" asked my friend, impatiently. "Why, don't you see," I answered, "what your program of efficiency would amount to? It goes on the supposition that all men are made after the same pattern. You are so possessed by the theory of the average man that you make no effort to discover and develop the genius of the rare souls that give a civilization its place in the sun. In your zeal to be perfectly democratic you would make all men in the image of the ordinary efficient workingman. You would not give them a glimpse into the realm of 'high-brow' stuff, by which I suppose you mean classical literature, music, poetry, art, everything that supplements and glorifies the mere bread-and-butter activities of life. And I hold that you are taking an unfair advantage of your victim by shoving him into a vocation with his eyes closed. Your idea of education is no more democratic than that of two centuries ago; for they fitted for the learned professions exclusively, while you vocational educationalists aim to fit for the proletariat exclusively. A truly democratic system would discriminate against neither, but would realize that as individuals vary so types of usefulness vary, and the mission of democracy is to allow everyone to work out his own particular nature. And the man or woman who contributes something to human thought is doing as much for democracy as the most productive member of the industrial organization.

"We learn in Ethics that 'the ideal end of humanity is the accumulation of psychical products,' not of material resources. Material prosperity, of course, relieves us from the pressure of necessity and makes possible the choice of a lifework suited to our separate capabilities. Every step, then, toward bettering the economic and social conditions of mankind is a step toward the freedom of the spirit. Nevertheless, there is a danger of mistaking the means for the end. Industrial efficiency exists for the sake of a larger humanity—intellectually and spiritually. We seem to be in danger, however, of despising our immaterial wealth, because it does not directly contribute to our financial well-being, and we have even reached the stage when we are no longer sensitive

about being called materialists. I have nothing against money-making in its proper place, only I would like to put to you efficiency fanatics the same question you are always putting to us who still advocate the idea of a liberal education: 'What's the use of that sort of thing?' What ultimate value is material prosperity if it creates nothing but more material prosperity?"

My friend had been vainly struggling to speak, but there was no stopping me now. "Understand me," I went on without drawing a long breath, "I really am not intending to criticize efficiency per se, or vocational education per se. I realize that under the pressure of economic necessity it may be all that the less-favored can obtain. But I do object to it as an ideal which scoffs at all culture that does not appeal to the 'masses.' Why make a fetish of social efficiency at the expense of individual originality? Why not regard life as a work of art, illustrating the fundamental principle of 'unity in variety,' rather than as a piece of mechanism? Anyway, why not regard it as a living whole, with its roots springing from industrial prosperity, and blossoming out into the fragrant flower of culture."

My friend grunted something about flowers being an awful waste of time, which irritated me intensely. "You certainly are a thorough-going Philistine," I snapped out. "And you are a raving idealist," he retorted. We usually parted that way, and as yet we are both unconvinced.

Mary A. Gilbert.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

AN ORCHID AMONG HUMAN SENTIMENTS

THAT a man should take an interest, absorbing and intense, in his own children is inevitable, universal, a matter of course. That men—we mean, especially, childless men—should take an interest, a sort of vicarious, poetic interest, in other people's children is not unnatural nor unlawful nor infrequent.

In the flower garden of human sentiments the love for unrelated little children on the part of bachelors and other childless men is not like a bachelor's button, coarse, stiff, and unfragrant, but rather like an orchid, air-fed, airy, and sweet, a delicate epiphytic bloom. Such friendships, born not of blood kinship but of spirit, fostered by æsthetic sensibilities, and fed with sustenance by ethereal sentiments, are found blossoming even in the heart of such a man as Herbert Spencer, who speaks of one boarding house where, he says, "two little girls became the vicarious objects of my philoprogenitive instincts"; and in the poet Swinburne, whose cousin, Mrs. Leigh, tells of his "veneration for little children," his "simple worship of the pure beauty of childhood," of which he left many exquisite records; and in the Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, who says that, not having children of his own, he seeks other people's children to make happy and be made happy by; and in another child-loving bachelor of note, La Bruyère, through the whole texture of whose mature years was woven like a thread of gold an early memory of one young girl, with the result, we are told, that ever after his regard for women took on the nature of a sort of proxy fatherliness. This early friend of his was the bright little daughter of a book-seller and publisher whose shop he frequented to turn over the new books and to learn what was going on and to play with the child. One day when he offered for publication the manuscript of his greatest work, he said to the publisher: "If you make anything from it, let the profits be given as a marriage portion to my little playmate here when she weds"; which resulted in the publisher's daughter receiving twenty thousand dollars at her marriage.

These childless men, for their part, had the luxurious advantage of enjoying the children lightheartedly without the burden of being responsible for them; while the contented parents, on their part, regarded these friendships with amiable indulgence, seeing perhaps something a bit pathetic in the yearning fondness and romantic enthusiasm shown toward their children by such men.

The tableau of the Big Man and the Little Girl has been set on many a stage the ages through. Friendship between them, blending contrast and congeniality, is evidently on Nature's program, divinely ordained and provided for in the system of things. Notable instances, literally innumerable, embellish life and literature with indescribable beauty and irresistible charm. Among things pure and lovely and of good report such preadolescent friendships play a delicate part.

In a photograph of the London city missionary Rev. J. Gregory Mantle we see him seated in the middle of a group of his mission children, four boys and one girl. He is pictured holding the little girl on his lap, with her arm around his neck. Why not one of the boys? Simply because he is a man and she is a little girl, and between the two Heaven has put a subtle, fragrant, and everlasting affinity. That picture puts us among some of the primordial elements of life, the primitive forces which make the world go round, and the ground is as holy as the will of God.

Under the same mystical spell is the curate in Thackeray's delightful sketch, who, visiting the tenement region, finds in one small room three fatherless children whose mother is away all day at work. Elizabeth, aged ten, who acts as Hausmutter and takes care of the two younger, is so capable and fine that the charmed curate says admiringly, "If I, too, were but ten years old and only three feet high, I would marry Elizabeth and we would go and live in a cupboard." But he was thirty and could only join in the plaintive lament of the poet who wrote:

Sweet is her tangle of sunny brown hair,
Sunshine is caught in its wilderness fair;
Bright is the flash of her bonny brown eyes;
Deep is the dimple where merriment lies;
Kisses she gives in an inconstant way,
Love is to her but a new sort of play;
Hopeless my wooing, oh, saddest of men!
I am past fifty and Blossom is ten!

History in many a spot is all aflit and aflutter with butterfly-

like little creatures who lit on and were loved by great big men. There was wee Nancy with whom Lord Jeffrey, the terrible ogre of the Edinburgh Review, used to romp, and to whom he wrote as "My dear dimply Pussie." And there was the child, Thralia, whom ponderous old Doctor Sam Johnson called "Queenie," and whom he described as "a bright, papilionaceous creature whom the elephant loves to play with and wave to and fro on his trunk." It appears that the portentous polysyllabic biped, Doctor Johnson, shared the thicker-skinned and somewhat heavier four-legged elephant's affection for Queenie, and thus this little human butterfly had the felicity of being played with by two elephantine creatures at once.

And there was lovely, demure little Penelope Boothby, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds painted lovingly in her mob cap, and whose spirit went to join the immortals soon after the great artist immortalized her sweet face and slight figure with his brush. And there forever is Sir Walter Scott's "Pet Marjorie," dear to thousands, whose affection was as warm as her genius was precocious and her piety genuine, and whose memory blossoms from her dust with undiminished fragrance after a century.

And there was shy little Clara Novello's happy friendship with Charles Lamb, who was often in her father's house. Once the child, to avoid being sent off to bed before supper when he was there, hid herself in a cupboard by the piano and fell asleep. Waking and coming out of hiding, she was severely reprimanded by her mother in the presence of the visitor; but Lamb pleaded for her and obtained the parental consent that whenever he came to supper the child should be allowed to remain up with the family. He addressed her in his letters as "Saint Clara." She might have Latinized him and called him Saint Agnus. Once when her father made her sing for Lamb, and she was doing her best, her stuttering friend stopped her by crying out with a feigned look of suffering, "O Clara, d-d-don't make that d-d-dreadful noise any more. For m-m-mercy's sake, d-d-don't!" This child, writing of him in years long after, said, "O, glory and delight! How I did love dear Charles Lamb!" With similar recollections of George Meredith one woman wrote after his death: "I first saw him when I was seven years old. He and I were great friends in those days. He was a splendid playfellow."

The daughter of a London clergyman has told what a good playfellow she and her sisters had in Sydney Smith. She remembers his frequent coming to her father's dinners, and says: "He would arrive

ten minutes too soon, run up to the nursery at the top of the house, take a small girl on each knee, and delight to expend on a few little children, and the baby crowing for joy of life in a cot in the corner, the inimitable drollery and the stream of irresistible cleverness and nonsense which only the night before, perhaps, had been the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner at Holland House. One of the little girls still recollects—better even than the sweets in his pocket—the *bonhomie* and kindness of the shrewd, manly face, and knows that Sydney Smith's wit was not his finest quality."

A talented and accomplished woman of wide and varied experience, looking back through many eventful years, sees herself a little child riding around Clifton Springs on the big shoulders of that burly Saint Sagacity, Doctor Henry Foster, founder and builder of the place. She remembers that her ambition was to build a house of snow large enough for him to crawl into on hands and knees like a great brown bear. Remembering gratefully these and many other things, this woman in her maturity says: "He certainly was a sweet friend for a little girl to have."

An English woman tells of the happy play she used to have with Thackeray. Once when he was sitting in a large Louis Philippe arm-chair in Paris, she, a little girl, perched on the arm of his chair and quizzed the great man thus:

"Is you good?"

"Not so good as I should like to be," answered Thackeray.

"Is you clever?"

"Well, I've written a book or two. Perhaps I am rather clever."

"Is you pretty?"

"O, no, no! No! No! No!" roared the big fellow with an explosive burst of laughter.

"Well, I think you is good and clever and pretty," cooed the innocent little diplomat, 'cutely winding that famous celebrity around her tiny finger with predatory intent, because she remembered some bon-bons he had bought for her on the boulevard yesterday, and because she had visions of more bon-bons which her well-tamed and benevolent giant, if wisely managed and kept in a good humor, might buy to-morrow. Probably even Thackeray's masterpiece, *Henry Esmond*, is not quite so precious to this English woman as her memories of her own child-play with him.

The Marchesa Perruzzi gives us charming reminiscences of the children in the Barberini Palace in Rome who were visited and played

with by Hans Christian Andersen and Robert Browning; the gaunt, ungainly Norwegian poet of childhood romping uproariously over tables and chairs, and cutting out grotesque paper butterflies and clowns and fairies; and then Robert Browning reading later his *Pied Piper of Hamelin* to those enviable children while Hans Andersen listened to the reading with boyish delight, his ugly face brimming with fun.

Among the powers that be on this much-governed planet, is there any such potentate as the child? The strongest and the greatest bow down at the touch of the scepter of this diminutive despot. Biography and autobiography are full of confession and proof that all through history many who sat in the seats of the mighty were powerless under the all-subduing touch of tiny fingers. Even old Plutarch, in his famous *Lives*, shows that, amid the eventful and momentous procedures of empire and war and heroism, a child's hand secretly holds him by the heart. In a crevice of his picturesque pages we find a reference to his own little girl and to her anxiety that her dolls should share the professional attentions of the nurse: and from that tender mention we know more of the inmost nature and soul of Plutarch than from any of his great writings—far more than from his picture of Cæsar in the Senate House facing the gleaming steel of murderous conspirators, or from his description of wounded Pyrrhus darting at the foe a look which struck terror, or from his picture of Sylla's white charger plunging with his rider safely past the thrusting spears. The world over and the ages through, many men of might and mastery have known hours when a child's sweet lips and clinging arms meant more to them than all "the boast of heraldry and pomp of power." Mrs. Sellar pictures W. E. Henley, big, rugged-looking, florid, shaggy like a bear, abjectly and blissfully enslaved to the will of his own precocious four-year-old, whose mien was so imperious, her temper so passionate, and her rule so imperial that she was called "The Empress" by artists who went down from London to see the child again and again in her brief seven years of life, pitifully brief because doomed by the deadly disease which her father knowingly transmitted to her before her birth. What right has a man to do that?

Edwin Booth's birthday was on the same date with that of the small daughter of a friend of his; so the two called themselves twins. on the day when he was fifty and she six, she sent him flowers with this message: "Dear Mr. Booth, we are fifty-six to-day." Across the gulf of a life time they hailed each other as comrades, and both found

pleasure in it. To him it was freshening and rejuvenating. When to dry or rheumy eyes the world grows dim and darkling, the man says mentally to the little child:

"I see the morning of the world in you.
I see life upward springing,
Light round you clinging,
And in your eyes the dew."

We are told that John Ruskin at the age of forty succumbed to the blandishments of a little Irish girl of nine, named Rose La Touche, who is described as looking like "a little sister of Christ." The first time Ruskin met her she "gave him her hand as a good dog gives its paw." Later he gave her lessons in art. Quite pretty herself, she candidly told him she considered him very ugly. She christened him "Crumpet," which, when she discovered his goodness and gentleness, she mitigated into "Saint Crumpet." This friendship ripened into love on his part, and became the one central and absorbing fact of his inner life, so that in after years he wrote: "Rosie was always in my heart and everything I did was for her." This was the deepest passion of Ruskin's life and her final rejection of his love because he was not religious enough was the deepest sorrow that ever devastated his days.

Few men have been more susceptible to the charm of feminine childhood than Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh. When he was a young physician he wrote in a letter to a friend: "I am going out to Callands to-day to be all alone in the open air on the common road for a full-length *think* with myself; and to see a three-year-old bairn, the daughter of a plowman and a perfect image of sweet *wildness*. I wish you could see her with her long eye-lashes and unfathomable eyes, and her eerie black blink; you would then understand my love for her. I have wandered days with her among the hills, leading her by the hand and every now and then asking her to open wide her eyes that I might stare into their depths. She will kiss nobody in the world but her mother, father, brothers, sisters, and me." No wonder young Dr. Brown went strutting off, so elate and proud, on the road to Callands! It was this same Dr. Brown who told later the fascinating and touching story of that wonder-child Marjorie Fleming, concerning which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to its author: "I have read and reread and read aloud to my wife that infinitely tearful, smileful, soulful, tender, caressing story of Pet Marjorie. Dear little soul! And the picture of great big hearty Sir Walter Scott wrapping the

wee creature in his plaid and striding off with her! If only that fragment of your writings were saved from the wreck of English literature, men and women would cry over it. That surpassingly sweet story is told so lovingly and vividly that blessed little Marjorie becomes our own child, our 'ownty-downty,' as New England nursery small-talk has it."

Mark Twain, too, succumbed to the story, and joined the procession of Pet Marjorie's admirers many years after her death. Here is part of his avowal: "I have adored Marjorie for six-and-thirty years; I have adored her in detail, I have adored the whole of her; but above all other details—just a little above all other details—I have adored her because she detested that odious and confusing and unvanquishable and unlearnable and shameless invention, the multiplication-table. I glory in her when she writes: 'I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plæge [plague] that my multiplication gives me. You can't conceive it the most devilish thing is 8 times 8 & 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure.' In the presence of that holy verdict," said Mark Twain, "I stand reverently uncovered."

A charming picture has been given us of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar, coming out of his garden gate one day in England, tall and dignified, to intercept and make obeisance to an equally dignified sweet maiden aged three who was passing by. She confidently trusted her tiny dimpled hand to the grasp of his long fingers; but when he asked her name she met his inquiry with a gentle but firm taciturnity. "A very discreet young lady," said the stately scholar, while "they faced each other as equals—her nonage and innocence balancing his age and learning—as if his had been the Royal Presence and she the fairest débutante of her year."

One of T. E. Brown's exquisite poems tells how a man met in a country lane a little child who smiled at him with a look so full of trust and happiness that he blessed her in his heart. The wee creature knew him not, but laughed up into his face out of the natural joy that bubbled in her veins. And her laugh seemed to say:

"The heaven is bright above us;
And there is God to love us;
And I am but a little gleeful maid,
And thou art big and old and staid;
But the blue hills have made thee mild
As is a little child.
Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see,
O laugh, O laugh with me!"

And the laughter of the little gleeful girl made the country lane a more royal road than the King's highway.

Our acute friends the psychologists have not yet fully explained all the mysterious movements of that curious machine the human mind. As inexplicable as they are unpredictable for example are memory's discriminations and preferences. Who can explain for us that pretty little idyll of the Alps given by an English poet in the *London Spectator*?

In Switzerland one idle day,
As on the grass at noon we lay,
Came a grave peasant child, and stood
Watching us strangers eat our food.
And what we offered her she took
In silence, with her quiet look,
And when we rose to go, content,
Without a word of thanks, she went.

Another day, in sleet and rain,
I chose that meadow path again,
And, partly turning, chanced to see
My little guest friend watching me
With eyes half hidden by her hair,
Blowing me kisses, unaware
That I had seen, and still she wore
The same grave aspect as before.

Now some recall for heart's delight
A sunrise, some a snowy height,
But I a little child who stands
And gravely kisses both her hands.

Now, who will tell us why a Swiss peasant child throwing coy kisses at a stranger should outlast in his memory all the majesty and sublimity of the Alps, their red sunrises and their snowy heights?

On a winter night many years ago a man went to spend the evening in one of the best homes in the world. As to the furniture, the pictures on the wall, what was for supper, how many were at table, what the evening's conversation was, what his sermons were about the Sunday before or the Sunday after, whom he married or buried that week, he does not remember: to try to recall any of these things would be like fishing in the river Lethe for forgotten fishes. But that, when he was let in from the wintry street to the glowing warmth and welcome of that lovely home, a little brown-haired sprite, intense with "that fervency known only to feminine childhood," flew to meet him, leaped clear off the floor into his arms, and hit him a bumper kiss

square on the mouth—this he has never forgotten. She came like a flying wedge and hit the line hard and the glad abandon, the velocity, onset, and impact of that impetuous child are dented deep in the phonograph of memory revolving now under his white hairs. Noting the whimsical way in which unthrifty memory drops a multitude of momentous things and then treasures seeming trifles, T. B. Aldrich wrote:

My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

But when it comes to memorable preciousness, what are two wind-plucked wild-rose petals thrown down upon the ground, compared to two rose-petal human lips tossed up against yours on the wild sweet flying impulse of a child's impetuous love? Roses are fine flowers, but tiny two-lips have been reckoned sweeter; as George Meredith was aware when he pictured in his song of "Angelic Love,"

The sweet little dewy mouth
Tenderly uplifted,
Like two rose leaves drifted
On the warm balmy breath of the sunny South.

Doubtless Whittier forgot in later years many a lesson that he learned from books at the little schoolhouse amid the New England hills; but one imperishable recollection of school-boy days for him was of a little golden-haired girl who shyly laid her hand on his outside the country schoolhouse door one day; and the poet tells us what she said to him:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you."

And memory kept showing her sweet child-face and repeating her tender words to the gray-headed bachelor man when the grasses had been growing on her grave forty years.

A visitor to Clifton Springs Sanitarium cannot remember the

chapter nor the hymn used in chapel on a certain morning. All that he remembers is the thin, pure, bird-like warbling voice of a little girl who held the other side of his book, piping up in the hymn, her high treble sounding in the heavy volume of older voices as sweet and clear as the tinkle of a harp threading its way through the great organ-roll, or the voice of a violin singing like a mounting lark above the swelling orchestra.

Will the wise professor of psychology kindly explain how it happens that, out of one long-ago summer spent by a certain man beside the sea, the one thing most vividly and indelibly remembered is a child's laugh—the most musical, indeed the one perfect laugh ever heard by him? All the words of all the wise men at Dr. Deems' Summer School of Philosophy, which met near by, are "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were," lost in "the backward and abyssm of time," but that exquisite incomparable laugh still rings like a silver bell in this man's memory. It was the one irresistible, superlative charm of the house. As it rang clear through the parlors, and along the porches, and by the tumbling breakers and the crawling seafoam, the ecstasy of that little three-year-old girl made all the hired orchestras and entertainers of the summer seem cheap and poor as a boy's jewsharp in comparison with Ole Bull's Stradivarius. To hear Gracie Kudlich's laugh in summer mornings was to understand something of Charles Kingsley's feeling in his verse:

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.

Has our knowing friend the psychologist fully explained us yet, do you think? Are we not still an inscrutable mystery to ourselves, and even to him with all his lore and insight?

When a certain big man confesses a fondness for little girls it is for several valid and respectable reasons. In the first place he owes his life to a little girl. The way of it was this: Two children, a boy aged three and a girl aged seven, wandered unobserved one summer afternoon out through the back gate and across a field to a mill-race along the margin of which they played until the boy fell into the water. The girl, instead of losing her head and running off to the house leaving him to drown, coolly followed along the bank, till she could catch hold of his clothes and pull him out of the swift current

which was hurrying the baby boy on to be pounded and drowned under the buckets of the big mill-wheel. This is why one man cannot see a mill-race or an old-fashioned gristmill and its splashing water-wheel without some kindly thoughts toward little girls. A literary critic, commenting on the number of good women in De Morgan's novels, says that in his books salvation often takes a feminine form. It surely did in that small boy's case.

In the next place, the same man when a child had for close and constant comrade a sister two years younger than himself, to whom he was play-mate, guide, protector, and mayhap at times tease and tormentor, in the happy hunting-grounds of childhood, the wonderland of preadolescent years. The boy and his little sister, living in the old Woodrow parsonage which stands between the woods on the west and the graveyard on the east, rambled and played in both, hunting nuts and wintergreen and sassafras and birch and penny-royal in the woods, and wild flowers and wild strawberries in the burying-ground. They knew where the best hickory-nut and chestnut trees were and the most fertile and fruitful spots in the churchyard. A secure little Eden that country parsonage was. Its nearest neighbors were the harmless buried people lying so quiet in God's acre just over the fence; and the road in front was safe, for it was before the days of tramps and automobiles. Across the road lived Uncle Moses Winant, the sexton and grave-digger, on whose small farm, near the road, was a small pond where his horse and cows were watered, the boy being sometimes permitted to ride the horse to water; and some half-wild apple trees, the spicy fruit of which the boy tastes to this day; and some gentle hill-slopes, fine for the boy to coast down with his little sister on his sled when snow-banks billowed the fields. Toward "Uncle Mose"'s apple trees the boy has now some such feeling as C. P. Cranch expresses in the verses which describe two middle-aged men pausing under a mulberry tree, and as they pluck and eat, one says:

"Do you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of something sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy."

The boy and his sister were no more afraid of the green-billowed, white head-stoned burying-ground, even at night, than little Celia Loughton, on the Isles of Shoals, was afraid of the billowy sea, whose

waves and coasts were her play ground and its creatures of wing and of fin her playmates. Graves had no sadness for that boy and girl, for they had not reached the age nor even imagined the mood in which people say:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that I have pressed
In their bloom.
And the names I loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

The Woodrow woods were full of the fascination of ferns and thickets and water-pool, the haunts of birds and squirrels and rabbits and frogs. In the low ground back of the barn where the large blackberries grew on tall bushes, the fearless children often found and fondled prettily marked little snakes, and now and then had the shivery excitement of seeing a big black snake, five or six feet in length, saunter across the path or crawl away to his hole.

It was a paradise full of what Marjorie Fleming's diary called "rural filisity." With woods and a graveyard to play in, what more could children want? Out of full memories of those blithe and innocent days this man testifies gratefully that a little sister is a lovely thing for a boy to have. This man can understand Sidney Lanier's feeling toward his little sister Gertrude, who, Lanier says, represented to him "the serene purity of the Winged Folk up Yonder." Of his own little sister this man can remember nothing but what is sweet and lovely and dear. But he sometimes wonders timorously whether he was so good a brother to her that she, now more than forty years in heaven, would say:

"But, were another childhood world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

Professor Beers, of Yale, looking at a bust of Thackeray aged fourteen, said: "That boy is a cruel tease; I would not want to be his little sister." A certain man—not this one—tells us that he cannot be comfortable in the presence of a moss rose, because it makes him remember a day when his little sister had such a rose and he took it away from her by force of bigger muscles, heedless of her tearful beseechings. And then she flung her arms around him and consented he should have it, and laughed at her own tears, and wept again when he kissed her. The boy behaved like a robber and the girl be-

haved like an angel; and he hates himself and the moss rose when it makes him remember his little sister's tears and her love and her laughter in the morning of life's day, and the more so when he thinks of the night that fell thereafter when the light of her face was withdrawn forever from the world. That the man who in childhood was saved from drowning by a little girl and whose boyhood was blessed by the comradeship of a little sister and who writes this monograph should have, all his life, a good opinion of little girls can surprise nobody.

The town of Westfield, N. Y., holds one unique historic memory which it should preserve imperishably. One February day in 1861 the people of that town saw the tall, gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln, on his way to Washington to be inaugurated President and to take up the heaviest burden ever laid on American shoulders, standing on the rear platform of his train which had paused at Westfield. After he had spoken briefly to the gathered citizens, he asked if little Grace Bedell was there, and when she was brought forward he said: "You see, Grace, I've let my beard grow to please you"; and then he reached for the child with his long arms and gave her a kiss as his train moved off. This child, a total stranger, seeing his picture in the papers, after his nomination and before his election, had written him a letter telling him she thought his pictures would look better with a beard, and that if he would grow one she would try to persuade her two brothers to vote for him, though they were Democrats. The great President, whose purpose a million armed men could not shake and whom plots of assassination could not swerve, had been swayed by the wish of an artless child. Why should not the town of Westfield, possessing this peculiar and unduplicated incident, perpetuate in bronze or marble that tender act of the tallest, ruggedest, and gentlest of America's great ones, bending to the touch of candid and confiding childhood, the topmost man on earth, uncrowned king of fifty millions, who, in the most solemn and perilous journey of his life, with the gaze of a nation of friends and foes fixed upon him, was not above repeating upon the stage of history the oft-repeated spectacle of the Big Man and the Little Girl?

By the verdict of twenty centuries the supreme figure in all human history is the Man of Galilee; called even by a modern agnostic "the over-towering intellectual giant of all the ages"; recognized with something of awe even by a voluptuary like De Maupassant as "Surely the finest intelligence and the most perfect nature ever seen on earth";

declared by a noted literary neo-pagan to have proved his transcendent goodness and greatness in the unparalleled words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God": who took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them, perceiving their beauty and their innocence. In the midst of ambitious men questioning who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he held up a child before them for contrast and reproof, and said: "Except ye turn and become as little children ye shall not even enter the kingdom of heaven." And awe-struck evangelists, painters, sculptors, poets, preachers never cease showing us that all-surpassing, supreme, divine figure of the childless Man of Galilee, standing in the midst of his disciples at Capernaum beside the lake, with a little child in his arms.

THE ARENA

PROSELYTING THE PASTOR

Among all Protestant communions the Methodist churches have probably been the richest field for the proselyter ever known in history. What are the causes of this? Perhaps such as these.

1. The Methodist churches have been the only churches whose spiritual vitality and productiveness and religious truth have been such that they have been able to produce workers not only enough for their own demands, but some to spare to sister churches. I do not speak of this as boasting—God forbid!—but as an historical fact. What again are the causes of this? Well, several. Speaking broadly and simply historically again, the Methodist churches have been the only large Protestant communion which have preserved in vigor the fundamental principles of biblical theology as believed in common till within recent years by all the orthodox churches, say the churches which composed the Evangelical Alliance. Do you doubt this? I could prove it, but I cannot take space now. I do not mean individuals and schools, which have of course remained orthodox, but as a whole. Now whenever a church loses its grip on the gospel as Christ and the apostles preached it it loses its productiveness. A sign of this is dependence more or less on other folds for its ministers. Then, growing out of this preservation of the gospel message, the Methodist churches have been revival churches, not only evangelical, but evangelistic. Ninety-nine hundredths of Methodist clergy have been the products of revivals. Besides, these churches have been the only churches which as a whole have emphasized experience,

and have thus preserved a warm type of Christian life which in its turn has produced Christian life. These three forces, the gospel, evangelism, experience, have constantly reacted on and helped each other, and are only parts of one force, the living Christ in the church, but they are they which we have to thank for the fact before us. Going back now, I do not mean that we have been able to produce enough adequately trained men for our work. We have not. In fact our spiritual prolificness is always running ahead of our educational output. We always have more doors open than educated men to enter them, a larger harvest field than workers to turn in and reap. We have been in the position of the Allies when Germany declared war, of the United States in the event of any war with a first-class power: enough men, but not enough trained men. So we have been compelled to use the men we have, though not graduates of college or theological seminary. And these men have often proved the wisdom of this strategy, for it takes much more than an education to make a successful minister. By diligent study they have made up as well as they could for the lack, and have shown that they have made it up by being in their turn exploited by the proselyter. For the other churches have always been willing to take our uneducated ministers *after we have trained, tested, and approved them*. Nor do I mean that the Methodist Episcopal Church *alone* is able to supply her own work. I speak broadly of Methodism as a whole. We take every year perhaps scores of young men from the fruitful lap of the Methodist churches of the old country.

2. Another cause of the richness of our opportunities for the proselyter is the singular lack of church loyalty among us. Probably one fourth of all the ministers and members of others churches have gone from our altars. Some of these have previously belonged to those folds, have been converted at our meetings, have been sent with a hearty God-bless-you back to their own church. A very few have conscientiously changed their views in polity or doctrine. The church loyalty of others has not been able to bear the strain of some real or imagined act of maladministration or other lapse by pastor, district superintendent, or bishop. Of the rest, a part has been directly proselyted, and a part through lack of church loyalty has dropped like a ripe cherry into the hands of the other communions.

But, again, what are the causes of this lack of church loyalty? Here, too, several. First, the lack of an historical consciousness. A venerable tradition has peculiar drawing power. A church whose roots go back into the centuries makes an appeal as subtle as it is compelling to some minds. Witness the Roman Church. What a mass of doctrinal and practical corruption can the one plank of antiquity float! Of course, our Protestant churches as organizations are recent as compared with Greek and Roman, but the Lutheran, the Reformed, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Congregational and the Protestant Episcopal churches are nearing their four hundredth year. That is a tradition fairly ancient, and with the additional advantage of *truth* the members of these churches are immersed in an historical atmosphere which acts against disintegration

with marvelous power. Churches more recent, even though more Christian, lack here. It is the historical consciousness, the mere holding power and charm of a long past. Second, the lack of the study of history, as well as of a history to be studied. It is almost impossible to proselyte members or ministers who are thoroughly *en rapport* with the history of their own church. Especially is this true of churches whose beginnings have been baptized with blood. Try to win over to the Episcopal Church a Presbyterian who has studied the Church History of Scotland. Could you do it? Not until he has lost either his Presbyterian faith or his self-respect. Did you ever know a Baptist who had studied early Baptist history to join a church which sent his ancestors to the dungeon or to the stake? If you did (barring a conscientious change of creed) you were sure that he was not worth proselyting. To a Baptist with an ounce of worthy pride Bedford jail speaks louder than the voices of the— fill out the sentence as you wish. Now here is a conserving influence which the Methodist churches have to a less degree, but still to a greater degree than most of their members and ministers know. They also received their baptism of fire. I mean actual martyrs a few, and confessors (those who suffered but were not put to death) many. Some of our ministers know in a general way that story, but for reasons already hinted it has not borne its legitimate fruit as a part of the historical consciousness of Methodists. In fact the story has never been fully told. A friend of mine has written it up for the first time from the original sources, and I do hope his book will be published by our Concern and circulated, as it deserves, by the thousands. It would stir the blood and challenge the loyalty of laity and clergy as nothing has done at least since Abel Stevens published in 1858 the first volume of what is now a classic, his *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century Called Methodism*, which remains to this day the finest literary monument ever erected to the history of a Protestant church. But besides the cross of martyrdom which stands there in the background of our early history, there are also other facts in our history not without legitimate force in forming the Methodist consciousness. It is only till yesterday that we were a despised people. In fact it is so yet, where older traditions still rule in Protestant communions. It is only where, as in the West, Methodism has grown up in new communities contemporaneous with other bodies that no trace is seen of that condescension, that half-despise, half-pity, half-jealousy, which was our portion from our sisters in the long, long years. Our fathers were too valiant to care for this, too aristocratic in a noble loftiness of soul, too much in the first flush of pride and of joy over our doctrines and our experience. In fact it made them only the more enthusiastic Methodists, the more loyal, the more brave and reckless in carrying the battle to the gate.

A third cause of this lack of loyalty is—contradictory as it may appear—what we might call the Methodizing of the other churches. That is, the weakness of the church consciousness of many Methodists is met by a loosening of ties to old creeds by other churches, so that Methodist pastors without the slightest change of belief are welcomed into their

parlor. The ancient feeling still exists, so that they do not come to us so readily, but the ancient creed is gone, so that we may go to them with no sacrifice of theological conviction. But you say, They sacrifice their self-respect and their history in asking us. But whose do we sacrifice in accepting?

It is not necessary to say that I write this with hearty admiration and regard for all churches, and with sincere love for all who love Christ, as well as with hopes for a larger (even an organic) union of all who name his name. But until that day comes, it is both our duty and privilege as those whom God has called into this church to know our testimony, to understand our history, to value what God has given us, and to regard it till death summons us to render unto him an account of our stewardship. A catholic inclusiveness of affection for all God's elect is consistent with intelligent and therefore persistent loyalty to that church where he has placed us.

JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

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THE WILMINGTON CONFERENCE PROPOSITION

SHALL our bishops have the veto power over legislation? This is a question of vast importance, and if it becomes a live issue in the Church it will produce a wholesome and an illuminating discussion. Matters of constitutional right and of constitutional government have received scant treatment among us in recent years. As a consequence, there is ignorance and much prejudice to overcome.

Back in the years 1816 and 1820 the matter received considerable attention, but for various causes the issue was not pressed to its logical finality. Our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, saw the importance of an episcopal veto and enacted the principle into legislation at their General Conference of 1870. It is fair to assume that the ministry and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church are as capable of self-government and as jealous of their constitutional liberties as any body of people. When once convinced that a constitutional provision for the exercise of the episcopal veto over legislation is essential or contributory to the welfare of the Church the result will not be long delayed.

In accordance with the proviso of the constitution which defines the processes of amendment, the Wilmington Conference, at its session of 1915, instituted legislation looking toward an amendment to the constitution of the Church. The Wilmington Conference believes in the episcopal veto power. We discussed the issue in all its phases at three annual sessions. We are unanimous in the belief that we have a measure that is worthy of adoption by the entire Church. We invite the most searching scrutiny of our proposition, for we believe that upon careful inspection it will commend itself to the sober judgment of the Church. The preamble to our veto proposition sets forth in brief an argument in its favor.

"PREAMBLE

"WHEREAS, The constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church makes no provision for its own protection against hasty or designed overthrow, which may be accomplished by a majority vote of any General Conference, and

"WHEREAS, The General Superintendents of the Church are the best qualified, both by their experience in the administration of the discipline and by their responsibility to the Church, to pass judgment on matters that involve constitutional law, and

"WHEREAS, There is a widespread conviction among serious thinkers of the Church that the General Conference should not be the sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts, therefore,

"Resolved, That the Wilmington Annual Conference recommends to the several Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences the passage of the following amendment to the constitution of the Church":

THE AMENDMENT

"Amend the book of Discipline, paragraph No. 42, as follows: Strike out all of section 3, and insert in lieu thereof the following:

"Section 3. The Presiding Officer of the General Conference shall decide questions of order and of law, subject to an appeal, as follows:

"First, in questions of order, an appeal to the General Conference; and if the chair be sustained by a majority of those present and voting, the decision shall stand.

"Second, in questions of law, an appeal to the General Superintendents, to be taken as follows:

"The presiding officer or any General Superintendent may raise the question of constitutionality in regard to any legislation proposed or enacted by the General Conference. When objection has thus been formally entered, the General Superintendents shall take the matter under consideration. If in the judgment of a majority of the General Superintendents the rule or law is unconstitutional they shall give their opinion in writing, with their reasons, within three days after the notice of objection. Any member of the General Conference may raise the question of constitutionality, and if he be sustained by one third of the delegates present and voting the General Superintendents shall be required to submit their opinion in writing to the General Conference. When an opinion of the General Superintendents has been given it may be challenged, but it shall require a two thirds vote of those present and voting to prevail over their decision."

Add a new section as follows:

"Section 4. When any legislation is enacted by the General Conference which is thought to be unconstitutional by a majority of the General Superintendents, they shall present to the Conference which passed such legislation, or to any succeeding General Conference, their objections thereto, with their reasons in writing, which shall be published

in the Journal of the General Conference. If the General Conference shall by a two thirds vote reaffirm its action on such legislation, it shall then take the course prescribed for the altering or amending the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The constitution is the fundamental law of the Church. Upon the constitution as a foundation are built the rights and privileges of the *General Conference* itself, of our *episcopacy*, of our Annual Conferences, and of our laymen. Embodied in the constitution are the authorized doctrines of the Church, and the General Rules for our moral guidance, and the regulations for the government of the General Conference, including the Restrictive Rules. So vital and important are these things, that the constitution may appropriately be called "The Ark of the Covenant."

The aim and intent of a constitution is to have some fundamental laws and institutions that cannot be overturned by a majority vote of any legislative assembly. In our Federal Government and in all of our State governments the Executive is given a veto power over legislation. In addition to the Chief Executive there is the Supreme Court, to which appeal can be taken to test the constitutionality of legislation. It is an anomalous situation, fraught with extreme peril to the Church. By ignorance and indifference, by stampeding, railroading, and scheming, any and every feature of the constitution can be destroyed, and that by a majority vote of the General Conference. There is no provision for reviewing or for checking any legislation that is passed by the delegates to our General Conference. Such a situation calls loudly for correction.

The plea is made that we can trust the godly judgment of the delegates to do the right thing by the Church. If that is true, what is the need of having any law or constitution to govern the General Conference? The mere statement of the question reduces the argument to an absurdity.

An objection is sometimes raised that our episcopacy is already too monarchical in spirit, and that it should be democratized. To this it may be said that the bestowment of the veto power upon the episcopacy will add to its power, but not to its *autocratic* power. The Wilmington Conference proposition so defines the exercise of that power that it can be used only to preserve our constitutional form of government. We are in no danger from the undue exercise of episcopal prerogatives where those prerogatives are restricted by law. The veto power will place greater responsibilities on our bishops during the sessions of the General Conference. It will cause them to reflect more deeply upon the principles of our ecclesiastical law, and it will enable them to stand guard when their defense is needed. If it were not for our relation as author to the book entitled *The Ark of the Covenant*, and published by The Methodist Book Concern, we would recommend our pastors and our intelligent laymen to procure and peruse the book. That book goes quite deeply into the merits of this discussion.

GEORGE A. COOKE

Wilmington, Delaware.

FROM A CAR WINDOW

It was all on account of a funeral. God spoke a name and a man answered the great roll call. So the preacher, who was at a distance, must needs hurry home to try to speak some word of comfort and hope to hearts that were breaking. Seated in the railway car, his first impulse was to busy himself with a book, but a glance out of the window banished that inclination instantaneously. That glance outward brought something of the call of the wild. God was busy out of doors this morning, and was keeping open house in his domain, asking whoever would to come and be the sharer in his occupation.

If there is any place where one feels puny it is where man's hand has had the least to do and where God alone has been at work. When surrounded by sky-scrapers, railroads, the hum of factories and the noisy movement of a world's commerce, we think of the tremendous power of human genius, but when we stand in the presence of God's works in nature man at his best dwarfs into a mere pigmy. Why read a book when one can watch the unfolding of the glory of God? So, yielding to the call from without like a schoolboy on a half-holiday, the preacher bade good-by to the book and with bounding heart went out a-field with God.

October is God's miracle of color, and it seemed on this morning as if the divine artist had discovered the secret of some new pigment, for the earth was never more gorgeously radiant, the October sun bringing out all its mellow richness. Did ever such reds and yellows and browns lavish their wealth unstintedly upon us? Here and there little black-eyed sunflowers startle us, belated stragglers of the summer time; patches of golden rod in fence-corner and by hedgerow; clumps of sumach with their rich burden of brown; vines and wild grapes trailing their way along bushes and fences. Not only is Nature here, but the hand of man has also left its impress. Nature rambles on at will, with no boundaries but gracefully winding streams; man moves geometrically, and mars the harmony of nature with a fence. So we rush by fields and farm houses which would mar the beauty of the landscape did they not add a touch of human interest to the whole and testify of man's partnership with God in the earth's tillage. We pass by fields of corn—like vast armies of soldiers in their uniforms of khaki-brown, their haversacks filled with the world's rations, some bent forward as if on hurried forced march and others quietly bivouacked in tented field waiting for the harvest day to muster them out.

Gliding around between forest and farm is the little river, now bursting on us in startling surprise, now laughing coquettishly at us and vanishing in glee, only to peep merrily out at us again from some unexpected quarter. And then the trees! O what glory God has poured out on them! We remember that it was said, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," and it occurs to us on this morning that it must be a great thing to be a tree and to have such a river near by. What strength is in the trees! What power to abide the tempest and

the rude shocks and changes of time, and yet go on developing, while men decay and pass out of memory! What histories could they unfold had we but the eye to read and the ear to hear! A touch of sadness steals over us as we think that these trees, so reckless in the gorgeousness of their beauty, must so soon be left bleak and bare, and that this sea of color will ere long ebb like the tide. But then—that is God's way with trees and men; only in the early frosts of winter does the real beauty ripen into color and richness. Thank God for the old people! They may be failing, fast falling into the "sere and yellow leaf," but they are now giving the world the best they have ever given and we thank God for the beauty of character as it shines forth in old age. And when the chill wind comes at last that sends them fluttering to earth it is that they may pass into that permanent enrichment which makes possible a larger life and a deeper inspiration for the generations that follow.

Anon we see a group of cattle under a tree. Did ever one see a more perfect picture of contentment? How care-free and trustful of the Providence that keeps them! What a contrast to man's feverish haste and worry lest to-morrow's victuals be not in to-day's basket! Yet does not the good God provide for them as for man who hurries and struggles? True, they are content with less, and one would scarce care to be an ox with no further ambition than quiet rumination in a meadow. Yet, with it all, these humble, patient creatures of God's lesser power have their message to man that he, too, should learn the lesson of quiet trust and be thankful for such things as he has.

But now nature begins to seem less glorious, her freedom less untrammelled, and the evidences of man's defacement of God's garden more pronounced. A chill falls over us, and a vague sense of recoil, for here comes the city with its litter, its dirt, its smoke, its impoverishment, and its disease of body and soul. Relentlessly we are carried on farther toward the city, and, it would seem, farther away from God. But we vastly mistake if we think that God is not urban in his instincts. He is to be found "where cross the crowded ways of life." His reflected image is to be seen deep down in the heart that sin has marred, and here, too, God is longing to put the touch of artistic beauty into life. No, we have not left God behind. We made a little excursion with him into the country, where his first works were done, but he has come back with us to the city, where his final tasks must be wrought out. The world-long journey of the race has been toward the city and God has kept pace with his people. God has come to the city to stay, and if we want to catch the final glimpses of his glory it is here we must linger, where he shall cause the race of men to unfold into the full flower of moral beauty. When we reach the city we have just gotten home to God. The seer was right when he saw in a city the end of God's working. The Bible opens in a garden, but ends in a city, a holy city, where there shall not enter anything that defileth or worketh abomination, and where the throne of God is in the midst. We are given a vision of the final city in order

that we may see what the city of the now ought to be, that we may catch its perspective and proportions. We may not seem to see God's throne now, rather Satan's seat, but God has shown us where the throne ought to be, and by his grace we will stay with him in the city until its desert shall blossom into a garden, and until, above its present din and strife, shall be heard the music of his voice in the blessed coolness of redemption's morning.

Chicago, Ill.

C. LEMONT HAY.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE VALUE OF SMALL INSTITUTIONS

THIS is the age of magnitudes; everything is planned and carried out on large conceptions and extended influence. Every interest, whether in religion or literature or art or national life, seeks to enlarge itself both in extent and in power. This sense of greatness as greatness, in appearance and no doubt in fact an essential of achievement, may be considered in a two-fold aspect: as to its usefulness and as to its permanence. We have great corporations for business; we have great armies, which we are told are for the promotion of peace but seem thus far to have failed to secure it; we have great churches holding their thousands, with great ministers in the pulpits; we have great charitable organizations extending their beneficent influence far and wide; we have great movements in literature and art, which are expanding by their very magnitude the culture and the life of our people. Nor are these to be considered as an evil, though evils do flow from them. The evil or the good of such great interests depends on how they are used and the spirit which underlies their administration.

This sense of magnitude leads to the thought on the part of many that, smaller institutions and smaller enterprises are of relatively little worth, so that only great interests are reckoned as worthy of being patronized or recognized as elements of power and usefulness. It is the thought of the writer that the most of the world's work is not done by the great interests but by smaller interests and institutions in the various localities in which they are called to serve. We may illustrate by a small church, situated in some obscure place, with a congregation perhaps not exceeding a hundred; with its small prayer meeting where a few gather together for conference and Christian experience; the small hall in some remote village where the people are accustomed to assemble for their exercises for self-improvement; the small benevolent societies, each one placing a few dollars into the treasury for which it is established; the small institution of learning, with its supposed inferior appliances, its small faculty, its meager buildings, its absence of extensive libraries, perhaps its professors without fame. Almost unconsciously these are depreciated, as not planning much for the world, and it is even suggested at times that

the smaller institutions should be done away with and that the strength of the country should be placed in the few with large endowments, eminent professors, and multitudes of students.

A true view will recognize the value of both, but at the present time the importance seems to us to lie in recognizing the value of the small college and the small church. In the first place, we must consider the aggregates. The small churches are much more numerous than the large ones, and when we consider the results achieved by them, and count them as a whole, we will find perhaps they surpass in influence the greater institutions which are so well known. Out of small institutions have proceeded some of our choice literature and some most scholarly productions. From small institutions of learning have come some of our foremost men; if one were to take up the lives of the famous men, in statesmanship, science and religion, who have come from small institutions, we would be surprised at their number. The writer has now in view men of high standing, great ability, wonderful influence, whose training was in a college where there were relatively few students, small faculties, and well-nigh destitute of libraries.

Then, too, the smaller institutions conserve the primary education; that is, the education that has come down to us from the years as the best form of training the youthful mind. The substantial courses are laid out by the wise instructors so that they can serve what is highest and best in the training of the age. What they lack in the number of courses offered may be met in part by the concentration on the subjects of greatest importance. The statement of Garfield as to the definition of a university has its significance that should not be overlooked. Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and the student at the other would be an institution of learning provided the man at the end of the log where the teacher sat was a Mark Hopkins, or some one equivalent to him.

This thought comes to the writer on reading a paper by Viscount Bryce on the present war. He emphasizes the value of the protection of the small states because it is the small states—or the states when they are small, or during the time that they were small—that accomplish the greatest achievements in literature, science, and art. We quote a few passages from it which illustrate the subject we have under consideration. He says: "The Greeks were a small people, not united in one great state but scattered over coasts and among islands in petty city communities, each with its own life; slender in numbers, yet they gave us the richest, most varied, and most stimulating of all literatures. . . . When poetry and art reappeared after the long night of the Dark Ages, their most splendid blossoms flowered in the small republics of Italy. . . . England had, in the age of Shakespeare, Dickens, and Milton, a population little larger than that of Bulgaria to-day. The United States in the days of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Hamilton and Marshall counted fewer inhabitants than Denmark or Greece. In the most productive period of German literature and thought, the age of Kant, Lessing, Goethe, Hegel, and Schiller, there was no real German State at all, but a

congeries of principalities and free states, independent centers of intellectual life in which letters and science produced a richer group than the two succeeding generations have raised. Just as Great Britain also, with eight times the population of the year 1600, has had no more Shakespeares or Miltons."

He then proceeds to show that the real test of national greatness is service; he says again, "Not population, nor territory, not wealth, not military power; rather will history ask, what examples of lofty character and unselfish devotion and honor and duty has the people given? What has it done to increase the volume of knowledge? What thoughts and ideals of permanent value and unexhausted fertility has it bequeathed to mankind? What works has it produced in poetry, in music, and other arts, to be an unfailing source of enjoyment to posterity?" "And," he adds, "the smaller peoples need not fear the application of this test."

The point of the discussion in which we are engaged does not in the slightest degree tend to suggest that institutions should remain small; each should aim to do its best and provide for the wants of the age of which they form a part; and the overlooking of the service which the smaller institutions render, which in the aggregate must be far more extensive than that of the others, is a danger against which we should be on our guard. Some of the most potent influences in the evolution of the world have come from small states, small churches, and small institutions of learning, and their worth should be recognized.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LATEST IN OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM

"The settled results of criticism" is a phrase much used by the more radical wing of Old Testament scholars, which will not stand the scientific tests to which it has been and continues to be subjected, simply because much of what they so designate is purely subjective and lacking a solid, logical foundation. Indeed, the so-called "settled results," many of them, at least, are much less settled to-day than they were ten years ago. Though the conservatives may never again be able to stand on the same ground that the fathers did, they will not have to give up nearly as much as the disciples of Wellhausen. Even the staunchest followers of this school are now considering, in the light of new discoveries, the possibilities of other systems and a revision "of certain canons set up by Wellhausen."

Much has been done in this country and also in England to counteract the advanced doctrines of the liberal critics, on the ground that their conclusions were not only illogical but subversive of the truth, and tending to destroy our allegiance to the sacred Scriptures and even to Jesus Christ as our Divine Saviour. There was an allurements about Wellhausenism that caught many of the unwary who imagined that there was but

little more in it than questions of dates and authorship, whereas the entire system was based on "rationalistic preconceptions and disbelief in the supernatural altogether." What wonder that the result has been denial of the necessity of redemption, of atonement, and of the deity of Christ? A writer in one of the London dailies, discussing the baneful influences of German rationalism and theology, says among other things: "Every effort has been made to popularize them far and wide. Recently, however, there have been observable the beginnings of a reaction; accepted assumptions are called in question under the pressure of hostile facts. English and American scholars are growing restive under German domination, and critics who certainly could not be described as conservative are in revolt against the extremes and extravagances of Teutonic dogmatism. The disillusion was bound to come; the only cause for wonder has been the long run enjoyed by so gigantic an imposture. The latter term is not too strong to be applied to a systematic attempt to palm off as embodying the result of 'scholarship' a number of speculative theories really dictated by unbelief in the Christian Revelation, and a determination to eliminate the miraculous from human history."

Wellhausenism may not be responsible for all the false teachings that have followed in its train, but it has contributed not a little to looser views of Jesus Christ, the Holy Scriptures, the nature of sin, and other basal doctrines of Christianity. No wonder, therefore, that a reaction has set in in favor of a return to the ancient landmarks. This has been done along the line of textual criticism, of comparison of the ancient versions, notably the Septuagint. The discovery of papyrus at Elephantine has also occasioned considerable discussion of the documentary theory and has demanded a restatement of the same. The liberal critics are now willing to grant that they never denied the great antiquity of Jewish laws, or that these existed as traditions from time immemorial, but insist that the Priestly code in its written form as we now have it is either exilic or post-exilic, or, as Dr. Driver said, "the date of the redaction of the laws in Leviticus must be carefully distinguished from the date of the laws themselves." The average reader will find it difficult to understand how even as keen an intellect as Dr. Driver's could have made this distinction. If these laws existed from the time of Moses or earlier in an unwritten form and were handed down from memory till they were finally put into writing at the time of or after the exile, the whole aspect of the case is changed. But where is the proof for this assumption?

Few will care to deny that the beginning of the documentary theory commenced with Astruc, a French physician and biblical critic, who died in Paris in 1766. He maintained that two main sources were discernible in the book of Genesis, one in which the divine name Jehovah (or without the vowels *Jhv̄h*) and another, where Elohim is employed. Of late years, this theory, notwithstanding its widespread acceptance, has been seriously questioned, and nowhere more so than at the University of Leyden, where Kuenen was the great apostle of Wellhausenism. Eerdman has completely turned his back on Kuenen's position, though occupying the chair

vacated by the death of the latter. Dr. Troelstra, also a lecturer at the same university, has turned his guns against the Jehovah-Elohim doctrine and has written a little book entitled *The Name of God in the Pentateuch*; or, *The Base of Biblical Criticism Reexamined*, wherein he contends that the argument from the use of the appellations Jehovah and Elohim, on which the documentary theory was founded, must be abandoned. It would be easy to enumerate other distinguished scholars who have arrived at the same conclusion, but we will mention only one more, Johannes Dachse, a learned German pastor and a skilled critic. He says: "The worthlessness of the names of the Deity as a source distinctive has been pointed out in the *American Journal of Theology* for 1904 by Redpath, in England by Wiener, in Holland by Eerdman, in Germany by Klostermann, Johannes Lepsius, and myself." This being true, it is evident that a backward movement toward Moses has set in. True, there are those, like Dr. Skinner and others (see articles in the *Expository* for 1913), who make light of this anti-critical position, and maintain that if Dachse could demonstrate his contention, even then the critical position would not materially suffer. The time was, however, and that not long ago, when the Jehovah-Elohim doctrine was one of the main pillars of the documentary theory in the temple of Higher Criticism.

It must have been arguments like the above which prompted Dr. Welch to utter in his inaugural address at New College, Edinburgh, the following words: "That school, which has been so long dominant that it has passed into the accepted position, is now being subjected to keen criticism. And the criticism is no longer confined to insistence on the dangerous tendencies of the hypothesis or on the disturbing character of the results; it has taken for its arms the weapons used by the school in its days of unquestioned triumph—the weapons of scientific accuracy." This is from Scotland, the country through which Germany exports its theological hypotheses. The learned professor might have presented the case much more strongly. But, let it be remembered, he does not fully repudiate the Graf-Wellhausen-Kuenen theory. On the other hand, he plainly expresses his opinion that it has not been exploded, much less that modern scholarship is stretching out its hands to welcome the old traditional views.

The critical theory has always insisted that it has followed the purely scientific method regardless of consequences. And yet who has examined its teachings closely and does not know that it contains more speculative philosophy than science, more theory than demonstrated fact? How many of our readers have met keen lawyers, eminent jurists, members of any evangelical church, men accustomed to weigh evidence and to analyze argument, who have accepted the critical theories of Wellhausen and his school? So far we have not seen one. The fact is, laymen are more conservative in biblical criticism than the learned doctors in our colleges and seminaries. Some will object by saying that the laymen have too little linguistic, critical, and technical knowledge in such matters. And yet no less a critic than the late Professor Robertson Smith, one of the

leaders in the new radical criticism, said: "The questions with which criticism deals are within the scope of any one who reads the English Bible carefully and is able to think clearly without prejudice about its contents." All of us are in some sense evolutionists, but then it is impossible for us to go as far as many of our friends, the liberal critics, and rule out the miraculous element in the development of Judaism, which culminated in Christianity. It would be unfair to say that all the disciples of Wellhausen deny the supernatural in the religion of Israel, for there are critics and critics; but we do say without fear of contradiction that they all reduce the miraculous to a minimum. As Dr. Welch points out, the opinions of the critics as to the divine revelation and evolution influenced deeply and subtly the Wellhausen theory and helped toward its success. "As time has gone on, these underlying opinions have worked themselves out, as such opinions sooner or later do, with a curiously remorseless logic, and have carried later men to positions which were not previously clear." Dr. Johns, of Saint Catherine's College, Cambridge, certainly not a radical conservative, in speaking of the critical school—and favorably, too—very significantly remarks: "As experience shows there is very little permanence about the critical views, we had best confine ourselves to the latest presentation."

The results of the excavations in Bible lands have shown most conclusively that the system is built upon a very shaky foundation. Many of the empty conjectures of this school have vanished like mist before the rising sun. The liberal critics in general speak lightly of archaeology. And yet none of the discoveries in Palestine or elsewhere have so far brought to light anything contradictory to the Old Testament record, while some of them bear eloquent testimony to its truth. Many of the older readers of the REVIEW remember when the critics argued that a book the size of the Pentateuch could not have been the product of the Mosaic age, because writing was not known at that time. Everyone knows now that the art of writing was common many centuries before Moses. Nothing daunted by this fact, our critical friends frankly admitted their mistake, but replied that such a perfect code of laws could not have originated at such an early date. It was contrary to their theory of evolution. But, lo and behold, De Morgan discovered at Susa the Hammurabi stele, older by some centuries than the tables of Sinai. Nearly three score of the laws on this monument bear remarkable similarity to those of Moses. Indeed, half this number are almost exact parallels in content and language. Hammurabi lived at least five hundred years before Moses, and yet his code possesses such evidence of a high state of civilization. The critics admit it all, but blandly tell us that Babylonia was not the desert of the Exodus. So Moses and the rest of them, including JE P, and D, must have borrowed from Babylonia, and largely after the Babylonian captivity.

Wellhausen, for some reason, will hear nothing of an advanced stage of civilization among the early Hebrews. They were mere nomads, inferior even to the Canaanites, whom they subdued. They needed no such

laws, nor could they have used them. Therefore, "every part of Hebrew law which implied a settled habitation and the practises which arise from a settled habitation had to be put later than the period of the transference of the people to Canaan." How did Wellhausen know that the Hebrew stood so low in the scale of civilization? What did he know of Canaanite law and civilization? Did he not derive all his knowledge from the Hebrew Scriptures and his own fertile imagination?

It seems to us that there is a better explanation. The Semites had a high degree of culture ages before the Exodus and the conquest of Canaan. The Hebrews never were absolutely out of touch with other Semitic peoples. Even the sojourn in the wilderness did not cut them off from all communication with these. They were never very far from the Moabites, Edomites, Amalekites, etc. Moses, we are expressly told, came into very close relation with Jethro, a priest of Midian. There must have been a community of ideas among these several and nearly related tribes. The story of Israel, if it teaches anything, teaches that the Hebrews, while a distinct and exclusive people, easily assimilated the ideas and laws of other nations. If there was a high type of civilization in Egypt and Canaan, why should there not have been among the Hebrews? Why depress the date of all law and religious culture in Israel? Let us again quote Dr. Welch: "It was enormously difficult to understand how a faith and a national character, which were a patchwork from all the faiths of the East, could have outlived all those from which it had borrowed and created the most self-sufficing and enduring of all the religious types."

Then it is full time to give more credence to the witness of the Hebrew Scriptures. The critics have been far too prone to relegate all that did not conform with their evolutionary theory to the realm of legend and myth. Thus it was with Troy, Crete, and Egypt no less than Israel. But Minos and Menes, as well as Moses, continue to live in the story of the world and its civilization, and object to being blotted out from the pages of authentic history.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SCHLATTER'S CHRISTIAN ETHICS

WHILE Adolf Schlatter, of Tübingen, has long been esteemed by a large circle of admirers as one of the first theologians of our time, anything like a universal recognition of his merits has come but slowly. The publication, within the last six years, of several comprehensive works of exceptional significance has done much to extend and enhance his reputation. His *Theologie des Neuen Testaments* (1909 and 1910) and *Das Christliche Dogma* (1911) have already received due notice in these pages. His latest work of first-rate importance is his *Christliche Ethik* (Calw and Stuttgart, 1914).

Schlatter is both an original thinker and a profoundly religious

personality. Once a disciple of the young Nietzsche, he was won to a positive Biblical Christianity by Beck in Tübingen. His first important literary venture, *Der Glaube im Neuen Testament* (Faith as set forth in the New Testament), was published in 1885, when its author was thirty-three. It has been twice thoroughly revised and is the standard work upon the subject. Of his many later works we mention only his *Expositions of the New Testament* and his many weighty essays and studies in the *Beiträge zur Förderung Christlicher Theologie*, a periodical of which he has been joint editor since its beginning in 1897.

With Schlatter it is not the formal scientific method, but the content of thought, that claims our interest. He is not one of those theologians whose chief concern is to determine, not what to say, but where to say it. Yet, in reality, he is unusually interesting even in the methodological aspect of his work. All this, however, we pass by, and will give a few quotations from the *Ethics* as specimens of the quality of his thinking.

The fundamental principles of Christian ethics are powerfully set forth under the head: "Our Vocation." In pointing out that the Christian conception of the ethical question transcends the doctrine of virtue, Schlatter says: "So long as a theory of virtue gives us our goal, we possess the selfish will and mean to live for ourselves. That is the ethics of the man that is separated from God and therefore rendered solitary, that sees no one above himself to whom he may give heed, and knows no one besides himself for whom he means to devote his life. To those, on the other hand, whom God has called to himself by the gospel of Jesus, it has become impossible to place their goal in their own states and excellences. For they live for God, for Jesus, through whom they are God's, and for those with whom God has linked them." Yet Schlatter does not fail to make clear the other side of the matter. The Christian's vocation to labor for others in the service of God "affords us the strongest motive to self-development." Whatever understanding the doctrine of virtue has acquired or may acquire "is most thankfully appropriated by the doctrine of vocation. . . . Nevertheless the Christian ethics remains separated from the doctrine of virtue by the all-comprehensive difference, that we no longer see in our excellence in practice the end, . . . but make it the means, whereby we serve God in his church. Not until we understand that by our virtues we procure for others the gifts of the grace of God, do we know our calling."

From the same standpoint Schlatter shows how the Christian ethics also transcends the "goods ethics" and even the "duty ethics." On the last point he says: "Even when we inquire after our duties, we have not yet grasped our Christian vocation. It is true, when we are concerned to ask what is our duty, we approach the apprehension of our Christian vocation, because then we are considering our relations to others. . . . In Christ we know God as not merely requiring our activity of us, but as graciously giving it to us, as not merely laying upon us a rule of service, but as giving us the love through which we fulfill it."

We reproduce a characteristic passage on "the purifying of worship."

"If in our divine service we conduct ourselves believingly, we are conscious of being set in the presence of the work of God, and accordingly do not look for the success of the service in our own work in connection with it, and do not close our hearts to the work of God, but rather open them for his gift, in order that it may do its work in us. Thus we are lifted above that oscillation of which the public worship of the church is ailing, where in the one case the act of worship is supposed to bring forth its salutary effect even without a recipient, in the other the recipient alone must put the effectual content into it. In the former case we have the prayer that is supposed to be effectual merely by virtue of its being spoken, even if it is not considered and intended; the reading of the Bible that does not require to be understood; the sermon that in reality needs no hearer, since it has nothing in particular to say to anyone, but is merely delivered; the sacrament that confers grace by its mere performance, without the hearer's participation. In the other case we have the prayer to which our religious strength is expected to impart the quality that makes it worthy to be granted, so that in our prayer we lay stress upon the urgency of our desire and the strength of our faith and ascribe to prayer power over God's government; the sermon in which we seek to move the hearer by the excellence of our thought and the compelling force of our will; the sacrament in which our repentance, faith, and obedience are expected to furnish the content, so that its effectual operation is dependent upon the successful correctness of our preparation, and the question whether, when we were baptized, we possessed the necessary maturity of faith, and when we partook of the Lord's Supper we brought the requisite strength of godly sorrow and of love, assumes controlling significance. The purging of our worship of God of everything that perverts it to a magical influence of God and to a contemplation of our religious performances is attained only by our founding it, not upon our belief, but upon our faith. Then the worship springs not from our religious effort, but from the divine gift, which draws near to us in order that we receive it, and thus makes us active in our own personal act, active, however, as those who receive that which is offered us in Christ."

This interesting though rather heavy passage represents only one of several profound lines of thought on the subject of public divine service. We add a few sentences on our relation to word and sacrament in their unity: "In that we place our whole divine service under the rule of faith we effectually avoid all dismemberment of the divine grace and are conscious of constantly having to do with its entire glory. So we are not to suppose that in baptism we received only a fragment of the divine grace, afterward again a fragment through the Lord's Supper; nor are we to put the word below the sacrament, as if without the latter the divine gift were not bestowed; nor the sacrament below the word, for the alleged reason that the former presents only a veiled repetition of the word. Both modes of contact with Jesus—that his word comes to us and his work lays hold of us—are alike indispensable to us. Because Jesus's work reaches us through his sacraments we can so tell his message that

it shall produce faith, not merely as an abstract doctrine concerning which it remains doubtful whether it also touches us, but as really directed to us; not as a meditation which contemplates our own piety, but as the call of God which draws us to him; and because we hear the message of Jesus we can so give and receive his sacrament that in that which Jesus did we recognize the divine grace and receive the reconciliation from him. Therefore we corrupt our divine service when on account of the sacrament the word perishes, and in like manner when on account of the word the sacrament perishes. If for the sake of the sacrament we lose the word, it becomes manifest that the divine operation is supposed to be accomplished upon us but not in us, and to procure for us salvation in such a manner that we ourselves in our inner state remain without God. For as in the inward act of our life we are turned to God the word becomes indispensable to us. If, on the other hand, we make of the sacrament only another form of religious instruction, this shows that we desired to concern ourselves with God only in the way of thinking, merely to believe, without loving and acting. For as we suffer ourselves to be led to God with our will through the word, the work of Jesus becomes indispensable to us and we thank him that he not only speaks to us, but also acts for us, and has prepared for us his cleansing bath and his table."

The dogmatic view of the sacraments that underlies Schlatter's ethics of the sacraments is essentially Reformed rather than Lutheran. As kindred to the arguments just cited we reproduce a few sentences from the chapter on "Our Relation to the Churchly Office," specially on "the protection of the ministerial office against profanation." "The effectiveness of the office-bearers depends upon whether they are able to make the religious right of their office plain. If the thought arises that the clergyman is serving selfish ends, whether they spring from the party spirit of his church or from his personal ambition, that he is saying to us only his own word, not the word of God, that he is imposing upon us merely his own will as commandment, not the commandment of God, then along with the religious character of the office its power to establish the church and to unite it unto harmonious divine service is utterly destroyed. Thus out of the ministerial office there grows a constant tendency to seduce us to godlessness, since in the word of the minister we find only his own opinion, in his consolation only his friendly sentiment, in his admonitions to penitence only his personal displeasure, in his words of promise only his hopes. Since the ministerial office in this corrupt form brings us into communion only with man, it no longer brings to us the call to God and no longer provides us the opportunity to worship God."

Concerning Christian discipline Schlatter has some interesting things to say. Discipline must be grounded in faith and exercised only for purely Christian ends and by purely Christian means. It has not for its end the separation of the offender from God and the church, but rather, if possible, his restoration. "Let not him that cannot forgive take a word of reproof upon his lips, and let not him that, in exposing the church's

sins, is not bound more firmly to her, dare to rebuke her." The extreme disciplinary act is the withdrawal of fellowship, but this should take place only after all efforts toward an understanding have proved fruitless. Only in the rarest cases should it be found necessary to call in the power of the state to enforce this exclusion from participation in the affairs of the church. "It is for us to speak the word of Jesus so plainly in our public services that those whom it displeases will avoid them, to fill the celebrations of the Lord's Supper so powerfully with the attestation of faith and love that those who are not open to these will not desire it, and in our personal conduct to show so clearly that we belong to Christ that those who reject him will not desire our friendship."

Particularly interesting to us on account of a certain grave question in American Methodism are Schlatter's paragraphs on "the exclusion of the law from discipline." "The temptation always assails us to make a written formula instead of the Spirit, a law instead of grace, the basis of discipline; to fix a minimal standard, according to which we shall determine each individual's right in the church; to set forth an index of the 'articles necessary to salvation,' and parallel with this a list of the performances necessary to Christian morality; likewise, also, to prepare an enumeration of the heresies and offenses which separate one from the church. But in this way our fellowship is severed from faith and is put upon the basis of a law from which it is supposed our portion in the church, in Christ, and in God is dependent. Since thus we set aside the fundamental rule of the universal Christian Church, that neither the measure of our knowledge nor the greatness of our performances, but our faith, whether it be small or great, sets us in the fellowship of Jesus and in the love of God, all such legal enactments are to be extirpated as a corruption of the church. For as the fulfillment of the prescribed statute is held to be the important event that procures for us our standing as Christians our faith severs itself from Christ and bases itself upon that which we think and do. Through the contemplation of our own performances, however, we shall never find certitude. For such as would find certitude thus there is either, on the one hand, the care of the serious, who torment themselves with anxious questioning whether they think quite correctly and act quite aright, or, on the other hand, in the case of those whom the thought of God moves less deeply, a light-minded conformity to the prescribed law, which begets an abundance of hypocrisy. Now discipline is practiced, not for the destruction, but for the preservation of the church; but she is destroyed if in the manner in which we administer discipline we annul faith."

We have reproduced these passages because they are characteristic specimens of the thinking of one of the really great theologians of our time. The passages quoted are in part rather cumbersome in style. In this regard they are below Schlatter's standard. Yet one must grant that literary form is not his *forte*. Those who are willing to read for the richness of thought rather than for æsthetic form soon come to read Schlatter with profound enjoyment.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Christian Life in the Modern World. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals (Emeritus) in Harvard University. 8vo, pp. 234. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

THE value of this book is not to be measured by its size, but by its contents. Whatever Professor Peabody writes is deserving of serious consideration, for he is one of the most clear-sighted of ethical thinkers in this country. One of his earliest books, on Jesus Christ and the Christian Character, has passed through several editions and is now published in a fifty-cent edition. In this volume he considered the spiritual strength of Christ's character and he pointed out, after discussing the pressing problems of the day, that most blessed consequences will follow if Christ's supremacy is practically acknowledged. This latest volume courageously faces the complex facts of modern life and reaches the optimistic conclusion that the Christian life can be lived. "As one looks back over the series of problems which have been briefly considered—the life of the family, the work of the industrial world, the making and spending of money, and the perplexities of politics—what is the redemptive force which each in turn has seemed to need? It is a revival of idealism, a life and power of the spirit, an association with souls who have found their lives in God." In the first chapter, on "The Practicability of the Christian Life," he refers to a situation which cannot be ignored: "The ominous fact confronts the modern world that a very large proportion, not only of frivolous and superficial people, but also of serious and cultivated minds, have simply dropped the motives of religion from among their habitual resources, and are supported in their experiences by sanctions and consolations derived from science or art, from work or play." He also inquires whether the Christian religion is actually molding the habits of Christian believers and whether the ideals of Christianity are revered much more than they are realized. "The reaction from Christianity is not so much intellectual as it is moral. The most threatening enemy of religion is not infidelity but inconsistency." Dr. Peabody has no sympathy with a prevailing school of thinkers who regard Jesus as an enthusiastic apocalypticist, who contemplated an approaching catastrophe of the world and whose ethical teachings were *interim*, intended only for the distress of that day. "The greatness of Jesus is in his having so many ideas for any one of which men have been willing to die. His teaching is marked by sanity and poise among solicitations to excess; by many-sidedness, by sympathetic wisdom. The variations in the teaching are precisely what give the key to its interpretation. They compel one to penetrate through the occasionalism of the

teaching to the principles which these incidental utterances disclose, and to apply to new and unprecedented conditions a teaching which necessarily used the language and met the needs of its own time." The ethics of Jesus is the science of spiritual dynamics; its purpose is to communicate power and its aim is to increase life. Those who accept not the teaching but the teacher, who also is the Saviour, have found that the Christian life is practicable. In the light of this fact Dr. Peabody considers some of the problems of our day in a very discerning and instructive way. This discussion is all the more timely because we are in the midst of many heart-searchings and not a few are viewing the outcome in a pessimistic spirit. This is, however, not necessary, as is shown in this message. Wherever a living Christianity has been honestly and earnestly given control a way has always been discovered out of the perilous and perplexing difficulties. Each of the chapters contains much food for thought and encouragement. The family is threatened by those who abuse it and by those who abandon it, and he shows how it can be made the school of character. If the business world submits to the test of service the forces of commercialism will be submerged in Christian idealism and the result will be a purified industrialism. The making and spending of money must be governed by the principle of stewardship. The two chapters on this subject furnish material for several sermons. What is said about the negotiations of diplomacy is very pertinent. The paradoxical character of American politics is explained by the fact that the United States is the "melting-pot" of the nations. "Acquisitiveness and generosity, hardness and softness, the spirit of commercialism and the faith of idealism, contend for mastery. The same people who have impressed observers as sharp traders and keen politicians have surprised the world by acts of unprecedented magnanimity and romantic self-denial." This is well put, and if not for the limits of space we had wished to quote a page and a half from the illuminating chapter on "The Christian Life and the Modern State." The last chapter deals searchingly with the duty of the Christian Church in this time of crisis. It is only a simplified, socialized, and spiritualized church which can answer the Macedonian calls, from home and abroad, to set life in true perspective and to make real the Kingdom of God.

The Books of the Apocrypha. Their Origin, Teaching, and Contents. By the Rev. W. O. E. OESTERLEY, D.D. 8vo, pp. xiv+553. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$3, net.

WE are indebted to Dr. Oesterley for several volumes which show marks of the finest scholarship and are, therefore, distinguished contributions to biblical study. He was the joint author with G. H. Box of *The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue*, which is a description of Judaism as a vital organism in its faith and practice and, therefore, indispensable for a correct and adequate exegesis of the New Testament. His next volume was *The Evolution of the Messianic Idea*, which traced this conception in the religious literature of ancient peoples and more

especially in the Old Testament. This was followed by a most valuable commentary on Ecclesiasticus in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, which is without doubt the best thing in English on the subject. And now comes his masterpiece on the Apocrypha. This volume is of the greatest value to a knowledge of the Old Testament, to an understanding of the background of the New Testament, and particularly of the Jewish environment of early Christianity. Many characters who are conspicuous in the pages of the Gospels can now be interpreted from the point of view of their own teachings. Thus the doctrinal standpoint of the Sadducees is found in Ecclesiasticus, and the religious experience of the Pharisees can be distinctly understood from the Prayer of Manasses. Part II of this volume is an introduction to the Apocrypha. It is a careful discussion of the contents and teaching of the several books and an appraisal of their value. We regard it as necessary and important for a knowledge of the Apocrypha, as Driver's or McFadyen's Introductions are for the Old Testament, or Moffatt's and Peake's Introductions for the New Testament. It is, however, Part I which has captured our interest. A list of the chapter titles will explain the significance of this section: "The Hellenistic Movement," "Hellenistic Influence upon the Jews of Palestine and of the Dispersion," "Traces of Greek Influence in the Old Testament and in the Apocrypha," "The Apocalyptic Movement," "The Scribes," "The Pharisees and Sadducees," "The Origin of the Old Testament Canon," "Uncanonical Books," "The Apocalyptic Literature," "The Wisdom Literature," "The Doctrinal Teaching of the Apocrypha." The last chapter is of unusual value, dealing as it does with such subjects as God, the Law, Sin, Grace and Free-Will, the Messiah, the Future Life, Angels, and Demonology. The following quotation emphasizes the significance of these writings: "The main value of the books of the Apocrypha for the study of the New Testament lies in their doctrinal teaching. But there are some other ways, also useful, though of less importance, whereby these books can be utilized for New Testament study. Some of them, and above all Ecclesiasticus, throw much light on the customs and manner of life of the Jews which helps us in a number of particulars to understand the Gospels better; others, such as Judith, illustrate the intensely national feeling of the Jews which helps to explain much that we read in the Acts, especially of Saint Paul's treatment by the Jews; or again, the early part of Baruch gives us some insight into the long prayers which were in vogue among the Jews; Wisdom shows us, among other things, the Hellenistic spirit whereby not a few Jews, especially those of the Dispersion, were animated; this is important for the understanding of much that we read in the Pauline epistles." This concise summary should stimulate every student of the New Testament to become familiar with these writings whose influence can be clearly traced in the Gospels and Epistles. The unfortunate association of the name, Apocrypha, with heretical writings has had a great deal to do with creating a prejudice against the particular books which are included under this general title. Dr. Oesterley has rendered a valuable service in enabling us to see their intrinsic merit and worth and in encouraging

us to become familiar with them. Although they are not found within the Canon of Scripture, many of them, like the Book of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, are in the closest accord with canonical Scripture and have a message which is eminently helpful. A valuable feature of this volume for the student is the summary of each chapter, in which the author brings together the results of the particular study. The thoroughness of preparation is further evidenced by six indexes, which cover every phase of the subject and make this a really valuable book of reference, and one that will be constantly used in the study and exposition of the Bible.

The Sword of the Lord. By REV. ARTHUR C. HILL. 8vo, pp. x, 295. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

THE first volume by Mr. Arthur C. Hill had the suggestive title, *Shall We Do Without Jesus?* It was a frank and fearless discussion of the indispensable place of our Lord in modern life and the important contribution which his teachings have made to religious thought. This second volume is a sequel to it and deals with the demands of Jesus on his disciples. The discussions are in the form of essays which are written in a vigorous style. He first discusses the great outstanding Christian principles and then gives an illuminating exposition of those distinctive virtues which should characterize the followers of Jesus. The call is thus expressed: "The Christian disciple has often been the sentinel set to guard the treasures of the human spirit. Destroyer of the vile, preserver of the pure, he has been at once the breaker and the bullder, the chosen agent of the Highest in the making of our world. It seems clear that if the moral wealth accumulated by humanity is not to be submerged, like a boat scuttled in mid-ocean by the waves of a new barbarism, we must look for protection to those who acknowledge, with open confession or with silent devotion, the authority of the Nazarene. The Christian disciple, fine flower of a culture at once human and divine, who carries the secret of a moral fortitude which is the glory of the world, must again prove himself the efficient champion of our race, our civilization, our faith." This is the kind of a book which meets the needs of our day. We have heard it said repeatedly in these recent months that Christianity has been discredited, and that all signs point to a speedy and complete collapse. This is the claptrap cant of the marketplace and of the street. It may doubtless be that the so-called Christianity of the churches has been found wanting, but the history of the church shows that more than once this has been the case, and men like Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Wesley, Edwards, and Moody have presented the Christianity of Christ as set forth in the pages of the New Testament to the world with very satisfactory results. Mr. Hill has written a volume which holds up the imperial and imperative standards of Christianity. He clearly demonstrates by sound reasoning and by numerous quotations from literature and history that the supreme mission of Jesus was to make disciples of a

virile character who will not be embarrassed or overwhelmed in the presence of difficulty. "To be safe on the high seas the man in command must be ever on the watch. Feasting at the table the passengers know not the nearness of death until the keel grinds upon the iceberg or the side is pierced by the bow of another ship. So the men who are fighting for religion need to know that they are never less safe than when all seems going smoothly and trouble is far removed from their minds. To confront good hap or ill with impartial mind, content to face the worst and yet grateful for the best when it comes, this is the mark of the saint of God." It is well to be reminded that Christianity is equal to all the religious and moral demands of the Occidental as well as in the Oriental world, in times of peace no less than in times of war. Speaking of the excellence of the Christian teaching Mr. Hill says: "Christian teachers have been far too timid in their enforcement of Christian morals upon the public conscience. They have been content to modify and whittle away the plain precepts of Christ until there has been little difference between the judgment of the nonreligious man and that of the professed disciple. We need a restatement of the claims of Christ on the public conscience. If the Christian religion is to affect mankind the moral precepts that are bound up with it must be much more boldly proclaimed." There are striking chapter headings which appeal at once to the imagination and the sense of ideal values. For instance, Book II is on "Virtues that Count." Here are some of the titles: "Acquainted with Wrath" refers to righteous indignation; "With the Colors" deals with loyalty and courage; "Without Prejudice" refers to impartiality; "Enough is as Good as a Feast" considers temperance; "The Blessed Art of Doing Without" discusses contentment; "For Benefits Received" is a chapter on gratitude. Book III is on "Children of Earth," and he takes up the following subjects: "Our Fatherland," which deals with patriotism; "Christ or Thor?" which discusses war; "With the Rulers of Men" and "At the Feet of the Rabbis" consider respectively politics and education. One of the last chapters is entitled "By Eastern Windows," in which Mr. Hill deals with the subject of prayer in quite an original way. He says: "The place of intercessory prayer has never been accurately defined by Protestant teachers, but the experience of many men makes it probable that there is in such prayer a salutary influence of immense value. How is it, then, that we do not labor to exert this remedial skill? In the quiet of the nighttime, when the evil of the day is curtained from men's eyes, why do we not turn our thoughts to those who watch in sorrow and tears the passing of the dilatory hours? We who believe in philanthropy, who fly from the sight of starved bodies and shrunken limbs and weep at the pictured image of a strangled dog, have we no moments to spare for man's spiritual ills?" This volume is a splendid study of Christian ethics. There is here plentiful material for the Christian thinker and much help to the preacher who must so commend the exalted virtues and glories of the Christian life from the pulpit that his hearers will be pressed to accept them as their standards for daily living.

Works of Martin Luther, with Introduction and Notes. Vol. I. Pages x+412. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Company. Price, cloth, \$2.00.

AN interesting article could be written on the history of the English translations of Luther, and another on the history of the influence or reaction of Luther's writings on the thought and life of English-speaking lands. A few hours in the British Museum would help in the first article, but for the second one would have to possess a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of modern church history and literature. Suffice it to say now that only within recent years and in America has anything been done in a systematic way to present Luther in English. The Rev. Dr. John Nicholas Lenker, of Minneapolis, has the honor of inaugurating that project—a project on which, strange to say, silence is kept in the preface to this edition. Through the Lutheran Press of Minneapolis he has put out fourteen volumes of translations of Luther (1903-08). The noted Luther expert, Dr. Preserved Smith, is publishing through the Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia, a translation of a selection of Luther's letters, to be completed in three or four volumes, of which the first has already been noticed in this REVIEW. We understand this new Holman translation is not to duplicate the Lenker or Smith translations, though both are ignored in the preface. The volume now before us (the first of ten) is admirable in every way. Well printed, Luther accurately translated, with excellent introductions, the text annotated when necessary—the whole book reflects no small honor on that noble band of theological teachers and ministers who apparently center around Mount Airy Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, whence has proceeded the inspiration for the work—led by the Nestor, the Rev. Professor Dr. Henry E. Jacobs, and seconded by his scholarly son, the Rev. Professor Dr. Charles M. Jacobs. This volume contains Luther's Prefaces to his collected writings of the editions of 1539 and 1545, his Disputation on Indulgences (ninety-five Theses) with three Letters bearing on them, and his treatises on Baptism, Confession, Consolation, Good Works, the Mass or Supper, and the Papacy at Rome—all 1520, except the first three (Theses 1517, Baptism 1519). Though more or less familiar with them in the original, this reviewer has read them all carefully in this translation, and so can bear testimony to the power and freshness with which Luther deals with his topics. Everything Luther touched he made to live. You may not agree with him, but he does not leave you indifferent. He quickens, he challenges, he stirs, he lifts up, he casts down. Of course, everybody knows the scandal of Luther's extravagance and coarseness, and how that has been exploited by Roman and Anglican controversialists. The best antidote to that is an actual reading of Luther, not an occasional dipping in, but a continuous drench in treatise after treatise. If you want to know Luther's spirit, teachings, doings, read, not an occasional extract torn from the context by an enemy, but Luther himself, and by the hundred pages, day after day. As you cannot fairly judge Billy Sunday by Dean West's quotation of an occasional slangy sentence (perhaps half of it the work of a reporter), but only by listening or reading sermon

after sermon, so you cannot judge Luther except by the *whole* Luther. If you want to know Luther read *him*, not Denifle, nor any other inimical quoter. For that purpose this band of scholars whom Dr. Jacobs has gathered has conferred an inestimable boon on all English-speaking students. And we hope they will give us the unexpurgated Luther—as he was. If a passage is too frank for twentieth century ears, then let it remain in the original, but don't omit it. Do as the translators of Clement of Alexandria did. The real Luther we want, not a Bowdlerized Luther. This translation ought to be in every public, college, and theological seminary library in all English-speaking lands, and in the library of every studious minister and layman who wants to get into living contact with one of the most dynamic minds of all history, and in our judgment the most important man in the Christian religion between the death of John the Apostle and the birth of John the Methodist. We have noted many interesting points, but must pass them over. By an oversight Dr. Schmauk in his introduction to the treatise on the Papacy has omitted to give references to the editions of the Works of Luther where the treatise is found. The proofreading has been done with most commendable accuracy. We omitted to say that the late Rev. Professor Dr. Adolph Spaeth, of Mount Airy Theological Seminary, was one of the originators of this series of translations. Speaking of this, we might throw out this query: Where would Methodism have been if John Wesley had not known German, or if Luther had not written that Preface to Romans, which was read, either in original or in translation (transl. Lond., 1594), in that famous meeting of a religious society at Aldersgate Street, London, May 24, 1738?

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Social Heredity and Social Evolution. The Other Side of Eugenics. By HERBERT WILLIAM CONN, Professor of Biology in Wesleyan University. Svo, pp. 348. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth. \$1.50, net.

A CHRISTIAN biologist of note in the scientific world, a well-known and authoritative writer on evolution, a highly accomplished teacher is Dr. Conn. The Christian note sounds in the very title of the very first chapter, "Human and Animal Evolution *Contrasted*." To analyze or epitomize the book is not possible to our space or time. Two extracts, both of them pertinent to the awful condition of Europe to-day, will give the author's general attitude and point of view. "THE ETHICAL SENSE ALONE PRODUCES STRONG NATIONS. Biologists particularly have been seriously asking what results may be expected from the reversal of the law of natural selection, since elsewhere in the animal kingdom selection is required, not only to produce, but to retain characters. Weismann has studied this principle, which he calls *panmixia*, and has shown that, among animals, it always results in degradation and weakness. We are forced to ask, therefore, whether such is not the law of mankind as well as of other animals. If so, will not the inevitable result of the ethical

law, which preserves the weak as well as the strong, be a degeneration of mankind? Are not our ethical rules fastening weakness upon the race and turning mankind downward instead of upward? The result of such considerations, in recent years, has led some of our biological students to hold pessimistic views as to the future of the human race, and to tell us that man is going downward instead of upward, as a result of this withdrawal of the beneficent action of natural selection. In considering this statement, we must point out that there are two factors in human evolution; the first is the evolution of the human body, the second the evolution of human society; and the laws which have controlled the development of the two are widely different. The withdrawal of natural selection may possibly have a tendency to degrade the physical nature of man, although upon this question it is not yet possible to give a categorical answer. But in its relation to society and to the development of intelligence, altruism, even though it be equivalent to Weismann's panmixia, is distinctly elevating. If we look at the history of man in a broad way, we soon learn that altruism has not, after all, led to degradation; that in the history of the past the law of altruism instead of leading to degradation has led toward elevation. The fact is that the general laws of nature are wider than man's feeble vision. Whatever effect ethical custom may have on man's physical nature, nothing is clearer than the fact that those nations in which the principle of altruism has become most developed are the rulers of the world. Nations in which this principle has failed to develop have remained in a lower state of development, or have disappeared before the growing strength of the nations where the ethical spirit has been fostered. History shows us that altruism makes strong nations, and that only by the development of the ethical nature can man rise in strength and influence. In spite of the manifest fact that altruism preserves the weak, it is equally true that *only the altruistic nations are strong*. Furthermore, it is evident that each century has seen the ethical principles rising to a higher plane, and that the highest nations are those most perfectly ruled by their ethical sense. It is evident, therefore, that the altruistic principle must furnish some elements of strength sufficient to compensate for the apparent weakness which comes from the preservation of those that are least fit. If the application of ethics to nature would seem to produce degradation, what can be the factor in it that causes it to produce strong nations? The answer to this question is, briefly, that ethics alone makes the development of society a possibility. The history of civilization, from the beginning, has been an attempt on the part of mankind to escape from the continual condition of free fight which characterized the life of animals and of early man. It is true that this advance has been slow. It is true that there have been many relapses, and that, while in one century we may see great strides toward a condition of peace and morality, in the next, perhaps, man has become more savage than before. It is true that, even with the beginning of the twentieth century, we sometimes seem to be farther from the goal than ever. Nevertheless, the development of this principle of altruism, or love, will go on." The other extract declares that permanent advance will

come from altruism alone. Dr. Coon says: "In holding this position we have reference to the permanent advance of the race and not of the individual. The results of many of the contests are clearly determined by force and greed rather than by love and generosity, and are settled by might rather than by right. But it is a clear teaching of history that all such decisions are sure to be called again in question. We sometimes say that 'nothing is settled until it is settled right,' and this phrase expresses a mighty truth. When settled right it is settled to benefit the people instead of the rulers, the many rather than the few; and if settled in any other way, the question is absolutely certain to come up again for readjustment. All this is altruism. Nothing is clearer than that the victories won by force can in the end be maintained only when upheld by the wide sympathy of mankind which leads to the insistence that all individuals shall have equal justice. *Permanent advances are made by altruism, never by force.* Force controlled by greed may take initial steps, but unless love comes to its support the structure built by force is sure to fall. Might makes right for a while, but not permanently. Nothing can be clearer to one looking over the pages of history than that here lies the secret of the rise and fall of nations. A nation may be built by might and remain a unit so long as the uniting bond of mutual sympathy and love remains in force. But when this uniting bond is loosened, either by the luxury of the wealthy, the corruption of officials, or the profligacy of the poor, the nation becomes dissolved. We can count upon a nation acting as a unit only so far and so long as its members are bound together by mutual sympathy and confidence. The progress of civilization has been a see-saw. At one time egoism and at another altruism comes to the front. Egoism is, however, always the quicker in its action. Every man sees his own interests first, and every nation sees first its own glory. Altruism is more like a subcurrent, flowing quietly and only occasionally seen on the surface. But altruism is the stronger in the end. It alone makes lasting union possible, since it is founded upon the united interest of humanity. Altruism and egoism have been in contest with each other since the beginning of life. Only as altruism has gained a supremacy over egoism has civilization advanced. It is this contest that has founded our system of laws, which would be unnecessary if either greed or love ruled alone. If love ruled alone, certainly no laws would be needed; if greed ruled supreme then man would be on a grade with the brute and would be in no more need of the law than a pack of wolves. The general upward trend of history has been constant. However numerous may have been its ups and downs, the advance of the altruistic nature of man has been constant and has been parallel with the growth of organization. By ups and downs altruism has advanced. A leader centers in himself the support of numerous adherents, and he may use this power for a time to benefit the people. Then he or his followers become despotic, are overthrown, and the power is consigned to some new centralizing force, and the history is repeated. By successive revolutions the history of man proceeds, but each revolution leaves civilization in a position to occupy

a higher plane than before. Each century settles some questions so positively that they can never be raised again. In spite of the constant forcing of egoism to the front, in spite of the fact that the interests of self are active and quick, nevertheless the principle of altruism, that demands justice and equality of opportunity for all, is more fundamental, and for this reason will slowly win the contest for civilization. The development of society, though permeated by greed and selfishness, has morality and ethics as its goal, and toward that goal mankind has been slowly progressing from the earliest period when the human family was organized." A large discussion by an intelligent and competent authority.

The English Hymn: Its Development and Use in Worship. By LOUIS F. BENSON, D.D. (Penna.) Pp. xvii+624. Hodder & Stoughton. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1915. Price, \$3.50 net.

WHEN this massive and noble volume came into our hands we immediately thought of another book in our library, *English Hymns: their Authors and History*, by Samuel W. Duffield, New York, 1886. Duffield was the son of the second Rev. Dr. George Duffield, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bloomfield, N. J., where he died in the prime of life, May 12, 1887, leaving almost finished his *Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns*, completed by his friend, Rev. Dr. R. E. Thompson (New York, 1889). His father, author of the Hymn, *Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus* (1858), who died in Detroit July 6, 1888, placed an exquisite inscription in Latin at his son's grave in that city, to the sonorous and harmonious terseness of which this translation does but poor justice. "Most dear, he has, alas! gone before. Though snatched away from a spotless life in mid age he completed the longest lifetime. To him blessed, father and wife with many tears have dedicated this marble." Though almost thirty years have passed since the accomplished S. W. Duffield put out these two books on English and Latin hymns they still possess value, and can be read with as much instruction as edification. But we found that Benson did not at all duplicate Duffield, who simply takes each hymn as given in Robinson's *Laudes Domini* and adds some information on it, always interesting and important, but often insufficient. For instance, he sometimes fails even to give the date of the hymn and the place where originally published. But Benson's task is far otherwise. It is to trace the history of the hymn itself as used in England and America. It is the first work of the kind ever attempted, at least in at all the same scope, and it is done with such a thoroughness, amplitude of knowledge, accuracy in detail, and general interest, that it need never be done again. Not only so, it is done in connection with the religious historical evolution, so that large parts of the book are as valuable in Church History as they are in the history of hymns and their use in worship. We can hardly speak too highly of the research, scholarly care, and sympathetic interest with which the author treats his theme, the large religious lines on which he has laid it out, and the compelling interest of his history in its many-sided appeal. Dr. Benson has done

a notable piece of work, for which he deserves the enthusiastic thanks of students of poetry, of hymnology, of psalmody, of revivals, of churches, and of great men. He has also ordered his work on a truly genetic or historic basis, and this for the first time in the history of the subject. This reviewer has read with care almost the whole of it, and he can speak with emphasis on the wideness of its appeal, its admirable method of approach and exposition, at once philosophical and historical, and its accuracy—merits not always combined in one volume. It will remain the standard work on the subject for many years. The author is a Presbyterian, but all American scholarship may well be proud over a work reflecting splendor on our literature. So much being said, one or two small points may be mentioned for a future edition. Wesley did *not* baptize by *trine* immersion in his early days (p. 223), but by single immersion. He was then a stickler for the rubrics of his church, and ever since the 2nd Prayer Book of Edward VI (1552) *trine* immersion, prescribed in the 1st Prayer Book (1549), had been discarded. The rubric in Wesley's day read, as it had read substantially since 1552 and as it reads to-day: "And then naming it [the child] after them [the parents], (if they shall certify that the child may well endure it) he [the priest] shall dip it in water discreetly and warily, saying [here follows formula of baptism]. But if they certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it, saying the aforesaid words." In a memorandum of Wesley's High Church days, first published by Umlin in his *Wesley's Place in Church History*, 1870, and reprinted in the new revised edition of that work, *The Churchman's Life of Wesley*, London, 1886, p. 66, he says he believes it "a duty to observe, so far as I can,—1. To baptize by immersion." As *trine* immersion had not been the custom of the church since 1552, if he had meant that he would undoubtedly have said it. In the troubles in Georgia it is the mere fact of dipping, and not *trine* immersion, which is mentioned or complained of. For Wesley's mention, see new standard edition of the *Journal*, I, 210, and for complaint see same, 390, 394. If there is any contemporary evidence for *trine* immersion on the part of Wesley this reviewer has overlooked it. Wesley was a diligent student of ancient church history and of the canons of councils, and he knew perfectly well that *trine* immersion was once the custom, but it is evident that single immersion was sufficient for him. In fact, if he had introduced the threefold dipping in Georgia he would have caused a revolution to which the revolution he did cause would have been child's play. Alexander Kilham was *not* expelled by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference for administering communion (p. 275), but for publications interpreted as defamatory. The administration of sacraments had been allowed under conditions since the Plan of Pacification of 1795. The offense of Kilham was much more serious. When our author says (p. 277) that "it is altogether unlikely that Wesley would have approved the camp meeting" there is serious doubt. Wesley was open to new methods, and strongly believed in open air work. We do not know what the whole hymn is, but the words quoted (p. 323 note),

How happy are we,
Our election who see
And can venture our souls in thy gracious decree,

are not an anti-Wesleyan presentation of the grounds of evangelical joy. One of the grounds of that joy was with the Wesleys the gracious fore-ordaining of God, only it was not an unconditioned and arbitrary decree. Among the sources overlooked for Henry Alline (p. 366, note 15) is *The Life and Journal of the Rev. Mr. Henry Alline*, Boston, 1806, p. 180. It is a rare book, though this reviewer has a copy. We are inclined to agree that the greatest English hymn is *Rock of Ages* (p. 335). Our accomplished author criticizes (p. 305) the judgment of this reviewer unfavorable to *The Methodist Hymnal of 1905* on account of the small number of hymns. We have the misfortune to be among those who like to clinch a sermon by an appropriate hymn at the close, who feel the incongruity of a hymn on the Trinity after a sermon on drink, or on baptism after a peace sermon, and who are therefore sorry to look in vain among the slender resources of the present attenuated hymnals for fitting hymns. Besides, these books are also manuals of devotion and culture in sacred poetry for thousands of homes, and might well minister to this need in a way impossible by too meager contents. A thousand hymns at least are not too many, and with the right kind of paper need not be bulky. While writing, could we correct or supplement our account of the earliest Methodist hymnals of America given in the *first* edition of *The New History of Methodism*, London, 1909, vol. II, pp. 142-3. The first Methodist hymnbook published in America was a reprint of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations*, by John Wesley, M.A., Philadelphia, 1770. (This was first published by Wesley in 1753, being the thirty-second in the order of his hymnbooks, and the most popular of all, going through twenty-four editions in England, and had even two editions after the standard *Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists of 1780*.) This first reprint of 1770 has perished. No copy is known, though the library of Drew Theological Seminary has a copy of the English original. The second hymnal published here was an enlarged edition of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Burlington (N. J.), 1773. This reprint included also within the same covers *Hymns for Those Who Seek and Those Who Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ* (reprint of Charles Wesley's book of that title in 8th English edition, 1768), and *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (reprint of edition of 1741). The English edition of 1771 of this last collection is in the Drew library, and that indefatigable expert in Methodist hymnology, the late Rev. Dr. William Henry Meredith, found a copy of our 1773 book in New York and another in Philadelphia, besides having copies of the sixth (1786) and ninth (1789) editions of *A Pocket Hymn Book*, issued by Asbury and Coke. (Benson is right; the words quoted from preface on p. 142 of *New History* refer to English originals, not American reprints.) See Meredith's invaluable articles in *The Christian Advocate*, August 17 and 24, 1905.

John M. Synge. By MAURICE BOURGEOIS. 8vo, pp. 338. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, \$2.50 net.

FROM the American point of view the two most prominent and familiar names in connection with the Celtic literary renaissance are John M. Synge and William B. Yeats—the man who discovered Synge living in Paris in 1898, detected his literary genius and divined in what field the brilliant young Irishman would best find scope and success. In Paris Synge was living the simple life from necessity, regarding himself as a literary martyr, talking of his “slaving” and his “agony and bloody sweat,” scrupulously chiseling and polishing contributions, which were sent back to him, and writing to a friend concerning one editor: “That ass has just returned my MS. May God blight him!” His mother had to send him of her scanty funds to provide necessities of life. He wore a celluloid collar and old clothes, saying he had come to Paris “to be quiet and wear dirty clothes if he liked.” He made his own fire and cooked his own breakfast of two eggs. Though unbusinesslike, it was rather from indifference than incapacity; he was very precise and matter-of-fact; and a friend writes: “He was most practical; he might have shod a horse; and no manlier man walked the earth.” Yeats gave Synge the hint which turned his path farnward, by saying to him: “Give up Paris. Go back to your native Erin. You will never create anything by studying Racine. Find a new and unworked field. Go to the Aran Islands. Live among the natives there as one of them. Study and absorb and then express a life which nobody has expressed.” That advice was the making of Synge. He left Paris, and betook himself to the most primitively Irish part of Ireland, the Isles of Aran, a triad of treeless rocks off Galway Bay, about ten leagues out to sea, and on this small secluded archipelago of Far-Western Europe, so rocky that “men must reap with knives because of the stones,” Synge lived with the simple, hardy, half-barbarous folk in what he called “The Last Fortress of the Celt,” the genuine unspoiled, unsophisticated Celt, with his dreaminess, his imaginative exuberance, his puzzling combination of mysticism and practicality. And thus he prepared himself to make a great and genuine contribution to the modern Celtic revival and a notable name for himself in literature. Sharing measurably the lot of the Aran aborigines, fishermen, and peasants, and learning the bitter struggle for existence of beings who know nothing of the world-made man the man-made world, he got down to the bare basic elements of human nature and felt the hardness of their lot. Mingling with the islanders was as if he were talking with men who were under sentence of death. And this acute realization of the shadow of death perpetually hanging over is at the heart of that strange half-savage wailing, that half-musical *melopœia* called “keening.” Concerning that bitter recitative, with its threnetic and pathetic appeal, which is the cry of pagan despotism untouched by any Christian sentiment, Synge writes after returning from the burial of an old Aran woman: “This grief of the ‘keen’ is no personal complaint for the death of one woman over eighty years, but seems to contain the whole passionate rage that lurks somewhere in every

native of the island. In this cry of pain the inner consciousness of the people seems to lay itself bare for an instant, and to reveal the mood of beings who feel their isolation in the face of a universe that wars on them with winds and seas." Synge studied the Irish from the Aran Islands point of view, aiming to comprehend and visualize the world of the ancient Gaels. The Irish peasant, as Synge conceives him, is characterized by essential gloominess. Synge's own nature draws him to the darker and wilder side of Irish life. Yet the impression culminates in the spirituality of the Irish countryfolk. They are born poets, descendants of the ancient bards that were chased to the west, with such varying moods of rapture and dismay as are common to poets, musicians, artists. All the world knows the sensitiveness of the Irish nature, the swift responsiveness of an Irish audience to poetic or ideal or pathetic suggestions, and to what Maurice Bourgeois calls "the half-spiritual power of eloquence." Kuno Meyer notes that "The Celts are always quick to take an artistic hint; they avoid the obvious and the commonplace; the thing half-said is to them the dearest." A resurgence of Gaelic spirituality has been manifest in prose and poetry and drama for over two decades, for which no small credit is due to John M. Synge. Synge was, in his way, at once a realist and a humorist. His realism was sometimes of the uncompromisingly veracious and drastic sort; it was not the coarse realism of squalid ugliness invented in revolt from the "deadly blight of sugariness and prettiness," but rather realism springing out of rich and powerful reality; a reality which, however rough and rude, can flower into an imaginative exaltation which is not artificial elation, but is kept in touch with hard and homely earth. In like manner the humor of Synge is not manufactured gaiety, but more likely something fierce and laughter-compelling; something that bites and purifies. Synge's sensitiveness—one might say subjection—to Nature amounted at times to neurotic hyperaesthesia, and is felt in his writings. It appears even in the titles of some of his works, "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Oppression of the Hills." It colors passages like this: "Bars of purple cloud stretched across the sound where immense waves were rolling from the west, wreathed with snowy phantasies of spray. Then there was the bay full of green delirium, and the Twelve Pins touched with mauve and scarlet in the east." It colors the descriptions in that bitter sketch of a young peasant-woman, Nora, wife of Dan Burke, a gruff and well-to-do old farmer, inhabiting a lonesome cottage at the head of a desolate Wicklow glen, where solitude almost drives her to distraction with the tedium of seeing "nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain," an unhappy life in a lonesome situation, unsafe for the young wife of an asthmatic old man "wheezing like a sick sheep." Even a tramp and outlaw wandering past is liable to prove interesting and have attractions as a relief and diversion from such dull and gloomy and intolerable loneliness. As Synge says: "It's a poor thing to be so lonesome, you'd squeeze kisses on a cur dog's nose." In a comparison of

Synge with Maeterlinck, it is pointed out that the Irishman's characters are live, clearly outlined, flesh-and-blood personages, while the Belgian author's characters are, as Yeats says, sometimes "as faint as a breath upon a looking-glass, mere symbols whose language is slow and heavy with dreams because their own life is but a dream." In "The Treasure of the Humble" it is said that there is more true romance and real drama in "an old man seated in his arm-chair, patiently waiting with his lamp beside him, lending an unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house, interpreting, without understanding, the silence of doors and windows, and the quivering voice of light, submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny," than in "the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or 'the husband who avenges his honor.'" One of Synge's most suggestive writings is "The Well of the Saints." The story is among the simplest and most moving subjects ever chosen by a modern author, and has in it all the searching beauty of an ancient parable. It is the story of two blind, ugly, weather-beaten old beggars—husband and wife, Martin and Mary Doul—whose lifelong sitting at a lonely cross-roads, "hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch and the swift flying things racing in the air," has taught them to replace reality by dreams and physical sight by imaginative vision. They fancy each other to be beautiful. As they sit talking beside a church in ruins, Timmy the smith brings news that a wandering friar is coming with water from a holy well in the West that will cure any complaint. The saint arrives, and, anointing their eyes with the miraculous water, restores to them the tragic gift of sight. Very soon, however, they find the actual world in general, and their own physical persons in particular, less lovely than the dream-illuminated night in which they had lived so long enchanted. In course of time their eyes grow dim again and blindness overwhelms them. The saint would fain miraculously heal them anew, but they are only too glad to return to their former state and, as the pious man is about to cure Martin Doul once more, the blind beggar dashes the can of holy water from the friar's hand. Maurice Bourgeois says that "The Well of the Saints" ranks very high in the long series of plays—hinging on the ever-tragic theme of blindness. At the same time it is perhaps of all Synge's works the one in which we find embodied the truest expression of his philosophy of life. Nothing can be more pathetic than the two blind people's disillusionment and the complaint of Martin Doul when reference is made to the "grand day" when he was healed: "Grand day, is it? Or a bad black day when I was roused up and found I was the like of little children do be listening to the stories of an old woman and do be dreaming after in the dark night that it's in grand houses of gold they are, with speckled horses to ride, and do be waking again, in a short while, and they destroyed with the cold, and the thatch dripping, maybe, and the starved ass braying in the yard." The moral of the story is like that at the end of Lord Lytton's "Maid of Malines": "Perhaps after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister

which repelled the ardor of our hope is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day." We cannot leave this book without noting the author's statement that Synge, though compelled to do journalistic work at times, was too painstaking and conscientious a writer to be an acceptable and successful journalist. He loathed journalese with all its welter of spurious neologisms, and the hideous lingo of professional book-reviewing was Greek to him. The English language is to-day in danger of being ruined. While it may not be a perfect language or so musical that one "would wish to be talked to death in it," yet it has a venerable dignity and a noble beauty all its own which it would be an immense calamity to lose. From neglect of orthography and grammar in schools and colleges, from journalism, and from the telephone and from stenography, and from the mutilations by the Josh Billings "scool" of misspelling, and from the scampering hurry of our way of living, the written English language is in danger of becoming mere stenography and telegraphy. There is grave reason for listening to this author's warning prediction that in fifty years the English language will be as corrupt as was the Latin of the eighth century, and will become a sort of Volapük, strictly limited to commercial letters and a journalistic style. It is in danger of being clipped and jerked and mangled and crushed, so that the great writers of recent centuries, the masters of English literature, would be unable to recognize it as their mother tongue. And even our schools and universities seem indifferent to the disfigurement and sacrilege which is going on. This we say, while admitting, on the other hand, that the terse, swift, nervous, curt speech of to-day is the enemy of verbosity, circumlocution, embroidery, and prolixity.

Contemporary Portraits. By FRANK HARRIS. Crown 8vo, pp. 346. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. Price, cloth, \$2.50 net.

THIS author and his "Portraits" afford the reader full opportunity to study the neo-pagan school of art and literature, the deadliest comment on whom is that their theories and practice harmonize, and whose genius, virulence, and daring make a sinister force to be recognized and reckoned with. The author, a keen blade, a free lance, a rebel, an American, has had a long career in England as journalist, critic, man of the world, editor of the *Saturday Review*, and later of the *Fortnightly*. In this thick book he paints vivid word-portraits of Carlyle, Swinburne, George Meredith, Browning, Whistler, Fabre, Maeterlinck, Rodin, John Davidson, Richard Middleton, and others; showing Oscar Wilde in the drawing rooms of fashionable London, Sir Richard Burton in retirement at Trieste, Renan at home, Verlaine at dinner, and Anatole France in his study; all of whom he knew well enough to paint them as he saw them and to repeat here many conversations with them. He puts these portraits forth as works of art, saying to his readers, "Here are some of the most noteworthy of my contemporaries as they appeared to me"; in describing and reporting whom he relies more upon his spiritual divination than upon

verbal accuracy. The portraits seem lifelike. The effect of many of them is in part disturbing, depressing, disgusting. We cannot wholly trust some of them. He begins with Carlyle; quotes him as calling Heine "a dirty Jew pig," and as calling Emerson the greatest man he ever met and the noblest. Of Darwin Carlyle said: "His narrow allegiance to facts, mere hard facts, just as facts, was most pathetic; it was so determined, even desperate—a sort of English belief that the facts must lead you right if you only follow them honestly; a poor, groping faith—all that seems possible to us in these days of flatulent unbelief and piggish unconcern for everything except swill and straw." About Darwin's theory of evolution Carlyle said: "It is as old as the hills; there's nothing in it; it leads nowhere. 'Survival of the fittest' is enough to make a soul sick. What is your 'fittest'? What d'ye mean by it? An evasion, I call it; a cowardly, sneaking evasion; with its tail between its legs. Does your 'fittest' mean the best, the noblest, the most unselfish? That would be a faith to live and die by. But is that your 'fittest'? Answer me that. Or is your 'fittest' just the greediest and roughest, the slightly stronger pig or fox or wolf, eh? 'Survival of the fittest,' humph!" To Darwin Carlyle said: "Very interesting, no doubt, how we men were evolved from apes and all that. As I look at some folks, I see little reason to doubt it. But, Charles, what I want to know is how we are to prevent this present generation from devolving into apes. That seems to me the more important question." Carlyle was ahead of his time in forcing the moral test into economics, declaring that the employer of labor who simply works for his own enrichment is a mere buccaneer and not a true captain of industry. It was his reliance on the moral instincts which gave him his unique influence and authority. Goethe's praise of him was right, "A moral force of incalculable importance." Very early in this book, as early as page 7, the naked soul of the new paganism is unveiled. The author tells us that the new paganism "is the soul of yesterday and to-day and many a day to come"; which amounts to saying that it will be long before sin ceases to flaunt its evil impudence before the world. In sane and respectable circles it is scarcely necessary to denounce this "new paganism"; we need only to exhibit it. It speaks for itself blatantly, defiantly. The very first chapter puts before us an exhibition of it, in a dispute over Heine between great Thomas Carlyle and far-less-great Frank Harris. Carlyle says, "Heine was a dirty Jew pig, dirty-minded. I dislike his lechery." Harris, whose book we are noticing, is enraged at Carlyle, and answers: "You outrage a cult that is almost a religion to me. Heine was the first of the moderns; he is divine; a master of wit and poetry; a lord of laughter and of tears." "A dirty Jew pig," repeats Carlyle with biting emphasis. "Dirty, only as you and I and all men are dirty," replies this Mr. Harris. "No, not I nor all men," gravely protests Carlyle on behalf of himself and all other decent men. Then with the utter incoherence of passion, this man goes on irrelevantly, "Heine was a socialist and a singer, modern and irreverent to his finger-tips; his humor was irresistible, now impish, now kindly." "The dirty ape!" answers again the great old Puritan grimly to this excuser of dirtiness,

reviler of morality, slanderer of his superiors. Then Mr. Harris paused, with this quite sufficient explanation: "I saw it was no use arguing; I was up against a wall of separation; a fundamental difference of nature." Thank heaven, he was. Later on George Meredith also disappoints him, and again he is "up against a fundamental difference of nature." This was the occasion: When Oscar Wilde was sentenced to two years imprisonment with hard labor, Frank Harris thought that if he could get Meredith to head a petition for mitigation of sentence, with five or six other notable men of letters, the government would grant it. Meredith refused to see him for such a purpose. Harris tells us that he laid in wait for Meredith, pretending that the meeting was accidental, in order to "have it out with him." Meredith told him that his mind was made up, that gross sensuality, especially in a professed leader of men, was a crime and should be punished severely. When Wilde's extraordinary talent was held up as a plea for leniency, Meredith repeated again and again that morals are above all; that there is no greatness without morality; that abominable immorality is proof of baseness and degeneracy, and must be made an example of for the protection of mankind. Again, as with Carlyle's stubbornness, "there was no use arguing." Indeed Meredith "wouldn't listen," which seems somewhat impolite to the gentleman who had waylaid and cornered him. Afterward some one pointed out to Harris that "Meredith's poems reveal the same relentless, stoic severity"; that was more than Mr. Harris could endure and he writes scornfully: "Meredith, as a leader of thought, died for me then, and my sorrow was embittered with impatient disdain." Later on he says his wrath and contempt rose again against Meredith during the South African war, because "he persisted in saying that there were faults on both sides"; that it was not fair to lay the whole blame on England. At this Mr. Harris's impatience was certain and damnable. May we venture to inquire concerning the stature and sanity of this somewhat peculiar gentleman who has decided to exhibit himself in print as rushing upon the thick bosses of the bucklers of two such giants as Thomas Carlyle and George Meredith, and when they stand up against him, crushes them to the earth with his "bitter and impatient disdain," as he says! We can easily understand why Browning "shuts himself up in armored politeness" from the approach of such a man. In his portrait of Fabre, the great French naturalist, the author says: "Is there any pleasure after forty like finding a new book—meeting a new man! The gasp of excitement, the hope, the flutterings of delight, the growing conviction that the book has widened the mental horizon, is a classic therefore, a possession of the spirit forever—all the joys soon merged in curiosity as to the writer: who is he? How did life treat him? To what qualities in him do we owe this deathless work? There before me is the book *Insect Life*, the author's name, before unknown, now radiant—J. H. Fabre. No shadow of doubt in the recognition, no hesitation possible. Fabre has revealed a new world to us; beneath our very feet indeed—the world of the infinitely little, with its innumerable tiny inhabitants, each living his own life and dying his own death. Fabre, it appears, is already a very old man—eighty-seven

indeed; has worked as a naturalist in a village in Languedoc for three quarters of a century; has written and published thirty volumes, and was only discovered by the wise men in Paris the other day. Yet there can be no question about his value. Maeterlinck calls Fabre 'one of the glories of the civilized world.' Rostand talks of him as a savant who 'thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet.' For the first time in my memory, says the author, Frenchmen of all schools are agreed that Fabre is one of the great naturalists of the world, and yet if he had died at eighty-five hardly one man in ten thousand of his own countrymen would have known his name. Yet his life has been as noble as his work. The son of a poor peasant, he taught himself to read by the light of a pine-cone—a tallow candle being too dear. After hours of study on winter nights he used to lie with the sheep in order to get warm, and was often awakened by the howling around the fold of savage wolves. He paid his way through the College at Rodez by his services as a choir-boy, and then set himself to study Nature on an empty stomach, but with a new book of poetry in his pocket. Poverty has been his companion throughout his life: even now the house he lives in with his wife and children is a peasant's cottage, and his food and clothing are simple in the extreme. Yet he looks on life bravely, fairly, without affectation of triumph, or trace of bitterness. I like to picture him as he sits before his cottage; the spare, bent figure; the wide, soft hat, the soft, white, turned-down collar setting off the clean-shaven face—a finely balanced face which should have been drawn by Holbein, with its broad forehead, strong nose, and large, firm chin, for Holbein alone could give us the effect of the crow's-feet and the intent, piercing eyes, made small as if to shutter out the too strong light, the sharp eyes which are yet patient and at bottom sad, very, very sad. This is a great searcher after truth: he will see all there is to be seen and brings to the task infinite courage and patience; but this great naturalist declares the impotence of science to explain life and the world. 'I should like to believe in natural progress,' he says, 'in the gradual growth of intelligence from plane to plane, the progress upward and development; I should like to believe in it if I could; but I can't. . . . I find God in my own heart more clearly than anywhere in the outside world. . . . The world I have studied is a tiny world, and yet this little patch of life is an infinite ocean, still unsounded and full of undiscovered secrets. The light penetrates a little way below the surface; but lower down all is darkness and silence, abyss opening into abyss. . . . 'But have you reached no conclusion, M. Fabre?' one asks. 'Does no hypothesis lead to the heart of the mystery?' He shakes his head. 'I have found none. To science nature is an enigma without a solution. Every generation has its own pet hypothesis. We climb over the crumbling ruins of forgotten theories, but truth always escapes us. We have no net with which to capture truth.' So talks a very wise man and certainly one of the best-read in the book of Nature of whom the centuries have left us any record." The honest scientist confesses that he knows but little. He and we and all men will come nearest to finding a clue to life's greatest problems by heeding Browning's words: "I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ, accepted by thy

reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it, and hath so far advanced thee to be wise." When science confesses bankruptcy as to any solution, the Christian spiritual interpretation of God and man, life and the universe is the only refuge for the reason as for the soul. Finding no rest for mind or soul in Nature, Fabre says, "I find God in my own heart," which is like Augustine's "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee." Even Zola exclaimed, "Ah, this thirst for the Beyond, this need of the Divine!" Maeterlinck spends the later years of life in trying to give expression in artistic form to this persistent desire, which is stronger and more enduring than man's reason, this thirst for something beyond ourselves and above, which makes the sons of men dimly suspect, even when not fully realizing, that they are in very truth the sons of God, too. And Rodin, the modern Michelangelo, asserts that a real artist is constrained to be religious, because, he says, "No good sculptor can model a human figure without dwelling on the mystery of life; this individual and that in fleeting variation only remind him of the immanent type; he is led perpetually from the creature to the Creator. . . . All the best work of any artist must be bathed, so to speak, in mystery. That is why many of my figures have a hand or foot still imprisoned in the marble block; life is everywhere, but rarely indeed does it come to complete expression or the individual to perfect freedom." George Meredith writes to his son: "Belief in religion has done and does this good to the young; it floats them through the perilous period when the appetites most need control and transmutation. Set yourself to love virtue by understanding that it is your best guide, both as to what is due to others, and what is for your positive personal good. You know how Socrates loved truth. Truth and virtue are one. Look for the truth in everything, and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that He leads to good. We should grow to good as the plant grows to the light." From this book, which seems not to steer steadily by any guiding moral star, and which is frankly pagan, we quote, as a specimen of rich and supersplendid English, a picture of the desert by Sir Richard Burton: "Again I stood under the diaphanous skies, in air glorious as ether, whose every breath raises men's spirits like sparkling wine. Once more I saw the evening star hanging like a solitaire from the pure front of the western firmament; and the after-glow transfiguring and transforming, as by magic, the homely and rugged features of the scene into a fairyland lit with a light which never shines on other soils or seas. Then would appear the woolen tents, low and black, of the Bedawin, mere dots in the boundless waste of lion-tawny clays and gazelle-brown gravels, and the camp-fire dotting like a glow-worm the village center. Presently, sweetened by distance, would be heard the wild, weird song of lads and lasses, driving, or rather pelting, through the gloaming their sheep and goats; and the measured chant of the spearsmen gravely stalking behind their charge, the camels; mingled with the bleating of the flocks and the bellowing of the humpy herds; while the reremouse flit-

tered overhead with his tiny shriek, and the rave of the jackal resounded through deepening glooms, and—most musical of music—the palm trees answered the whispers of the night breeze with the softest tones of falling water.”

HISTORY AND BIOLOGY

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, with portraits and illustrations, \$1.75.

DOUBTLESS there are millions of good people as important to the world as Hugh Benson; and if everybody who is as worthy as he were made the subject of a book, not only would the earth be insufficient to contain the volumes, but the entire solar system would be so cluttered up that the planets could not make their rounds, and the only way the sun could escape being buried and smothered by verbiage would be by his making a bonfire of them. Once when Hugh asked his voluminously fluent elder brother Arthur why he was not writing another book, Arthur said he had nothing to write about, whereupon Hugh asked, “Why not write a book about having nothing to write about?” which Arthur actually proceeded to do! That incident seems perfectly natural in the Benson family; but does anybody know any other family circle where it could have happened? Archbishop Benson had three boys, Arthur, Fred, and Hugh, no one of them equaling in earnestness and strength and force the father. He loved his boys with a deep, solemn, and passionate affection; did his full duty by them, and his letters to them are pathetically beautiful documents, full of good advice, criticism, gentle but urgent suggestion, anxious inquiries about work and religion, studies and character. On that level the father lived. He was so absorbed in his work, found life such a tremendous business, was so deeply in earnest, had so great a sense of responsibility that he could not relax, could not enjoy an idle leisure, or amused mood. There is no counterpart to him in any one of his sons. The Benson boys have lived in too much refinement, culture, elegance, for the production of sinewy and rugged character. None of them is idle or worthless; all are industrious and worthy, but they have not been under the compulsions which compact and discipline man’s faculties into hardy strength. Their danger is a tendency toward daintiness, dilettantism, over-refinement, indulgence of the artistic temperament. The captivating charm of these gifted and engaging boys showed markedly in the youngest, of whom Arthur says that the characteristic he most remembers in Hugh is that “beautiful personal charm, not without a touch of willfulness and even petulance about it, which gave him a child-like freshness, a sparkling zest, that aerated and enlivened all he did or said.” In one way or other these Benson boys were all “spoiled”; lovely and pleasant in their unsullied and measurably useful lives, but not powerful nor greatly influential. In their refined home they were blessed with a wise, good mother of much dignity, sense, and sweetness, under whose overbrooding influence they grew up clean and honorable, kind

and courteous. Arthur's reminiscences of his brother's boyhood are interesting enough, but not remarkable. He remembers that Hugh was an extremely nervous and imaginative child. He would never go alone into a room in the dark, and when asked once what he was afraid of, what he expected would befall him, he answered with a shudder and a stammer, "To fall over a mangled corpse, squish! into a pool of blood." He was always very sensitive to pain and discomfort. Once when his hair was going to be cut, he said to his mother: "Mayn't I have chloroform for it?" Who but the Bensons would think of printing in a book such common family happenings as this: "Sometimes my sisters were deputed to do a lesson with him. My elder sister Nelly had a motherly instinct, and enjoyed a small responsibility. She would explain a rule of arithmetic to Hugh. He would assume an expression of despair: 'I don't understand a word of it—you go so quick.' Then it would be explained again: 'Now do you understand?' 'Of course I understand *that*.' 'Very well, do a sum.' The sum would begin: 'Oh, don't push me—don't come so near—I don't like having my face blown on.' Presently my sister with angelic patience would show him a mistake. 'Oh, don't interfere—you make it all mixed up in my head.' Then he would be let alone for a little. Then he would put the slate down with an expression of despair and resignation; if my sister took no notice he would say: 'I thought mamma told you to help me in my sums? How can I understand without having it explained to me?' It was impossible to get the last word; indeed he used to give my sister Maggie, when she taught him, what he called 'Temper-tickets,' at the end of the lesson; and on one occasion, when he was to repeat a Sunday collect to her, he was at last reported to my mother, as being wholly intractable. This was deeply resented; and after my sister had gone to bed, a small piece of paper was pushed in beneath her door, on which he had written: 'The most unhappiest Sunday I ever spent in my life. Whose fault?' An Anglican bishop's house is luxurious. In a family like the Bensons we expect exquisite æsthetic sensibilities as well as extraordinary mental development. Though not professedly an artist, Hugh's artistic enthusiasm found satisfaction in the music and ceremony of the stately cathedral ritual at Saint Paul's, so that he once wrote: "Music is to me the great reservoir of emotion from which flow out streams of salvation." To the Bensons ritual is a fascinating province of art, and all art is an attempt to express a sense of the overwhelming power of beauty. Beauty seems to be one of the inherent qualities of the Unknown, an essential element in the Divine Mind. The artist is conscious of an amazing and adorable quality in things, which affects him passionately, and to the saint holiness itself is a passionate perception of moral beauty, an attraction to virtue and purity and nobleness, and an aversion to sin, disorder, disobedience, selfishness, and meanness. The danger of devotion to ritual lies in a tendency to substitute a taste for and enjoyment of beauty in place of personal religion, devotion to righteous, unselfish, and useful living and zeal in saving men by spreading a knowledge of the truth and of real godliness among them. The service rendered by liturgy is through its

recalling to our minds momentous facts, as for example the ceremonies of Holy Week recall and represent such facts as the Sufferings and Atonement of Christ, the sins of men, the Resurrection and eternal Sovereignty of Christ. Arthur tells some stories of Hugh's sermon adventures. He was to preach a Harvest Festival sermon near Kemsing, in the days when he used a manuscript; he found on arriving at the church that he had left it behind him, and so he remained in the vestry during the opening service, writing out notes on the inside of envelopes torn open. The service proceeded with a shocking rapidity, and when he got to the pulpit, spread out his envelopes, and addressed himself to the consideration of the blessings of the Harvest, he found on reaching the end of his notes that he had only consumed about four minutes. He went through the whole again, slightly varying the phraseology, and yet again repeated the performance; only to find, on putting on his coat, that the manuscript was in his pocket all the time. Hugh used to say that the most nervous experience in the world was to go into a street or market-place of a town where he was to hold a Mission with open-air sermons, and there, without accompaniment, and with such scanty adherents as he could muster, strike up a hymn. Bystanders would shrug their shoulders and go away smiling. Windows would be opened, figures would lean out, and presently withdraw again, slamming the casement. He was always extremely nervous before an extempore sermon. When he was about to preach he would lie on a sofa or sit in a chair, in agonies of nervousness, with actual attacks of nausea, and even sickness at times, until it was time to enter the pulpit, feeling that he could not possibly get through. This left him after speaking a few words: but he also maintained that on the rare occasions when he felt quite confident and free from nervousness, the result was a failure: he said that a real anxiety as to the effect of the sermon was a necessary stimulus, and evoked a mental power which confidence was apt to leave dormant. It is clear that Hugh Benson was more æsthetic than evangelical. His brother says: "He had little of the pastoral spirit. I do not think that he yearned over unshepherded souls, or desired primarily to seek and save the lost." Being a real Benson, Hugh wrote a number of books, from which he derived some income. He left the Anglican for the Roman Church and became a priest. He died in 1914 of pneumonia at the age of forty-two. The last words of this priest of the church which claims Peter as its head were, "I commit my soul to God, to Mary, and to Joseph"—no mention or recognition whatever of our Saviour and Lord, whom Peter called "the Christ, the son of the Living God"! What would Hugh's father say to that?

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. Enlarged from Original MSS., with Notes from Unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by experts. Standard edition, Vol. VI. London: J. Alfred Sharp. New York: The Methodist Book Concern, 1915. Pp. VI, 526, 22 ill. \$3.00.

ONCE more Dr. Curnock, assisted by those indefatigable investigators who have poured their wealth into the volumes of the Wesley Historical

Society, has given us a noble volume of the celebrated Journal. One hardly knows which to admire most, the labor of Wesley, of which the Journal is a record, or the labors of Curnock and of others, of which this edition is a record. Fortunately for this volume the shorthand Diary becomes available, and it is printed in full at the foot of the page under the Journal date according to Curnock's decipherment. As remarked before it is brevity itself—so brief that it helps to reconcile us to the loss of the parts not yet recovered. Almost at random we give the reader a selection, so that he may see the difference between Diary and Journal (June 19, 1784):

DIARY

Saturday 19 4 Prayed, 1 Tim 6. 20, sermon; 8 tea, conversed, prayer, sermon, prayer; 10 chaise, the Bay [Robin Hood's]; 11.30 sermon, 12 Heb ii. 3, chaise, Scarbor [ough], tea, conversed, prayed; 6 Psa cxliv. 15! society, supper, conversed, prayer, on business; 9.45

JOURNAL

Sat. 19 I met such a select society as I have not seen since I left London. They were about forty, of whom I did not find one who had not a clear witness of being saved from inbred sin. Several of them had lost it for a season, but could never rest till they had recovered it. And every one of them seemed now to walk in the full light of God's countenance.

The parts in brackets are added by Curnock. "4" means he rose at four, his usual hour. Texts of Scripture mean that he preached on those texts. "Society" means he met the Methodist society. Between 6 p. m. and 9.45 p. m. he preached, met the society for counsel, address, canvass of their spiritual state, etc., had supper, conversed, had prayer, and transacted business. At 9.45 he went to bed—a very exceptional delay, because as a rule he went to bed on the minute at 9.30. The marvelous precision with which he organized his own life, like everything, is especially apparent in the Diaries. Like a railroad, everything is run on schedule time. He no more thought of omitting to rise at four and preach at five than the modern man does of omitting his breakfast (Wesley frequently fasted and asked his societies to fast). Toward the close of this volume (last entry July 15 [Diary, July 17], 1784) we find the societies dropping the five o'clock A. M. preaching service, and it grieves Wesley much. He thinks its omission is the death knell of Methodism. We must remember that artificial lights were scarce in those days, the twilight long in Northern Europe, and that people usually went to bed with the falling of night. To attend service at five, therefore, was not at all the hardship then that it is now. "As soon as I set foot in Georgia," says Wesley (p. 492), "I began preaching at five in the morning, and every communicant, that is, every serious person in the town, constantly attended throughout the year; I mean, came every morning, winter and summer, unless in the case of sickness. They did so till I left the province. In the year 1738, when God began his great work in

England, I began preaching at the same hour, winter and summer, and never wanted a congregation. If they will not attend now [1784] they have lost their zeal, and then, it cannot be denied, they are a fallen people." This was a sore point with Wesley, and he goes on to enforce it with burning emphasis. Besides, Wesley's religious services, like all his work, were short, sharp, and to the point. His sermons and prayers were brief, and the whole service was over in a few minutes. But his preachers did not have his liking for brevity, and we imagine the accomplished editor is correct when he says (note, p. 493) that "probably long prayers, long hymns, and long prosy sermons more than anything else destroyed the early morning services of the Methodists in the last years of the eighteenth century." In a printed order of service in a certain church of which a Methodist clergyman is pastor we notice that all prayer is eliminated except the invocation and Lord's prayer. Is that the work of the pastor in saving himself the burden of the main prayer, or of the laymen as a reaction from the too long prayers of their ministers? Dr. Jowett's church provides for three prayers. The so-called "long" prayer should never exceed five minutes, at the most, but when prepared for by the pastor it ought to be the most helpful part of the service. Editor Curnock remarks: "It should be remembered that in dividing the day, beginning at five in the morning, Wesley followed the original appointment of the early church, which prescribed matins, lauds, vespers, and compline." He uses the word "early" as equivalent to ancient. The first three centuries had no special hours of prayer, except as some of the first Christians followed the Jewish third, sixth, and ninth hour. In the fourth, and especially in the fifth, century we begin to read of what came to be called in the sixth century the canonical hours, referred to by Curnock. These were specified hours of prayer for monks. It is well known that Wesley was not only a student of Church History, but an ardent admirer of some institutions in ancient Christianity, and the editor is right in ascribing a strong influence to this study. If he had had a more thorough knowledge of apostolic Christianity and of the Catholic evolution in the second, third, and following centuries, his life might not have presented that strange contrast between an evangelical theology and occasional High Church or Catholic views and practices. Again we find the frankness of Wesley in describing his congregations, frankness all the more striking when we know that each section of the *Journal* was published three or four years after the time of which it tells. We often read such entries as this: "I preached at noon [in this case at Cheltenham] to half a houseful of hearers most of them cold and dead enough." In fact the English of that age were exceedingly plain spoken, and Wesley—with all his inborn courtesy—not less. This his sermons show. But in personal intercourse he was the soul of politeness, and even his casual rebukes of swearing and other public sins were done with inimitable tact and suavity. See the incident quoted on p. 511, note 1. For a man who took religion so seriously as Wesley, his perennial cheerfulness was a marvel, and this in spite of persecutions from many

quarters. This amazing elasticity and healthfulness of body and spirit, as shown in his imperturbable good nature and *αγαλλίασις* (the word used to describe the exulting happiness of the first Christians in their eucharistic meals, Acts 2. 46—is "hilarity" a good translation?—recall the line in the hymn: "The shout of them that feast")—this cheerfulness was almost a stumbling block to some of his followers. Our accomplished editor tells the story, in a note on pp. 9-10, of an answer made to Wesley by the saintly and scholarly and too early sainted Thomas Walsh, who was once asked by Wesley (probably not by way of rebuke as much as of curiosity) why he was not as "serious as Sister Aspernell." "The reason is not," replied this brilliant student and preacher, who burned out his life so quickly, "because I do not bear so high a character, but because I am not so high in the grace of God. There is no moment, in which I am not serious and circumspect, but I am condemned by my conscience, or reproved by the Spirit of God. There are three or four persons that alarm and entice my natural propensity to levity. You, sir, are one, by your witty proverbs." We call attention again to the tremendous emphasis placed by Wesley on sanctification and perfect love, to which there are about twenty-five references in this volume alone. With him it was the "article of a standing or falling" Methodism. The whole volume, text, and notes, is a treasure house of riches, a literary counterpart to Isaiah 25. 6.

John Huss—His Life, Teachings and Death—After Five Hundred Years. By DAVID S. SCHAFF, D.D., Professor of Church History, The Western Theological Seminary. Svo, pp. xv+349. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2.50 net.

THIS is a year of several noteworthy celebrations. The signing of the Magna Charta on June 15, 1215; the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, which Victor Hugo described as the change of front of the universe; the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Dante, rightly known as the greatest of Christian poets outside of the New Testament—these events furnish solid food for thought to the student of human progress during the centuries. There is, however, yet another outstanding event which is deservedly celebrated during this year. It is the martyrdom of John Huss, who was burned at the stake July 6, 1415, for maintaining his convictions concerning the rights of the individual conscience, the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the spiritual independence of the church. His renowned ministry has been fittingly commemorated by the University of Prague in a testimony dated May 23, 1416, which deserves to be here quoted because it is a striking portrait of a Christian minister: "O matchless man shining above all by the example of splendid sanctity. O humble man flashing with the ray of great piety, who contemned riches and ministered to the poor even to the opening out of his bosom—who did not refuse to bend his knee at the beds of the sick—who brought with tears the hardened to repentance, and composed and softened untamed minds by his unspeakable sweetness—who burned against the vices of all men and especially the rich and

proud clergy, basing his appeals upon the old and forgotten remedies of the Scriptures as by a new and unheard-of motive, conceived in great love, and who, following in the steps of the Apostles, by his pastoral care revived in clergy and people the righteous living of the early church—who by braveness and wisdom in utterance excelled the rest, showing in all things the works of love, pure faith and undeviating truth . . . that in all things he might be a Master of life without compare." It is interesting to know that the memory of Huss is to be revived by his countrymen. They are to erect a monument to his honor in Prague, near the spot where twenty-seven distinguished Protestants were executed after the fatal battle at the White Mountain, 1620. This volume by Professor Schaff is a thoroughly reliable and scholarly study of all the relevant matters pertaining to the checkered career of Huss, who was burned but not vanquished. He exercised a distinct influence on the Protestant Reformation, as is seen in the frequent acknowledgment made by Luther of indebtedness to him. He was far in advance of his own times in his conception of the church, which is "the number of all the elect and the mystical body of Christ, whom of his great love he redeemed with his own blood." The word "elect" need not necessarily be interpreted in any Calvinistic sense. The age in which Huss lived witnessed the tragic papal schism, 1378-1417, so that during this period, three rival popes at Rome, Avignon, and Pisa were engaged in the unwholesome work of issuing fulminations against each other. It is one of the ironies of history that the Council of Constance, which was convened to correct the papal abuses of the church, should be best remembered as having condemned John Huss to be burned. Dr. Schaff makes a careful examination of all the circumstances of this period and he enables us to understand the course of events which were transpiring throughout Europe. The absolute papacy, the sacramental church and the inquisition were the three mighty constructions of mediæval thought. They were challenged and openly assailed by five different groups of thinkers. The first was the group of pamphleteers, whose most eminent representative was Dante; then there were the German mystics, whose notable contribution was a remarkable volume entitled *The German Theology*. The Humanists composed the third group; the ecclesiastical and disciplinary reformers whose celebrated discussions centered in the university of Paris were the fourth group; while the dogmatic innovators who insisted on personal piety constituted the fifth group. Among these last were Wycliffe, Huss, and Savonarola, who are truly recognized as the forerunners of the Protestant Reformation. The qualities of eloquence, moral elevation, and personal magnetism which characterized the preaching of Huss and the tact with which he got at the very heart of subjects under discussion; his indebtedness to Wycliffe, the fearless professor of Oxford University and herald of the new day of spiritual freedom; Huss's work as a national leader, in which capacity he exposed the corrupt practices of the clergy and publicly rebuked their vices and their failure to serve the people—all these subjects are discussed with clearness in as many

chapters. The series of controversies with Archbishop Zbynek and Pope John XXIII, the withdrawal from Prague and his exile at Kozhradek, during which time Huss prepared several of his writings, including his important treatise on the Church, are also comprehensively considered. There is a long chapter on "Huss Before the Council of Constance"; here Professor Schaff is eminently impartial in his treatment of all the parties concerned in that historic gathering. In illustration of his judicious character as a historian, the following sentences are given: "The council does not deserve unmixed blame. It was the creature of its age and its predecessors, and the same palliation can be made of its action as is made for John Calvin in Geneva. Its misfortune was that it represented the system which had exalted an organization at the expense of the authority of the Scriptures and individual rights of conscience." This Council, which condemned Huss to the stake, July 6, 1415, meted out the same treatment to his friend and disciple, Jerome of Prague, May 30, 1416, and then proceeded to depose the three rival popes, Gregory XII of Rome, Benedict XIII of Avignon, and John XXIII of Pisa, and to elect Martin V, who was acknowledged by all Western Christendom. There is a luminous chapter on "Huss's Place in History" in which the conspicuous services of this martyr are adequately appraised. It is the ablest book on the subject and deserves the careful study of all interested in the history of religious thought. Mention should also be made of a smaller volume on John Huss: The Witness, by Professor Oscar Kuhns, which is published by The Abingdon Press for the small price of fifty cents. It is very well worth reading, and within the compass of 174 pages the author has packed a great deal of valuable information. The name of Huss continues fragrant after five hundred years and he will ever remain among the seers and teachers of the church. Huss's treatise on "The Church" is of value for many reasons: It is one of the great books written with the heart blood of a man who was expressing his deepest convictions, for which he was sentenced to death. This is his *Apologia pro sua vita*. The conclusions which he reached on the spiritual conception of the church and the right of individual judgment were based upon the Scriptures whose authority was supreme and final to him. It is interesting to know that Huss quotes the New Testament at least 347 times and the Old Testament 72 times. Many of his expositions show traces of the influence of Augustine, and while parts of this treatise are tinged by the fallacies of scholasticism, we are also charmed by the way in which he gives Christ the central place. There is an absence of the acrimony and severity which Wycliffe frequently showed. The persuasiveness of the advocate is all the more surprising when we consider that this was a controversial writing in which the corruptions and superstitions of the papacy and the priests are fearlessly exposed with convincing insight and understanding. This book, which influenced Zwingli in his reforms at Zurich and to which Luther acknowledged his indebtedness, must be placed beside The City of God, by Augustine, and The Christian Ecclesia, by Hart. Professor Schaff has rendered a great service by

his translation of this treatise with Notes and Introduction. It thus supplements his authoritative life of the pioneer martyr and preacher of a full Christianity.

The Making of a Nation. The Beginnings of Israel's History. By CHARLES FOSTER KENT and JEREMIAH WHIPPLE JENKS. 12mo, pp. x, 101. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, net, 75 cents.

The Testing of a Nation's Ideals. Israel's History from the Settlement to the Assyrian Period. By CHARLES FOSTER KENT, Ph.D., Litt.D., Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University; and JEREMIAH WHIPPLE JENKS, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Government and Director of the Division of Public Affairs in New York University. 12mo, pp. vii, 149. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, net, 75 cents.

THIS is one of the best series of text books for college students and adult Bible classes. They will also be found of value to the preacher who is planning a course of sermons on the message of the Bible to modern life. The charge has been frequently made that the Bible has been studied, apart from life, in a purely academic spirit. Thanks to the re-discovery of the Bible by consecrated scholars, this charge will soon cease to be made. We are learning that "most of the problems which Israel met and solved are similar to those which to-day are commanding the absorbing attention of every patriotic citizen, and that of all existing books the Old Testament makes the greatest contributions to the political and social, as well as to the religious thought of the world. National expansion, taxation, centralization of authority, civic responsibility, the relation of religion to politics and to public morality were as vital and insistent problems in ancient Israel as they are in any live, progressive nation to-day. The gradual discovery of this fact explains why here and there throughout the world the leaders in modern thought and progress are studying the Bible with new delight and enthusiasm, not only because of its intrinsic beauty and interest, but because in it they find, stated in clearest form, the principles which elucidate the intricate problems of modern life." The topics considered in the first volume indicate the character of these twelve studies, which cover the period from the creation to the settlement in Canaan: "Man's Place in the World," "Man's Responsibility for His Acts," "The Criminal and his Relation to Society," "The Survival of the Fittest," "The Pioneer's Influence upon a Nation's Ideal," "The Power of Ambition," "A Successful Man of Affairs," "The Training of a Statesman," "The Origin and Growth of Law," "The Foundations of Good Citizenship," "The Early Training of a Race," and "A Nation's Struggle for a Home and Freedom." The treatment of the subjects is in the style of the seminar where suggestions are thrown out and discussion invited as though the class were a conference for the exchange and elucidation of thought, which, indeed, it ought to be. The second volume continues the study from the establishment of the Hebrew commonwealth under Saul to the close of Ahab's reign.

